

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 172 NUMBER 1

JULY, 1943

86th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

INVENTORS AND FIGHTERS

A New Chapter in Yankee Invention

by HARLAND MANCHESTER

IN a barnlike wooden building in Washington, surrounded by lifelike dummies clad in all manner of battle gear, there is a hard-working group of Army and civilian specialists who have achieved a major military triumph. Because of their efforts, Private Jones, U. S. Army, is now better clothed, better fed, and in better fighting condition than any other soldier in the history of warfare.

While modern war machines have captured the limelight, these experts of the Quartermaster Corps have quietly wrought a revolution in "engineering for the human being." Regardless of the merits of our bombers and tanks, they say, this war will be won by Private Jones, and the date of victory as well as the length of the casualty list will depend to a great degree on his comfort and well-being and the efficiency of his personal equipment.

Pearl Harbor found us woefully behind the Axis in developing battle gear for various climates. While the Nazis had spent years developing new equipment for desert and arctic use, we clung for the most part to the food, clothing, and shelter standards of 1918, suitable only for static warfare in the temperate climate of World War I. As one officer put it,

"Our men were equipped to fight in Maine in summer and Florida in winter."

When we suddenly found ourselves confronting the foe from Alaska to the tropics, a thousand questions arose: What boots to wear in the jungle? What tents for the Aleutians? What cookstoves for Iceland? What raincoats for Africa? What kind of ration can a man best carry on his back and prepare quickly, and how shall he ward off malarial mosquitoes and gas attacks and make himself invisible to enemy strafers? To complicate the problem, substitutes had to be developed for many strategic materials, and weight and bulk of equipment reduced to a minimum both to lighten the soldier's burden and to save shipping space.

This was the monumental task which confronted Quartermaster General E. B. Gregory when he established a Research and Development Branch in his office late in 1941. To head the Branch he called in Colonel Georges F. Doriot, manufacturer and former professor at the Harvard Business School. Colonel Doriot quickly surrounded himself with men of practical experience in the manufacture of garments, footwear, plastics, chemicals, processed foods, and other materials needed by a modern army. He called in men who had learned how to live in desert, jungle, and arctic. He set up an advisory board of manufacturers and research men to furnish quick answers to quick questions.

An Atlantic contributor who for years has followed the new industrial techniques, HARLAND MANCHESTER has written on synthetic rubber, on Diesel engines, on the electric eye. In recent weeks he has made an intensive study of what American invention and research have done to strengthen our fighting forces.

Copyright 1943, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

2

ONE of the first problems to arise was footgear. The war had barely started when complaints came from the South Pacific that nails rusted, sole stitching rotted, and the leather became spongy tatters after a short time in the wet jungle. A soldier without shoes can be written off as a fighting unit. Much had been written about the rubber-soled sneakers worn by the Japanese, which according to popular impression enable them to sneak up on their adversaries. The research men found that the Japanese were shod with rubber because no other material would withstand dampness and mildew so well.

Fortunately, the United States Rubber Company had been experimenting at its own expense with a boot for jungle use. The firm made up several samples which were taken to Panama for field tests, and the result is the "jungle boot," now standard Army equipment for the wet tropics. This boot has a thick rubber sole with built-in cleats to prevent slipping, duck insoles for comfort, and stout canvas uppers running halfway to the knee for protection against brambles and insects. It has nylon strings which will not rot, and a special hook arrangement which enables the soldier to lace or unlace it in a hurry. These boots need no saddle soap or dubbing; they are two pounds lighter than the standard leather shoes, and wear five times as long in the jungle — merits which not only increase the soldier's comfort and efficiency, but cut down shipping weight by thousands of tons.

Later it was shown that leather soles left much to be desired in desert warfare. Their noise often drew enemy fire on night patrols; the hobnails struck sparks from the rocks and quickly conducted heat to the feet from ground often as hot as 140 degrees. The new combat boot has a full rubber sole and heel, which correct these shortcomings, and which also wear about twice as long under most conditions as leather.

Tropical shorts are another item condemned for Army use after impartial trial by the research group. Mosquito bites on exposed knees are partly blamed for the high incidence of malaria among British and Australian troops. When men under fire fall to the ground, they often bark their shins, and in jungle marches their legs are scratched by brambles. These small wounds may develop into tropical ulcers which go through to the bone. And in superheated tanks, men in shorts get burned more easily. So it has been decided that the less skin exposed by combat troops, the better.

Army underwear is traditionally white. This helps hawk-eyed sergeants to enforce cleanliness, but it also helps enemy flyers to spot detachments by their wash lines. Fast dyes now camouflage underwear and even handkerchiefs. And when it was found that enemy snipers were spotting our officers by their rectangular map cases, the research group got the job of designing a map case that looked like something else.

Sleeping gear is a special problem in the jungle because of ground insects and moisture, malarial mosquitoes and rain. This was another job for the Quartermaster Corps. Its tropical experts, working with manufacturers, evolved the jungle hammock, one of the neatest devices to emerge from the war. Beneath the hammock, which is made of thin, strong fabric, hangs a false bottom. This forms an insulation space which gives added protection on cool nights and prevents insects from attacking the sleeper through the thin hammock. On its under side are loops where the soldier may hang his rifle, rations, and so on, safe from ground dampness and vermin. Above the hammock is a gabled roof of featherweight fabric waterproofed with a synthetic resin; and firmly stitched to both hammock and roof is a mosquito netting which opens on one side with a zipper. This hammock is all in one piece, rolls up in a small bundle, and weighs only six pounds.

Victory over mildew is one of the best examples of the speed and efficiency of the research group. This fabric-eating fungus, bane of housewives everywhere in humid weather, becomes a great destroyer in the fetid jungles where the sun never dries things out. Hammocks, tents, raincoats, insect netting, ropes, and leather articles were quickly ruined, and the colors of camouflage materials were altered by the fungus so that they were quickly spotted from the sky.

Last October the research group was asked to solve the problem. Dr. Willard Dow, head of the Dow Chemical Company, a member of the group's advisory board, came forward with a nontoxic mildew inhibitor. At first it washed out too quickly, but after more work this defect was overcome. In exhaustive tests at the Quartermaster Corps's Philadelphia laboratory, fabrics were buried in the ground for weeks, water was run over them for days at a time, and vigorous fungus growths fed on choice diets were invited to do their worst. The new fungus-discourager emerged victorious.

Now the jungle hammock and a score of other standard items are soaked in the mildew-repellent as a step in their manufacture, and it is even possible to make the fabrics water-repellent and flame-resistant by a single immersion in a mixture of

chemical compounds. This war project may easily prove a tremendous boon to civilian consumers.

While dollars are not spared in giving the soldier the best equipment that can be devised, substitutes for critical materials must often be used, and it frequently turns out that the new article has superior merits. To take the place of rubber in waterproofing Army raincoats, plastic resins were used, one of which in peacetime went into safety-glass windshields. This substitution will save some 10,000 tons of scarce rubber, and it also makes a lighter raincoat, relieving the soldier of about two pounds of his load.

Ponchos made of nylon, waterproofed with the same synthetic resins, are not only lighter but make better shelter tents than any devised before. A good share of the profanity of World War I was aimed at the canvas "shelter-half" carried by each man, which when rigged up with its mate made a two-man tent supposed to provide protection against the elements. In practice, after the occupants' under portions were well saturated from the damp ground, a pack or rifle came into contact with the roof, leading in rain water to complete the job.

The new ponchos can be buttoned together to make a really waterproof two-man tent, and each poncho has enough spare material at the bottom so that the flaps meet in the middle to make a waterproof floor. On dry ground where the floor is not needed, the tent may be set up in a higher position and the extra flap used to make the shelter big enough for three. So the old shelter-half has passed into limbo, and a poncho which weighs only a pound, compared with the old three-pound rubberized poncho, serves two purposes.

River crossings presented another combat problem which was turned over to the research group. When a detached unit of infantry comes to a stream, the engineers may not be around to lay pontoon bridges. The solution was a "flotation bladder" — a lightweight fabric envelope about 10 inches by 6 inches, lined with synthetic rubber and equipped with a tube to blow it up. It can be inflated with one good exhalation; then the tube is tucked in to prevent the escape of air. Each jungle fighter now carries two of them in his pocket. It takes half a minute to inflate them and button them inside the jacket, and they provide enough buoyance to support the soldier and his kit.

To protect his rifle or submachine gun in river crossings or wet landings, he has envelopes of tough, plastic film which can be slipped over the weapon and closed with a knot. The trapped air gives the weapon buoyance; and if he meets a Jap on the

other bank, he can shoot through the envelope and free his rifle.

He is also supplied with a number of small, waterproof foodbags which he can stuff in his pockets or hang around his neck. He is not likely to lose them all. The rolling kitchens which did well enough in 1918 can't keep up with the troops in this war, and there is more emphasis on light housekeeping.

3

It is no accident that all these articles are light. Everything designed for today's mobile troops is carefully scrutinized to make sure that it doesn't pack a surplus ounce. At Bataan our soldiers' packs weighed 77 pounds, while the jungle pack of the Japanese weighed 26. Now that disparity has been corrected. And the load has been lightened without depriving the soldier of any essential item. On the contrary, so good a job of "human engineering" has been done that the men are better equipped for living and fighting than the Japanese or anyone else.

For instance, our jungle fighter today wears a light, roomy coverall, camouflaged in jungle shades and fitted with deep pockets good for carrying concentrated rations or hand grenades. Even pockets must be "engineered" when men's lives are at stake. They must not snag on branches, and they must be so placed that they will not hamper a man crawling on his belly toward a Japanese foxhole. In addition to the jungle boots, jungle hammock, and other items already described, he has his medical kit, small flashlight, machete and sharpening stone, mosquito gloves and headnet, and a plastic immersion-proof matchbox with a small emergency compass on one end and flint for making a fire on the other. The weight of his clothing and equipment, from the skin out, has been pared in half.

If weight-saving in equipment is important for ground forces, it is mandatory for air-borne infantry and parachute troops — a fact which was dramatized by the Germans' lightning invasion of Crete. Weight and bulk of equipment limit the number of men who can be carried in a transport plane, and determine the number of parachutes needed to lower the force to the ground. Our new outfit for paratroopers is a marvel of lightness, compactness, and comfort. There is a featherweight knapsack; the "tent poncho" serves for both raincoat and shelter, and there is a zippered "mummy" sleeping bag, tailored from a blanket, which also does duty as a sleeveless coat at cold, high altitudes. In place of the regular canteen, a synthetic rubber bladder inside a canvas envelope saves weight and

cannot bruise the jumper when he hits the ground. The weight of the entire outfit has been cut more than half, and now a man can bail out with full equipment, where once his kit had to be lowered separately.

The Nazi General Ravenstein remarked that "Blitzkrieg is paradise for the tactician but hell for the quartermaster," and Hanson Baldwin tells us that this is a "quartermasters' war." To win battles, troops must reach the right place at the right time and — what is of equal importance — rigged out with the things they need to function effectively at that particular place and season.

4

NO MATTER how hot it gets this summer in Lawrence, Massachusetts, a group of soldiers clad for the Arctic will be slogging up a hill in that city at 60 below zero in the teeth of a thirty-mile gale. This is a familiar sight in the cold chamber of the Quartermaster Corps's climatic laboratory, where the Corps conducts tests of newly designed clothing, food, shelter, and equipment destined for fighting fronts all over the world. The chamber is a huge refrigerator with controlled temperature, the hill is a treadmill, and the gale is furnished by a blower.

The men — all volunteers chosen because they are "average" soldiers — may climb for an hour beneath their accurately weighed packs. Periodic recordings show their body temperatures at work and at rest. They may unstrap their packs, light their pocket gasoline stoves, and prepare and eat meals in this atmosphere. At night they set up shelter tents and crawl into sleeping bags, while the temperature cycle of an arctic night is reproduced in the chamber.

When they emerge, they are given complete physical examinations and questioned to determine their general comfort and morale. From the data secured, the experts in charge decide whether a new parka is sufficiently windproof, which bird produces the warmest down for padding a sleeping bag, how long it takes to set up a tent when your fingers are numb, and what kind of clothes will give a man freedom of movement in battle and at the same time keep him warm.

On another day, you might find a squad of "guinea pigs" marching over a simulated desert with the thermometer standing at 120 degrees and a hot wind blowing sand in their faces. Or they may be drenched in a tropical deluge while they test raincoats or ponchos. Another laboratory, at Fort Knox, Kentucky, is big enough to hold a tank

the surface of which is baked by an artificial desert sun while a sweltering volunteer crew tests clothing and equipment.

One of the first moves of the Quartermaster Corps's Research and Development Branch, after Pearl Harbor, was to set up a research section under the leadership of Major Paul Siple, trained climatologist and veteran of three Byrd expeditions, to present pictures of the world's climates as they really are. This group maps the climates of present and future battle fronts in terms of the man. They speak of "sensible temperature," which takes account of wind as well as thermometer readings, and they have charted rainfall, humidity, vegetation, underfoot conditions, and any other climatic factor that shows how to equip regiments bound for North Africa, Alaska, or possibly Narvik or Rangoon. Their cartographers have prepared seasonal maps with belts of color which show at a glance the kind of food, clothing, and sleeping gear needed on whatever spot of the globe you put your finger on, and their "tables of basic allowances" are the first things consulted when troops are prepared for a new war theater.

Much of the data behind these maps and tables cannot be found in books. The spearhead of the Research and Development Branch is the Special Forces Section, made up of explorers, mountaineers, and globe-trotters who have spent years learning how to live in ice field, desert, and jungle. The identification cards tacked on the rows of desks in this section make up a Who's Who of forest and veldt. Lieutenant Colonel Bestor Robinson, head of the section, is a skier and mountaineer with "first ascents" to his credit; others noted as arctic or mountain specialists are Sir Hubert Wilkins, Bradford Washburn, Adams Carter, Dr. Terris Moore, Captain R. H. Bates, J. A. Ford, and William P. House. Hot climates are represented by Earl Hanson, explorer and writer; James H. Breasted, Jr., who worked with his famous father in Egypt; Major C. H. Kearney, oil exploration geologist, and Earl Hardenbrooke, familiar with the back reaches of Asia. Louis Bean of Maine, outfitter to thousands of sportsmen, contributes his practical knowledge of outdoor garments and equipment.

Requests for new garments and devices for special troops, complaints from the front about faulty equipment, new ideas from inventors, are all turned over to this pool of travelers gathered from the ends of the earth into one room. For technical information they turn to experts in the fields of textiles, footwear, foods, rubber, plastics, and mechanical gadgets, who work beneath the same roof. And at the ends of telephone wires are scores of manufac-

turers who stand ready to produce trial samples of the articles called for.

At any given time about half the Special Forces men are in the field testing equipment. At the time of writing, one man is in Guadalcanal, others are in Northern Canada and Alaska, and one man has just returned from the Panama jungles. Last summer a group including Bates, Washburn, and Moore took a quantity of cold-weather equipment to Alaska, dropped it by parachute to the 18,000-foot basin of Mount McKinley, and tested garments, footwear, rations, tents, and sleeping bags in the only spot on the continent where they could be sure of bitter cold and heavy storms in August.

Tests like these have brought about many improvements in cold-weather equipment. In place of outer garments of heavy sheepskin or wool, so-called "pile garments" are now worn which are warmer and lighter. The principle is similar to modern house insulation, in which two thin shells filled with fluffy material keep in the heat better than a solid wall. The new arctic garments, which Sir Hubert Wilkins and Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson helped to design, have windproof outer shells, with insulation of alpaca or other light, fibrous stuffs. Before this development, which seems to have originated among Alaskan "sourdoughs," the Russians wore winter garments of sheepskin or wool, and their costumes often weighed from 25 to 30 pounds, a serious drawback to agility. The pile garments we are now supplying to the Russians as well as our own men cut this weight to 15 pounds. This weight reduction means that our troops can now fight at low temperatures when once they were forced to den up and wait for the thermometer to rise.

The reversible outer shells of these suits are white on one side and dark green on the other. When spring comes, the men change color as rabbits do to reduce their visibility. When it is mild enough, they simply peel off a layer instead of being re-equipped with summer clothes at a high cost in materials and transportation. Eventually we may have all-weather uniforms, so that a regiment outfitted in Texas can go to Alaska and then to Guadalcanal, adapting themselves to the climate by adding or subtracting layers.

The old sleeping bag, which weighed 18 pounds, has been junked for a form-fitting, zippered bag stuffed with down, which weighs only 5½ pounds and takes up one third as much room when folded. The old pocket gasoline cooker weighed 2 pounds, had thirteen separate parts, and got clogged easily. The new one weighs 1 pound, is all in one piece, and has a self-cleaning device. With a gallon of gasoline it will cook two men's meals for ten days. A two-

man arctic tent, reversible for camouflage, weighs only 7 pounds, poles included, and is strong enough to ride out a hundred-mile gale on the crest of Mount Washington.

The use of resin-bonded plywood cuts the weight of snowshoes in half and makes them stronger. Skis which fold in the middle on rustless steel hinges are less awkward to carry, and there is a new cold-weather flyer's overall which opens on both sides from toe to shoulder so that the pilot can zip it on or off without rising.

5

PERHAPS the most spectacular job of the Quartermaster Corps is the provision of nutritious, compact, appetizing rations for troops all the way from base camps to lonely outposts. Complete meals wrapped in immersion-proof, indestructible packages have been designed for various climates, and may be dropped by parachute to an arctic outpost or floated ashore on the tide to a tropical island.

The mountain ration, which is packaged in a tough, wax-dipped carton, weighs 12 pounds and contains three meals each for four men. It can be submerged in water all day or left for a month at 60 below zero without spoiling; and in no more time than it takes to boil water, it provides hot meals which include fruit, cereals, soup, meat, vegetables, coffee, and sweets.

The meals are designed for quick preparation by men who are not chefs, and there are instructions for juggling the items to make a variety of appetizing dishes. Dehydrated tomato soup can be made into a sauce to relieve the sameness of beef or baked beans; soup can be enriched with dehydrated cheese, or the cheese can be mixed with pre-cooked dehydrated rice and a special butter which won't freeze at even 60 below, and fried in cakes. Fruit bars can be eaten as dessert, or sweetened and diluted to make breakfast jam. Chocolate bars (fortified with B₁) can be eaten as they are for a quick pickup, can be melted with sugar, powdered milk, butter, and water to make a rich, hot beverage, or can be mixed with rice or pulverized whole-wheat biscuit to make puddings.

Another ration contains a meat-cereal cake which can be eaten cold, stewed, or fried in its own fat, and there are wax envelopes of curry and other powdered sauces to vary the flavor. There is also a dehydrated, compressed ice-cream brick that will not melt, and this can be doctored with chocolate sauce or jam by a soldier who misses the corner drugstore.

Whoever thinks these snacks are not important

should try a few weeks in the wilderness for himself. A varied diet helps to keep men from flying off the handle. All the ration units packaged by the Quartermaster Corps are thoroughly tested by groups of volunteers, and one of the things the food experts watch for is the kind of grouch that develops when a man gets tired of his meals.

Cigarettes and candy rank high among morale factors, yet during World War I men had to buy them at canteens, and went without when their money was gone. It was Quartermaster General E. B. Gregory who conceived the idea of *issuing* these things to men at the front. Cigarettes and candy are included in each food ration package, and there is also an accessory packet containing an assortment large enough to supply two hundred men for a day.

Ration packages for all purposes, developed and tested by the research group, are now turned out in million lots by the food industries. There are special rations for the jungle and for high-altitude flying, and low-protein rations for lifeboats, since proteins absorb water and dehydrate the system. The farther a man advances toward the firing line, the lighter and more concentrated his rations become. Fresh foods make up much of the "A" ration served in home training camps; canned foods, supplemented by local produce, comprise the "B" ration served in permanent mess halls abroad, and other rations are designed for the individual soldier in action who carries his food on his back.

The "K" ration — the most compact of the lot — is composed of three cellophane-wrapped packages of pocket size, labeled "Breakfast," "Dinner," and "Supper," and weighing altogether about $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Each of the packages contains meat or a protein substitute, two kinds of biscuits, a drink made from soluble powder, a concentrated sweet, and a few cigarettes. A man may have ham and eggs and coffee for breakfast, cheese sandwiches and lemonade at noon, and at night a cup of bouillon and meat of one of eight different varieties.

These pocket meals are used as emergency rations for troops on their own, but tests indicate that, in a pinch, men could live on them indefinitely without getting malnutrition ailments. Military men say that this light ration more than doubles the effective fighting range of an independent detachment.

Dehydration is one of the most effective weapons in the Quartermaster Corps's battle of rations. Only two years ago the process was experimental, but this year the Army will use an estimated 200,000 tons of the quick-dried foods. The water extracted from this food weighs a million tons — cargo for a hundred 10,000-ton freighters which now can be

used for munitions and men. Dehydrated foods used by the Army to date include milk, eggs, cheese, vegetables, soups, and beverage powders; meats and other items are on the way.

Dehydration saves weight bulk, but a further step, compression, squeezes out the air and adds an important new saving in shipping space. A block of dehydrated, compressed potatoes the size of a shoebox will make mashed potatoes for fifty men. Cranberries squeezed into the size of a small building brick will make sauce for a hundred, and experiments are being made with strawberries and other fruits. In some cases, idle machines which once made civilian goods have been converted to food compression. For instance, a Massachusetts tile-manufacturing firm uses its equipment to cram five dozen eggs into a space the size of a bar of laundry soap. After dehydration and compression, the food bricks are machine-wrapped in cellophane and sealed by heat to keep out air and moisture.

Even more compact and nutritious "pocket dinners" are on the way, and their future is not limited to warfare. They may feed starved millions after the victory, and they will offer a means of quick relief to areas devastated by flood or famine.

6

TO PROTECT the soldier in the tropics from filth, sunburn, microbes, and insects, the Quartermaster Corps has engineered a score of new devices and chemical compounds. There is a new all-purpose soap which will lather freely in soft, hard, or salt water, has a candy flavor which makes it acceptable as a dentifrice, and can be used for shaving or for washing a shirt. There are a "chapstick," designed like a lipstick, and a special face cream, both of which filter out the sun's short ultraviolet rays, which burn, but allow the passage of the long rays that tan. There are chemical pellets to make water fit to drink. The soldier drops one pellet in his canteen to kill the microbes, then drops in another pellet which takes away the chemical taste. When water is purified in bulk, it is hard to tell how many pellets are needed, so a testing flask has been designed with a yellow-green stripe which the purified water must match.

The war brought a demand for better insect repellents to ward off mosquitoes spreading malaria and yellow fever. Government bureaus, universities, and corporations pooled their ideas. Researchers like Dr. Philip Granett of Rutgers were bitten by half a million mosquitoes in testing new compounds, and now our tropical troops are smearing themselves

with a repellent which lasts longer and is harmless to the skin. An ideal repellent would keep off insects for nine hours so that soldiers could sleep safely without a net, and this is the goal the research group is driving at.

A highly efficient new insecticide now used by all troops overseas is a liquid when confined in its handy container, and when released by a valve becomes a gas which will kill in a few seconds all mosquitoes and flies in a barrack room, tent, or airplane cabin. A pound of it is as effective as ten pounds of an ordinary spray—a great saving of shipping weight and space. It is of particular value in fumigating the cabins of airplanes which are traveling from malarial to non-malarial areas.

Body lice always infest armies in the field. In World War I, troops were marched miles to “de-lousing plants” where their clothes were disinfected by steam, to emerge misshapen and bedraggled. Now the delousing plant is taken to the troops. It is a canvas bag lined with an airtight synthetic resin. Inside is a pocket holding a glass ampule of methyl bromide. Two or three men pile their clothes in it, secure the top, and step on the ampule, and the gas kills the lice. As an example of the speed with which the Quartermaster Corps can work, one Sunday last year it was asked to furnish 10,000 of these newly designed bags in time for the African invasion, and had ten days in which to do it. They phoned a distant city, located a manufacturer, and had the bags ready when the troops landed.

Individual cellophane capes for protection against gas attack were turned out in response to another rush order. Army chiefs asked the research group to develop something of the sort, and dozens of suggestions were made by officers and manufacturing firms. Trucks loaded with cellophane and adhesive tape were rushed to camps, where sample capes were tailored on the spot and tested. Four manufacturing plants cleared their decks for action and stood by for orders. A final design was chosen, trucks and planes rushed materials to the plants, and the capes were finished on time. Each cape is folded in a hand-sized packet which can be ripped open by pulling a tab. The cape is a roomy cellophane envelope sealed at sides and top, and if the enemy launches an attack of skin-burning gas, the soldier can slip it on and pull down to knee level in five seconds. If he is driving a jeep, he pulls the cape over the wheel and proceeds. Whole regiments can protect themselves in this manner, and when the air clears, the capes are thrown away and new ones are issued.

The plastics experts of the Quartermaster Corps have designed many other articles from synthetics

for the soldier's kit. The steel helmet, for instance, had its drawbacks. It was so heavy that men got stiff necks from wearing it as a rain hat in safe areas. The rivets which fastened it to the head harness were driven into the skull if hit by flying metal. An inner helmet of plastic was designed for the soldier to wear in barracks and base towns. The new rivetless steel helmet fits snugly over the plastic liner, and since it now has no head harness, it can be used as a washbasin or water bucket, or for bailing a boat.

We entered the war with the aluminum canteen adopted in 1910, but now the white metal is needed for planes. A featherweight canteen of ethyl cellulose plastic was adopted. The new canteen is so strong you can jump on it; it emits no metallic clank to betray a man's position, and since the plastic is a poor heat conductor, the canteen doesn't burn a man's hands when filled with hot coffee. By this substitution, and by using stainless steel and other metals for mess kits, cups, and field ranges, a handful of men working at desks have saved enough aluminum to build 10,000 light bombers.

Plastic spigots for water bags are cheaper and save half a million pounds of copper; plastic uniform buttons and insignia save brass, and where “shine” seems necessary, there is a method for gilding the plastic. Plastic bugles wake men up melodiously and need no polishing, and each one releases two pounds of brass. By such devices as coating raincoats with plastic and inserting wooden plugs in rubber heels, the research group has saved the country more than 150,000,000 pounds of rubber, or about one eighth of our pre-war consumption. And comparable savings have been made in strategic tin, hemp, and steel.

No article of clothing or equipment is considered final. A new shortage of material, a shift in war geography, or a new vitamin discovery, weapon, or transport method may dictate the creation of a suitable ration, garment, or gadget. When drivers of fuel tank trucks complained that they couldn't fill gasoline cans in the dark without slopping over, the research group produced a pipe nozzle which shuts itself off automatically when the can is full.

By means of a swift and smoothly-meshing program, the Quartermaster Corps has streamlined the American soldier from boots to helmet, smashing worn-out traditions and giving him the gear he really needs for sleeping, eating, marching, and keeping fit on a dozen fronts. They have accomplished this miracle of conversion in record time. Working days, nights, and Sundays, they have crammed years of research, invention, and adaptation into a brief eighteen months.

» Where can the money be found to rehabilitate those countries whose industries have been ruined by the war?

CAN WE FINANCE THE FUTURE?

by JAMES F. BELL

1

THE main thought which runs through the nation today is "Win the war." This above all else. But when we have won the war, what shall we have won? Victory in arms is not an end, but a beginning. We shall merely have won the right to look upon a devastated world, then to contemplate it in terms of its reconstruction. And such reconstruction must be effected along new lines; the old ones will not suffice.

The moment hostilities end, we shall be faced with a problem of relief for the famine-stricken and devastated countries. This in itself is a stupendous task, as former President Hoover has pointed out. It will take enormous quantities of food to establish the well-being and morale of the people of the world. Hungry and ill-clad people in the bitterness of despair are not in position to express or govern a lasting peace.

A lasting peace, a peace which can work out its own salvation within its own framework, must be based on these two concepts: first, that the increased welfare of the common man as a world citizen is the only true and workable basis for a prosperous future; second, that we must urge an economic democracy where the freedom of individual enterprise is sufficient to sustain the common man in his struggle toward his goal.

Initial relief must be largely gratuitous, provided out of the nations' treasuries. Government alone has the machinery and can command the facilities and personnel to do this part of the work. But relief at best can be only temporary in character.

Philadelphia-born, JAMES F. BELL took his B.S. at the University of Minnesota in 1901, and his activities have radiated from Minneapolis ever since. He is chairman of the board of General Mills, a director of American Tel. & Tel. and the Pullman Company. He served as chairman of the Milling Division of the United States Food Administration, 1917-1918, and as treasurer of the United States Sugar Board, 1918-1919. In his proposal for the refinancing of the crippled and devastated countries, he speaks with the initiative and resourcefulness of the Western pioneer.

Reconversion and reconstruction must follow. We must simultaneously rehabilitate the devastated countries and develop those other countries whose normal economies have been impaired by war. Such neutral nations near and far must be helped to get started again.

This reconstruction implies freedom of industries to operate fairly and efficiently on the basis of private enterprise. It also implies freedom from past evils and blind commercial policy. Throughout the world there will be opportunities for bold venture, and only through definite encouragement to the risk-takers can the reconstruction of the belligerent and neutral countries be geared to the machinery necessary for permanent world prosperity.

The policies and methods to be employed constitute one of the most important decisions the world has ever had to face. If governments elect to become the sole dictators of their peoples' welfare and attempt to establish themselves as the single regulator of social and economic forces, the conditions that alone can make a world of service effective will have disappeared. No one can foresee or conceive a government in the United States so strong and so wise as to mold, without opposition, the minds and desires of our 135 million people, let alone the rest of the world. Nor can we conceive of unrestrained private enterprise in a like role.

What government and free industry must achieve in the new world is the proper coördination of *authority* and *responsibility*. Collaboration in exercising authority and responsibility means control of politics as well as control of monopolies. Government must share the control of foreign aid programs with industry, so that each may have from the other support, guidance, and restraint against abuse.

Our first job in rehabilitation will be to help people to help themselves, to remove the despair with which they face the future, to extend them a helping hand, that they may once again establish their enterprises, furnish jobs, and build up their pro-

duction and industry to a self-sustaining basis. This will take Capital. Goods. Service. And, above all, Management.

2

OUTSIDE the relief afforded after World War I, our assistance to foreign nations was largely in the form of advances against the securities they offered. The history of such advances discloses that, unless we exercise some continuing control, advances will not go for the purposes for which the loans are made. In the earlier post-war period, borrowings on a short-term basis were used for exchange control and speculations, while long-term loans went to promote economic nationalism and power politics.

We cannot and must not permit repetition of these conditions. They were occasioned in large measure by the lack of coöperation between government and private capital, by the absence of intelligent and forceful policies defining the nature and purposes of foreign loans, and by the absence of directive forces to keep them within the scope of their original intent. Our foreign loans were largely handled through diplomatic channels, with political implications. Attention was directed more to the insurance of service charges than to the objectives of the loans themselves. If we are to engage the resources of our country in the problems of rehabilitation, it is essential that free government and free industry coöperate both in planning the objectives and in protecting the advances made within the scope of those objectives.

It is equally important that free government and free industry in the borrowing country coöperate in determining the objectives and in giving the assurances that will encourage success of the loans and protect them from destructive interference.

Apart from assisting the nationals of devastated countries to re-establish their agriculture, industry, and other various enterprises, we shall have to assist the development of those nations (belligerent and neutral) whose pre-war economy has been disrupted, and in some cases largely destroyed, by the changes forced by the necessities of war in other countries and by the technological development of substitutes.

Should substitutes come into permanent use, as may be anticipated, they would disastrously affect the production of materials which have supported the actual physical existence of large portions of the population in various distant countries. What is to be done with people whose lives formerly depended upon the production of rubber? Of silk? Of wool and other fibers? Of fats? Of a thousand and one

things for which, under the pressure of war, we have been obliged to develop substitutes?

If we are to enjoy peace, it will be because these people have the accompaniments of peace. And the responsibility to see that they do will fall largely upon us. Charity will not answer, for it cannot be long sustained. Service is the keynote. Service in helping these people to establish a new economy that will be appropriate to their situation. As we truly serve our neighbors, so also we shall serve ourselves.

Money must be wisely advanced, but always on the basis of some quid pro quo. Continual free gifts, either of money or of materials, are weakening to morale and incentive; the gratitude they awaken merely reflects anticipation of greater favors to come. We must act wisely not only for the protection of the peace, but also for the protection of our living standards. Until we have assisted these peoples in raising their own standards to proportionate equality, our own will suffer by the threat of cheap labor sustained by inferior standards.

The rapidity with which this rehabilitation can be accomplished will depend upon how quickly the populations will recover from the shock of war, the amount of manpower and management available, and the resources of the government of the country. It is conceivable that agricultural production will resume of its own initiative, with what tools it has remaining. It cannot be fully restored until modern equipment is available, either through imports or through manufacture in the country of use. This, in turn, will depend upon the extent to which previous facilities exist, and on the availability of raw materials, capital, and management, as well as labor.

Certainly there will be a welter of things crying for attention. It will be possible to give attention only to those that are most important, and they should be wisely selected. If we are to give assistance, the governments concerned should determine what fields of endeavor are worthy of consideration and support.

Is this work abroad to be done through governmental channels with the taxpayers' money, or are private enterprise and private capital to be invoked? Shall we depend on the channels of government financing, or on those of the existing financial machinery of this country — the commercial banks in which the savings of our people are deposited?

If we emerge from the war at the present high level of national resources, we shall have funds for constructive investments, both at home and abroad. This would seem desirable, domestically

and internationally, because of the growing interrelation between levels of economic activity and employment.

We cannot release our accumulation of savings until our industries are once again prepared to produce the necessary goods and services to satisfy high civilian demand. Restrictive measures against spending will not alone prevent the inflation which will result if these large deposits are placed on the domestic market before industry has reconverted to the production of peacetime goods.

Since we cannot release these heavy sums for spending, our people should have an opportunity to employ them in investments such as these rehabilitation projects where the basis of return will provide an adequate incentive.

If loans are to be made through the government with the taxpayers' money, what assurance shall we have that they will be used for the objectives sought? What assurances that they will be used under proper management? What assurances are necessary to safeguard the investment and contribute to a lasting peace?

On the other hand, private enterprise and venture capital need the directing aid of government in the selection of acceptable enterprise. They need the protective measures which our own government and that of the borrowing country can furnish in mutual pledges to safeguard the enterprise.

Therefore, we come to the conclusion that on both sides there should be a coöperative participation of national governments and private capital. It would appear, for the borrowing country, that the efficient management of private capital on the lending side is even more important to the success of the undertaking than is the capital itself. With private enterprise administering a foreign capital loan in a borrowing country, the incentive of reward for successful performance allows industry to act as a mediator between technology, volume, cost, and price; and it is therefore a referee on problems of production, distribution, and consumption.

Just how the legal and technical phases of such divided authority and responsibility of private capital and government in both the borrowing and lending countries is to be effected in a practical manner now becomes the important question.

3

IF THE United States is to play an important and intelligent role in the aid of other nations, both in rehabilitation and in development, and if it concludes that the authority and responsibility are to be

vested not in government alone, but in both government and private enterprise, then we can address ourselves to the ways and means. Once a project is adopted and once the coöperation between authority and responsibility is accepted, we are brought face to face with the practical problems of introducing foreign loans into the economic processes of the borrowing country.

It is suggested that with the advent of peace the government of the United States invite governments of the devastated countries, together with representatives of private enterprise in both foreign countries and the United States, to study with it the urgent necessities of the situation and to determine the fields in which initiative should be taken. These might consist of agricultural projects alone, or of selected industrial enterprises, or both.

When these various projects have been mutually agreed upon, our government should encourage qualified enterprises in this country to submit work projects in the designated fields. If these are approved, the government of the United States should extend to the originating organization whatever guarantees are necessary to awaken and to stimulate both management and equity capital to carry out the enterprise.

Under these circumstances, the projects would provide investment opportunities for accumulated savings. They would give new hope to war-expanded enterprises in their promise that we can maintain our production in reconverting to peacetime economy. They would assure opportunities for useful employment for those who have served in the war industries and for returning soldiers who must find work.

Such encouragement through guarantees on the part of government would necessarily carry certain stipulations of obligations to restrain the enterprise within the approved fields, to protect it from abuse, and to ensure that the benefits for which it was devised accrued to the borrowing country to which the facilities were extended.

As an illustration of what is here intended, let us assume that the government of France and the government of the United States have agreed that a desirable objective is the restoration of French textile mills. The United States government requests that private sources submit projects for the rehabilitation of one, or several, textile plants in France. The government, through whatever department might be designated or created for the purpose, would pass upon the worthiness of the submitted projects. Having made a favorable decision and having secured similar approval from the French government, the United States government would

then certify the project for government guarantee.

It is suggested that this guarantee should be made through a mutually approved private lending agency (commercial bank or other financial institution) for 80 per cent of the total capital required. This 80 per cent is to represent the security investment as evidenced by preferred stocks, bonds, or other form of senior security. This guarantee would be in such form as to be rediscountable at the Federal Reserve Bank and redeemable at the option of the private lending agency on sixty or ninety days' notice. The conditions of the government guarantee would place upon the enterprise originating the project the responsibility and liability for the remaining 20 per cent. This 20 per cent could either be provided by the enterprise from its own sources or be supplied by the nationals of the country in which the project is to be developed, and would represent the equity investment.

The United States government guarantee would further provide that the originating company must furnish adequate American management, satisfactory to the government of the United States and that of the borrowing country, and maintain such management until the guarantee of the United States government has been fully extinguished.

A further provision of the guarantee would require that 10 per cent of the annual net profits arising from the enterprise would go toward retiring the government's guarantee. It would permit a reward to management (fee and/or participation in profits) to an amount not in excess of 20 per cent of the annual net profits. It would provide for the remaining 70 per cent to accrue to the benefit of the nationals of the borrowing country, under conditions most favorable to the further growth of the enterprise, and with proper protection against its abuse for power politics or exchange speculation.

One of the most important provisions of the government guarantee would pertain to eventual equity ownership following the extinguishment of the guarantee or the security interest. At least 51 per cent equity ownership would be automatically vested in the nationals of the borrowing country, together with the further right to acquire the remaining interest upon terms and conditions previously understood. While it is not a matter of concern to the government whether the 20 per cent of required capital not covered by guarantee is furnished by our nationals or nationals of the borrowing country, it is concerned that all or at least 51 per cent of the equity shall in proper time come to be vested in the nationals of the borrowing country.

It is further suggested that one of the provisions of the guarantee be, wherever practical, that a

fixed percentage of the American management shall be drawn from the ranks of qualified returning American servicemen.

The United States government, before lending its approval and extending its financial guarantees, should receive from the government of the borrowing country satisfactory assurances that the borrowing government would refrain from erecting impediments of any nature which would militate against the success of the rehabilitation enterprise.

Under a procedure such as this, instead of working through government agencies and diplomatic channels and with the taxpayers' money, we should fall back upon the existing private financial machinery and the savings of the people. We should open the field of opportunity to private investment and employment. We should extend assistance to the nations of the world — as outlined in the various programs of our public officers, and with the advantage that American capital advances would be protected by government influence. American management would ensure that the expenditures and efforts would be utilized for the agreed purposes and that the projects would contribute to the success and peace of the world at large. We should in this manner have thousands of private observers, alert through the incentive of reward and stimulated to successful endeavor.

There are two important points involved in the operations as outlined. First, how are we to envision the retirement of these loans; and second, what means shall we employ to enforce collections?

Repayment implies reduction all around in present impediments to multilateral trade, reduction in tariffs per unit of goods, with greatly increased outturn of goods. Under these circumstances there will be high employment in all countries, and savings to consumers in all countries will be high. These savings should flow to new capital equipment; the final expression of these savings is export of goods in multilateral trade — goods that are sold either to the lending country or to countries that trade them to the lending country.

These loans will not be large in contrast to the volume of goods and service in production and in multilateral trade. There are obviously two kinds of foreign lending, one under economic nationalism and one under international stimulation of multilateral trade. It is, of course, a situation which did not exist in the twenties or thirties: then we tried to accomplish ends through bilateral trade with currencies unstable and economic nationalism rampant.

As to the collection of loans, there can be no discussion of force. If the production of goods and

services cannot flow into multilateral trade on the basis of high productivity, then the foreign loan is a failure and could not be collected in any event. The whole argument hinges on the fact that with large production and high employment it is possible to have stabilized currencies, and with these there should be no difficulty in securing exchange. Under these conditions, repayments of loans become almost automatic. In other words, it is high production and high consumption which make abundant foreign exchange. Presumably all countries will lessen impediments to foreign trade.

By helping others, we shall be helping ourselves. We shall not only be furnishing American labor with

opportunity for employment, but we shall be lifting the living standards of the rest of the world to the protection of our own. We shall have inspired people with the hope of eventual success and prosperity. We shall have escaped the implications of imperialism through the assurance that with success will come ownership and further expansion.

The benefits of peace erect themselves in truer aspect against the background of war. The benefits of peace will not come or prove lasting unless we strive for peace; and that striving for peace must be constructive, in that it brings the enjoyment of those benefits and conditions that make people happy and contented, furthering the will to maintain peace.

WESTERN STAR

by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

*Have you heard the news of Virginia? Have you heard
The news, the news of Virginia?*

I

YOUNG Percy, eighth son of Northumberland,
Fresh-faced, dark-haired, a very younger son
Of an old, great, hotheaded, daring name,
Tempered at twenty-six in Flanders wars
And now the first of endless younger sons
To seek a phantom fortune in the West,
Though soberer than most — George Percy gazed,
A little dazed, but very courteous,
At the brisk fellow on the other stool.

Ancients and captains he had seen in Flanders,
And he was no green boy to gulp the first
Wild traveler's tale, told with a sober mouth.
He'd heard stage-players rant and noble lords
Rant also, though in different vein from theirs,
And, though he kept his counsel and his peace,
There were some trifling actions of his own —
Aye, a few 'scapes — he'd seen stout fellows slain —
Slain one himself — couched in the Flemish mud —

Taken his chance of shipwreck on the sea —
And, on the whole, not shamed the Percy name,
Or thought not so, at least.

But this! But this
Chimera here before him! This bold-eyed,
Talkative, bearded man of twenty-seven
Who had been everywhere, been everything
(Or so he said), a prisoner of the Turk
(Or so he said), beggar in Muscovy,
A paladin in Transylvania
(Or so he said), shipwrecked in twenty seas,
Lover of ladies in a dozen lands,
Who, in the midst of some preposterous tale,
Would say with such serenity of eye,
Such a bland visage of pure chivalry,
"Here too I found, sir, as I've ever done,
A woman's kindly help my greatest stay
In bitterest misfortune" — that you wondered,
Wondered, believed and wondered yet again.
("And yet, he knows the sea and men and wars
However he has known them. That is true.
That much is true. I will keep hold of that.
Though, even as he talks, my fingers slip
And I am back in Ariosto's tales.

The *Atlantic* has long looked forward to the opportunity of publishing portions of the narrative poem on which STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT had been working since 1934. It saddens us that such publication must now be posthumous. Mr. Benét did not live to complete his epic, but the Invocation, Prelude, and Book I (early passages of which appeared in our June issue) were left in final form and are shortly to be published in a memorial volume by Farrar & Rinehart.

Am I awake or dreaming? Is this voyage
A voyage at all? I knew before he talked.
But now I've nigh forgotten my own name.
I sail with a chimera to the West.")
So thought George Percy, but he said aloud,
"Nay, sir — I pray you — 'tis a noble tale —
Continue it — you were about to say —"

"To say?" the other man said briskly. "Aye.
When I had slain the second Turkish champion,
My sword being somewhat hacked, I rested on it
Perhaps the space a bell might toll a knell
And drank a cup of waters, while the Turks
Wailed for their slain most plaintively and loud.
Then there advanced the third — a lusty rogue.
Green-turbaned, their most skillful swordsman he,
And, as he rushed upon me —" said John Smith.

2

THERE were a hundred and forty-four, all told,
In the three small ships. You can read the names, if
you like,
In various spellings. They are English names,
William Tankard, Jeremy Alicock,
Jonas Profit, the sailor, James Read, the blacksmith,
Love, the tailor, and Nicholas Scot, the drum.
One laborer is put down with a mere "Ould Edward,"
Although, no doubt, they knew his name at the
time,
But, looking back and remembering, it is hard
To recollect every name.

It is so they perish, the cast grains of corn,
The blown, chance pollen, lost in the wilderness —
And we have done well to remember so many names,
Crofts and Tavin and Johnson, Clovell and Dixon,
And even the four boys, come with the gentlemen,
In a voyage somewhat topheavy with gentlemen,
As John Smith found.

A hundred and forty-four
Men, on a five months' voyage to settle Mars.
And a hundred and five men landed on the strange
shore.

A fair voyage, but two months longer than they
expected.
A fair percentage of loss, for they lost no ship,
Not even the twenty-ton *Discovery*.
They sailed the long Southern course — the Canar-
ies first
Then over to the West Indies — the trade-wind
course,
The track of the Genoese, a century old.

When they got to the isle of Mona, their water
stank.
They stopped for fresh and the gentlemen went to
hunt,
Glad enough to stretch their legs and wander the
island.
They killed two wild boars and a speckled lizard or
so.
— And Edward Brookes was touched by the hot,
strange sun,
April, tropic, the sun with the lizard's tongue.
Now he lay dead all suddenly.

And the flies
Began to find him, even as they still stared.
It does not say where they buried Edward Brookes,
Who had come for gain or adventure or recklessness,
But not to die of a heat-stroke among the lizards,
Though, being a gentleman, he is remembered.
— They are not remembered, the bodies cast over-
side

While the captain stands for a moment with bared
head,
The common bodies, the men who were like Old
Edward,
Though, by the count, there was more than one of
them,
Ere they came to the Chesapeake.

And yet, a good voyage,
And others would fare worse in other ships,
Bad water, crowded quarters, stinking beef,
And, at the end, the hurricane and death.
Though this voyage carried a locked Pandora's box,
Sure to make trouble, sealed orders from the Com-
pany,

Naming a council of seven to rule the colony
But not to be opened till they reached their goal.
It was the way of the East India Company
But it worked badly here — on a four months'
voyage,
With fifty-five gentlemen scattered in three ships
And each one thinking himself as good as the rest.

And so, at dawn, on the twenty-sixth day of April,
Just over four months from London,
They sailed between Cape Henry and Cape Charles
And saw the broad Chesapeake, and the wished-for
shore.

We shall not see it as they, for no men shall
Till the end and the ruin have come upon America,
The murmuring green forest, the huge god,
Smiling, cruel, lying at ease in the sun,
And neither smiling nor cruel, but uncaring,
The vastness where no road ran but the Indian trail
And the little clearings of man were small in the
forest.

We shall not see the birds in their multitudes,
 The thundercloud of pigeons, blotting the sun,
 The fish that had never struck at an iron hook,
 The beaver, breeding faster than men could kill,
 The green god, with the leaves at his fingertips
 And a wreath of oak and maple twining his brows,
 Smiling, cruel, majestic and uncaring,
 As he lies beside bright waters under the sun,
 Whose blood is the spring sap and the running
 streams,

Whose witchery is the fever of the marsh,
 Whose bounty is sun and shadow and life and death,
 The huge, wild god with the deerhorns and the green
 leaf.

We shall not see their Americas as they saw them,
 And this was what they saw.

They landed and explored.

It was the first full flood of Virginia spring,
 White with new dogwood, smelling of wild straw-
 berries,

Warm and soft-voiced, cornflower-skied and kind.
 And they were ravished with it, after the sea,
 And half-forgot their toils, half-forgot the gold,
 As they went poking and prying a little way
 In childish wonderment.

A handful of men in hot, heavy, English gear,
 With clumsy muskets, sweating but light at heart,
 Staring about them, dubiously but ravished,
 As a flying-squirrel leapt from a swaying branch
 And a grey opossum squeaked and scuttled away.
 Oh, the fair meadows, the goodly trees and tall,
 The fresh streams running in silver through the
 woods!

'Twas a land, a land!

 They blest themselves and were gay.

And that very evening,

As they were going back to the anchored ships,
 The savages came down on them from the hills,
 Creeping like bears through the grass, with bows in
 their mouths,

And the sudden arrows flew in the goodly wood,
 The first ambush, the first taste of Indian war.
 They stood it and fired blind musket-shots through
 the dusk,

But Captain Archer was wounded in both hands,
 A sailor named Morton hurt, and the attackers
 Neither hurt, nor, it seemed, dismayed, for they bore
 the lagging

Rattle of musket-shots disdainfully,
 And melted back, like spirits, into the wood.
 And there were the wounded men and the evening
 star,

The balmy night, the strange country, the shot
 arrows,

And it was not a dream.

 So they went back to their ships,
 And that same night opened their Pandora's box
 And saw the names of their council —

 Christopher Newport,
 Gosnold and Ratcliffe, the captains of the three
 ships,
 John Martin, George Kendall, Edward-Maria Wing-
 field,

And the chimera-prisoner, John Smith.
 A ticklish business, for Smith was under arrest.
 They would not admit him, though they were soon
 to use him,
 John Smiths being somewhat difficult to bind.

Let us look at them now,
 The first council of Virginia, the first president,
 The men who vexed the peace of the forest-god.

Not all are young men. Wingfield is forty-six
 And, except for Percy, of the best blood there.
 You were not lucky, Edward-Maria Wingfield,
 Though I have no doubt you did as well as you
 knew.

You took your chance — had an arrow shot through
 your beard —
 Starved and suffered — but could not make ropes
 of sand.

Some men can — and suffer the deeper wound,
 The splendor of Clive, and the pistol ending all.
 But now, for a while, you'll be President of Virginia,
 And Smith, who will write you down, is under guard,
 And the bitter days are not yet.

Let us turn for a moment to another figure,
 Who, of all of them, shines with a clear steadfast
 light,

Robert Hunt, the minister of God,
 So ill when they lay at the Downs that no man
 thought

He would live the voyage, yet living because he must,
 Being God's servant, to conciliate,
 Appease, soften the hearts of angry men
 And show the true, calm courage of the true priest
 Through the hard winter and the starving time.
 He will lose the few poor books of his scant library
 In Jamestown fire — aye, all but the clothes on his
 back,

"Yet none did ever hear him repine of his loss,"
 And those who rail
 At others call him still "Good Master Hunt."
 For the rest complained. He did not. They mar-
 veled at him.

And we may marvel, too, and, marveling, praise.
 Peace to your steadfast heart, good Master Hunt,

And may the wild Virginia earth lie lightly
Upon the pure devotion of your name.

They settled, at last, some thirty miles upriver,
Where the flood was deep. They could moor their
ships to the trees
Of that small peninsula, islanded at high water.
It was May fourteenth when they started to clear
the ground,
Build the essential fort, the essential church,
And by then, no doubt, they thought themselves
seasoned men.

And we would all have done better — no doubt of
that.

We would not have squatted down in a fever-marsh
Just as the mosquitoes bred and the heat began.
(The Pilgrims did not — and yet the Pilgrims died.)
We would have known which Indians were friendly
(Let's hope we know as much of the Martians).
We'd not have quarreled and wrangled — with a
crew

Made of ex-soldiers, fledgling aviators,
Truckdrivers, furniture-salesmen, drugstore-clerks,
Machinists, workmen, a radio-announcer
And a sprinkling of nice clean boys from Yale or
Harvard.

We'd have known the Martian birds and the Mar-
tian beasts

And how to hunt them and trap them. We'd have
known

The ways of the Martian climate and all the ropes.
In fact, we would have done wonders.

They were there.

They were there and raising a fort in the smiling
wilderness,

While Newport and Smith went exploring up the
river

As far as the Falls of the James — and returned to
hear

The news of the sudden, breath-taking attack
When only the ships' guns had saved the settlement.
One moment, they had been working, and the next
The hazel arrows had rained from the thick coverts,
The Indian yell gone up.

And, when it had passed,
There were seventeen of them hurt, and one boy
dead,

And again the clumsy muskets had done no harm.
They had had to run for them, stored in the dry-fats,
And 'twas hard to shoot men slipping from tree to
tree,

Who did not stand in battalia to be butchered
But crept like the forest vines.

It daunted a man.

But, when you fired at the forest, there was nothing.
Nevertheless, at last they had their fort,
A few thatched cabins, a sturdy palisade,
Corn sown and growing, a tiny supply of grain,
A cargo of wood and sweet-smelling sassafras
For the ships to take home to England.

And when the ships sailed
At the end of June, as they must, and the last spars
Dwindled down the river, were mixed with the trees
At the curve of a river-bend, there was no more
England.

And the men who watched were like men lost on the
moon.

3

At Jamestown, the lost men neither wondered nor
dreamed.

They were dying.

It was the stroke of the forest-god,
Sleepily vexed at last and pointing at them
The flame-tipped arrow of the August sun,
Weaving them round with vapors from the marsh,
Coming upon them in a cloud of small
Innumerable, buzzing, deadly wings,
In the river-slime, in the mud of the steaming river.
And they die and die, and Percy writes it down,
Soberly, briefly, giving name and date,
A young, brave man, but shaken to the heart.

The sixth of August

There died John Asbie, of the bloody flux.

The ninth day died George Flower, of the swelling.

(It is hot. We did not know it could be so hot.
We did not know that the warm and pleasant sun
Could parch us so. We are thirsty and we drink.
We drink of the river-water at low tide.)

The tenth day, there died William Brewster, gen-
tleman,

Of a wound, and was buried on the eleventh day.

(The ships are gone. There was biscuit aboard the
ships.

And a little, comforting store of beer and wine.

Now we live on a pint a day of wormy grain.

We watch every three nights, lying on the bare
ground.)

The fifteenth day died Edward Browne and Stephen
Galthorpe,

The sixteenth day, there died Thomas Given,
gentleman.

The seventeenth day, Thomas Mounslie.

(We die, we die!

There are seven dead in four days — and every morning

We drag them out of their cabins like stiffened dogs

To lie in the hateful earth of this wilderness

Where we thought to find the gold. We are sick and weak,

Burning with fever, purging out our entrails

And once we were gentlemen and adventurers,

We were carpenters and bricklayers with a trade

In kindly England — oh, the English sky,

The grey, sweet spring, the cuckoo singing aloud!

Not these wild, bright birds, this killing and brazen sun!

And no relief but the huge, black thundercloud

That lights trees of fire in the swollen, purple sky

Over the sluggish river, but brings no sweet

Blest coolness after it, only a thicker heat,

A wearier aching.)

The seven and twentieth day died William Roods.

(Toll them out like bells,

The names of the lost, the nightmare peal of death,

The price of blood for the fair, sweet-smelling land.

The small store of rotten grain is nigh at an end,

The leaders are ill and wrangling, the skull-bones show

Through the dry, pinched faces of the once hardy men,

The men who barely shoulder their muskets now,

Who are too weak to get up from their own dung

As they lie dying in the filthy cabins.)

And it was mid-September and no hope,

For half of them were dead, and the living gaunt

Life-sickened shadows, dragging weary limbs

Mechanically to the rotten bulwarks,

Staring into the forest with dull eyes,

Knowing they had to watch for something there

But half-forgetting what.

There was no rule,

They would not listen to Wingfield any more,

Kendall had been deposed and plotted escape,

Gosnold was dead, Smith newly risen from fever,

And it was the end.

And then, no man knows why,

There came the savages, smiling, bringing corn.

Passionate drum of wrong begins to sound,

Ere the dead lie upon the bloody ground,

And the chief's sons lie drunken in the street.

Let us remember how this happened, too,

And how the food was given, not in hate,

Liking, or dazzled wonder, but, it seems,

As if compelled by something past all plans,

Some old, barbaric courtesy of man's,

Wild as his heart, red as his hunter's dreams

— And for no cause the white men ever knew.

And now, to Jamestown,

The wildfowl came, and the first cool days of fall,

And John Smith went exploring.

He is one of the first Americans we know,

And we can claim him, though not by the bond of birth,

For we've always bred chimeras.

And he was one,

This bushy-bearded, high-foreheaded, thrusting man

Who could turn his hand to anything at a pinch,

Bragging, canny, impatient, durable,

And fallen in love with the country at first sight.

For that is something which happens or does not.

It did to him.

You can see the difference in Percy,

Who is always the Englishman among the natives,

And never sheds his skin or his English ways,

A good man, an excellent colonial governor,

But not this skin-changing stepchild of Ulysses,

On fire, yes, fed or fasting, to see new things,

Explore, map out, taste, venture, enjoy, astound,

And look, look, look with a fly's remembering eye,

A child's delight in marvels, a liar's gorgeousness,

And the patient, accurate pen that mapped two great coasts.

This is how they roast corn.

This is how their women are painted.

These are the birds, the beasts — oh, look and see!

This is a beast that they call aroughcan,

Much like a badger but useth to live in trees;

This is their beaver, big as a water-dog;

This is the toad-fish, swelling in the air;

And here I did — oh, the marvelous things I did!

But the maps that I draw are true, and when I see

Without myself in the picture, I see and know.

This is their language. I will write it down.

"Kekaten pokahuntas —" and the rest;

"Bid Pocahontas bring hither two little baskets

And I will give her white beads to make her a chain."

And, in between, I will get men working again,

Shame the lazy, master the sulky, heave

My shoulder to the sticking wheel of Jamestown

And make it groan and turn till it grinds the corn.

And didn't I do it well? There is no one like me!

No, my chimera — and yet, we'll see you again,

In many shapes, before the long tale is told,

The braggarts who, somehow, carried out the brag,
The stepchildren of Ulysses, many-devised.

"And it was proved to his face that he begged in
Ireland

Like a rogue without a license," says Wingfield
angrily.

Well, perhaps he did. I wouldn't doubt it at all.
For such things occur to chimeras — and if he did,
The people he begged from got their money's worth
And goggled, hearing the tale, as we goggle yet.
For this man was always alive to his fingertips.
He would not lie down and die and he will not still.
There were tears on the faces of the men sick for
home?

Good God, how could men behave so, in a new
world,

With a bay to explore, an aroughean to see,
An Indian king or a possum to talk about?
How could one weep for the Christmases of England
When we never feasted more or had better fare
Than in the dry smoky houses of Kecoughtan?
How could men be sick at heart,
With a savage chief to visit and beguile,
Or a wild child-princess, bursting out of the woods,
Her train of girls behind her, shouting and screaming,

With deerhorns set on their foreheads — a Bac-
chant rout,

Led by the nonpareil, the daring child,
Who was to die a Christian and a lady
And leave her slight bones in the English earth
And her son's sons to know Virginia still,
Such being the fate.

And they were to meet again,
Years later, in England, the lady Rebecca Rolfe
And Captain Smith — a strange meeting — strange
and sad,

The Indian princess in her fine English clothes
And the bearded, baldish Ulysses, both nine years
older

And one very soon to die as caged things will
Just when they seem acclimated to the cage.
When he came to see her, she turned away her face,
Would not talk for hours, talked a little at last
In her new-learned English. He must still call her
"child."

She would always call him "father" and be his
countryman.

"And always they did tell us that you were dead.
But your countrymen will lie much."

You hear the words
Evenly spoken, without bitterness,
Mere fact she had learned with other white men's
facts.

But there is a bitter sadness about that meeting

And Ulysses, for once, said little.

He had advised

Sagely and humbly, writing to the Queen,
That the little princess be royally entertained,
For she had a great spirit and could move her people.
Well, it had been done — and there was his non-
pareil

— The red-winged blackbird of Virginia's woods
— The young, wild child —

There was his nonpareil

In her fine clothes, coughing.

"Bid Pocahontas bring hither two little baskets
And I will give her white beads to make her a
chain."

He left the room and never saw her again.
He was outward bound — to chart the New Eng-
land coast

From Cape Cod to Penobscot.
Two thousand miles of it in an open boat.
And so, by incredible labors, make the map
That drew men's minds to New England — the
laborious

Chimera, who could not look at the land and lie,
Only about himself and other men;
Who doubted gentlemen's hearts but never the
goal

And, in the end, could say with a flat claim
Superbly boastful and precisely just,
"These colonies being, in some sort, my children."
He had none out of his body, for all the tales.
He had no fortune out of the lands he mapped,
Not even a twelve-pound knighthood — but they
came,

Gorged on his books, believing truth and lies,
They settled Massachusetts and Virginia,
And where they settled, he had been before.

You can see why he maddened others and does so
still.

But, spent and old, he believed to his last breath
That this was a good country.
We have had others since, and born in the land,
Who blessed it only while they could milk it dry
And, that being done with, cursed it in the street,
Though they were not at Jamestown or the wars,
But lived more easily than men at Jamestown —
In fact, lived very well.

I may be wrong.

But, thinking of some well-dressed gentlemen
And well-fed ladies I have met at times,
Who spent eight years despairing of the Republic
And trying how to beat an income-tax,
I think I can hear the comment of Captain Smith
Clear from St. Sepulchre's, the biting voice,
The huge chimera-scorn.

CHILDREN IN NEED

A Symposium

In the May *Atlantic* there appeared two articles each seeking to cope with the problem of Juvenile Delinquency. The first speaker, Mr. Chester Lee White, described his experiences in a reform school, the Whittier State School, in California; Miss Grace Irwin, the second speaker, depicted the lack of discipline she had encountered during her six years of teaching in the neighborhood of New York. In each case, the appeal was for more discipline, mounting, if need be, to corporal punishment.

The *Atlantic* asked whether other remedies might not be available. Principals, schoolteachers, probation officers, and judges were quick to reply, and from some thirty articles and letters we have selected this representative symposium. Further comments will appear in the *Atlantic* Repartee for August. — THE EDITOR

CHILDREN IN NEED

by MAX WINSOR, M.D.

BLOODLETTING in medicine seems a barbarous procedure for most of the diseases for which barber-surgeons formerly prescribed it. It had some logic, however, when the distinctive nature of a disease was not recognized. If you do not know the difference between the causative agents of pneumonia and gout, you may as well go on treating both in the same way — especially if your treatment has a little sadism associated with it.

Bloodletting was prominently used in George Washington's day. The articles on "delinquency" and "rowdiness" in the May *Atlantic* turn back to methods more ancient than that — methods prevalent throughout all time. And for the same reason: absolute unawareness of the causative factors involved.

When we are told, "This is a delinquent child," there is, of course, too little information to suggest any causation. The child may have stolen at home or broken into a store. He may be a chronic truant. He may have killed his stepmother. He may habitually bully other children in school. Correction would be easier if stealing, aggressiveness, and sex offenses were parallels of disease entities in medicine. Then we might proceed to treat all stealing one way, and all aggressiveness another. We find, however, that stealing may result from different causes,

and that the same influence may in one child lead to stealing, in another to aggressiveness, in a third to truancy. In this sense, delinquency is only a symptom.

No doctor would rush to lower an abnormal temperature or to eliminate pain without first determining the condition of which these were symptomatic. You can stop the fever and leave the pneumonia untreated. You can drug the discomfort and have the patient painlessly pass out with the peritonitis of a neglected appendix. You can beat a boy. Temporarily he will be subdued. But you may be thrusting him into more lasting "delinquency" because you have neglected to deal with what in the first place motivated his difficult behavior.

If a boy is aggressive toward other boys and persistently steals in school, one can turn to punishment to "knock it out of him," or one can look for the causes underlying his behavior. A common cause of this type of behavior is a severe parent who punishes the boy for the slightest infraction of the parent's standards and denies him his allowance. To achieve results in such a case, we must treat the boy and his father, not the aggressiveness and the stealing. Punishment in this instance becomes extraneous. It is bad medicine.

I have had plenty of opportunity for observing the results of this "bad medicine" in over twelve years of contacts with criminals and delinquents. For two years as Research Associate with one of the Rockefeller Foundations I was able to study one hundred front-page felons — "topnotchers" in crime. I saw them in prisons from Charlestown, Massachusetts, to San Quentin, California. Later, at Warwick, I examined some two thousand boys as they first came from court. In nineteen out of

A graduate of Columbia College and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, DR. MAX WINSOR has long wrestled with the problem of delinquency. He served at Warwick, the New York State Training School for Boys, 1932-1937, at the Children's Court in New York City, 1937-1938, and has been with the Bureau of Child Guidance since then.

twenty cases, severe punishment had *preceded* the more fixed delinquency patterns.

In treating delinquent children, we are not limited to physical force or to "appealing to the child's better nature." Let me illustrate by another case of stealing. Rhoda picked up a purse in the girls' rest-room. The assistant principal of the high school appealed to Rhoda's "sense of honor" and gave her a "second chance." Rhoda stole again in a few weeks. The principal did not know that Rhoda never spent the money. She did not know anything about Rhoda. She merely gave way to habitual indignation. She called Rhoda a common thief and wanted her expelled. But the school system does not permit automatic expulsion. Rhoda was referred to the Bureau of Child Guidance for an opinion.

We found Rhoda a sensitive, shy young person. She was certainly not the "common thief." Neither was she in need of money. Her family lived in a poor section but was in fair circumstances. Rhoda's mother was determined not to spoil Rhoda, an only child. Rhoda was taught standards. From the time she was two years old, she had never been kissed by her mother.

When Rhoda's aunt died, the mother decided to take in Laura, Rhoda's cousin. To make Laura feel at home, and perhaps because she was temperamentally closer to this child, the mother treated her like a daughter — with more attention than she had ever given Rhoda. Rhoda's first theft came a few weeks after Laura entered the house and was accepted as the favored child. The stealing was doubly motivated, but neither motivation was in the direction of getting "easy money." Rhoda needed to take back from Laura the mother's love. Since this was impossible, Rhoda unconsciously found satisfaction in taking something — the symbol for love — from another child who became the Laura substitute.

We disregarded Rhoda's behavior. We offered psychotherapy for her neurotic reaction to deprivation of affection. Our case worker helped the mother to change the home situation. Here, psychiatry and casework effected the cure. We have had reports concerning Rhoda for three years. Stealing has never recurred.

Now let us turn to insubordination in schools. Mary was said to be a ringleader among the rough girls in her school. At times she flared up and defied the teacher. What particularly provoked the teacher was Mary's impudence about assembly. Girls were told to wear white blouses on assembly days. Mary wore a white blouse, but a long-sleeved gray sweater over it and a dirty multicolored ker-

chief around her neck. She would not take the sweater off. There was talk of sending Mary to court as uncontrollable in school. But the principal sent her instead to the Bureau of Child Guidance.

At first Mary was scared and acted defensively and insolently. But when she found we were neither flustered nor insulted, she began to talk, then to cry, and asked us if we really wanted to know about the sweater. She took it off. We saw huge blotches of deforming scars, the result of a bad burn years ago and of unsuccessful skin grafting. There were smaller scars on Mary's neck (which had been hidden by the kerchief). You do not get such illuminating answers about the causes of children's behavior unless you ask — with decent concern for the child's point of view and with respect for her personality.

A modern institution for delinquents should be a combination hospital-school. It should not be a custodial institution any more than a hospital should be a place for merely feeding patients. It should not be a place where children are sent for "discipline" because you do not know what else to do with them, any more than a hospital is a place to which you send a patient with an undiagnosed fever of 104 degrees with the recommendation that he be given an ice bath. The hospital will diagnose and treat according to the findings; it may change the therapy if a given course of treatment does not bring expected results. An institution with "discipline" as its sole equipment is indeed back in the "bloodletting" stage.

It is tragic to read, in Mr. White's article, of an institution described as if it had only one other approach: "Instead of effective discipline, the usual penalty for the most serious disregard of rules is a mark of zero entered on a daily report card." It was found long ago that there is no one approach to understanding a child, and with complex cases we consider almost mandatory a fourfold investigation: the physical, psychological, social, and psychiatric. An institution must have these diagnostic facilities and must have the resources for carrying out the treatment.

It is unrealistic of Mr. White to suggest that "children do not get into our state schools until every known method has been tested." For example, in the case of one boy committed to a state school, it required a very special hearing examination — an audiometer test — to indicate that what had been taken for dullness and impudence, or even incipient schizophrenia, was a reaction to partial deafness. Thyroid extract changed another boy from a morose, troublesome, cringing youngster to an alert,

independent, vigorous, appreciative, and comparatively happy being. There was a one-legged boy who came to the institution with a pair of crutches. Why had not the resource of getting him an artificial leg been tried before he reached the institution?

In diagnosis we look for causes, but in treatment the modern institution does not restrict itself to a single procedure. The institution relies, not on the scientific unit alone, not on medicine, psychiatry, or psychological measurements, not on good social service alone, nor on vocational training alone, but on a complete unit — organized to find out why a child comes to the institution “antisocial” and directed to change this antisocial pattern. In one case it may be endocrine treatment that helps effect a cure, in another it may be teaching a “non-reader” to read with pleasure, in another, thoughtful guidance by priest or chaplain; or again it may be the impact of an active recreational department for a boy who had never learned to play; it may be a work program planned to meet the individual needs of a given child; it may have to be long, patient, painstaking treatment by the psychiatrist or a psychiatric case worker. For all cases, there must be an institutional atmosphere where the emotional climate is one of treatment, not that of a junior jail.

Jails and prisons came into existence as a substitute for corporal punishment after a long history of failure. Let me make myself clear, however. There is a difference between corporal punishment and physical force. We are not sentimentalizing about never laying a hand on a child. When a boy is assaulting another boy or a staff member, force may have to be used to stop him — not as punishment, but to avert a dangerous act. When a boy angrily announces that he is running off, force to keep him from doing so is one thing; corporal punishment to “teach” him not to run away is just brutality. You never teach him, by such means, not to run away. You make him more careful not to get caught, more desperate in the escape effort, and more fixed in his hatreds.

Before a medical point of view was introduced in some state institutions, we saw boys stopped and then punished. We knew a boy who had been kicked in the stomach by a guard weighing two hundred and sixty pounds. We have the record of a boy who was thrown to the ground when he had been returned to the institution after an attempt to run away. He was kicked in the face by a boys’ supervisor who was going to “teach him not to run away again.” In the kicking, one of the boy’s eyes was crushed by the heel of the man’s shoe. There was danger of bilateral blindness, as the other eye was affected by the nerve injury.

When punishment is the “treatment” program, it is extraordinary how unfailingly the wrong kind of punishment is selected. We were called in to see a boy who had dropped of exhaustion after he was forced to march endlessly around an institution quadrangle to teach him not to march off the institution grounds. Investigation disclosed that the boy had been diagnosed as a cardiac case to be excused from strenuous physical exertion. But the man who ordered the marching punishment never looked at the boy’s card before giving the orders.

What about a Disciplinary or Lost Privilege Cottage as a substitute? In the main, this too represents a vicious system. At its best the idea is crude — some boys will profit from the realization that certain acts bring with them such consequences as lost “privileges.” To base a general system on what is good for individual cases is as false in treatment as it is in logic. There is the vital question of what you mean by privileges, and the larger element of individual differences in personalities.

The seriously disturbed boys in an institution for delinquents are in need of more services, more facilities, if their behavior symptoms are aggravated. It is shocking to learn that in any institution the supervisor had to bootleg pencils, paper, and games for the boys in such a cottage. What kind of regime do they have? What do they expect the boys to do in such a setup but become more restless, more vindictive, and more aggressive — unless they turn in on themselves and totally collapse mentally? Pencil, paper, and games are no “privileges” — they should be part of the resources. Some institutions deprive such boys of movies, the athletic field, and other recreation. These activities are meant for what they say: to re-create. This is the group, moreover, that has the greatest need for intensive resources and personnel relationships. These boys should be helped to change, to be capable of more normal contacts — not bludgeoned into admitting that they “can’t beat the rap of the institution.”

One danger of sanctioning physical punishment is noted in the May *Atlantic*. Begin by sponsoring it for an institution, and before you know it, you have called for it in the public schools. The most elementary point is that schools with an adequate, meaningful program of activities and proper personnel do not have disturbances which call for brute force. If there are children who cannot profit from proper education and social activities, and cannot control themselves, they need special expert study, diagnosis, and treatment. There may be some who do not belong in ordinary schools. They

should be taken out and sent to other places, including institutions, for treatment. Miss Irwin confined her discussion to a "slum" area. Any underprivileged area is an indictment on the city or state, not on the children in it. But the children were discussed as if they were a peculiar species.

The schools in complex city living have had to assume vast responsibilities for bringing experiences to children's lives which formerly came naturally to them — in the woods, on the farm, and in the sheltered home. The difficulty with such articles as "Children Out of Hand" is that there is no orientation in them toward a program of vital functioning for children. The emphasis is on discipline, on children's sitting still and standing up to recite, on teachers who have "control," on teachers who are "rough" but "get things done." What things?

It is neither the teacher nor the doctor who ultimately constructs a nation's philosophy. It is the children who live it out. It is these children — including the many in underprivileged areas — who will relive and remake the philosophy of our land.

Force does not make for a disciplined life — at best it can make only for a regimented life. And discipline is no end in itself. An ordered life can be developed when teachers help to proper emotional acceptance of life's realities. Among these realities are authority, self-discipline, the tools necessary for growth, a decent respect for the rights of others. The Germans and the Japanese have regimented lives without a decent respect for other people.

Let no one think I have been discussing delinquency in this article. I have been writing of the handling of delinquent children. The prevention of delinquency is a much larger social problem. Do children come out of inadequate homes into delinquency? We should more honestly turn to the social conditions of these families — and give these children the opportunity their parents cannot offer them. Are children attending crowded schools — schools without the organization and personnel to deal with the child as a whole? We shall have to pay for better schooling. Are recreation facilities necessary? Are courts, welfare agencies, clinics insufficiently staffed? There is money to pay for these if we think the need urgent.

These are the real roots of delinquency. No talk of stern, prompt punishment, no sentimental talk of always trusting to the "better nature" of children, is realistic. The good is what parents, churches, public and private community services, and schools develop in children. When any of these fail, the others have to make up the deficiency. Where children are *in need*, let us not call them "out of hand."

MORE CHILDREN OUT OF HAND

by VIRGINIA CHASE PERKINS

FOR nine years I taught in a large suburban high school. The building was new when I went there, and one of the show places of the city. It had a double swimming pool and a double gymnasium. A loud speaker connected all the classrooms. (The only program I can recall ever being generally broadcast was the World Series.) The auditorium, seating 2800, was equipped with a motion picture projector and an electric organ. The library was ornately frescoed.

"Our children are the privileged," a teacher told me when she showed me through.

I soon realized that her words had held an ironic implication. The children were privileged in more ways than one. They ran and jumped and wrestled in the marble corridors. They went out of doors marked IN and came dashing in through doors marked OUT. They hung from the open windows between classes. They spat their gum into the drinking fountains and left wastepaper anywhere it happened to fall. They threw food around in the lunchroom. They ate candy and matched pennies in the study halls. They kept up a loud undertone in the library and shouted and whistled in the auditorium. They ran across lawns and broke off pieces of shrubbery.

"This is a public school," a senior, the son of a doctor, once told me. "I can do what I please in it."

Deplorable as it was, this lack of order was not the most serious evidence of children out of hand. Students were chronically tardy. The number of their absences, especially on Monday, was appalling. They came to class by the dozen unprepared. They "forgot" their books and pencils. Their written work was careless, untidy, and superficial. Their attention span was limited. They responded only to what was lively and amusing — demurring, even rebelling, at distasteful tasks. Marks meant little or nothing to them. The majority were perfectly satisfied with "getting by."

At first I was shocked and apprehensive. "Suppose the public finds out what is going on here," I thought. I visualized indignant supervisors, aroused parents, sensational headlines. But it was not long before I discovered that such conditions were not peculiar to that school or even that city. They were — and still are — prevalent almost everywhere.

VIRGINIA CHASE PERKINS has taught in both high school and college classes. She is the author of an English textbook. (She is a parent, too.) Recently she resigned from the public school system of a large Midwestern city to write and to lecture.

"One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me," Lady Jane Grey once said to Roger Ascham, "is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster." But parents have not been on the job. They have indulged their children to the point of license, giving them too much of everything except time and patience and guidance. They have not supervised homework. They have been lax about bedtime, so that children come to school sleepy and sluggish. They have no real idea of what is going on at school. (Of the more than 8000 parents in the school where I taught, fewer than 100 joined the P.T.A.) When anything unpleasant comes up between child and school, they rationalize by saying, "We haven't wanted to interfere." Translated, that too often has meant, "We don't want to be bothered."

Most parents come to the school for only one purpose — to seek some concession. If a child has failed an examination, his parents arrange for him to take it over. If he dislikes his teacher, they manage to transfer him to one whose personality is more in harmony with his own. If they are dissatisfied with his mark, they take care of that, too.

A few years ago a senior girl to whom I gave a D — richly deserved — was, at the end of sixteen weeks, sent to another teacher for the remainder of the semester. My mark, a cumulative one, was disregarded. Without any examination covering her work with me, she was passed with a final grade of B, elected to the national honor society, and awarded an honor diploma. Significantly, she was dropped from college before the end of her freshman year because of failing work.

Parental indulgence and progressive education make dangerous companions.

Under such circumstances students naturally have little or no respect for their teachers. This leads to more than mere teacher humiliation. It may be actually dangerous for the children themselves. A recent incident in my own community will serve as an illustration.

Though the white children in the high school outnumber the colored almost twenty to one, for the past two years there have been race riots inside the school itself — riots so serious that state troopers have twice been called and stationed there. Two white boys have been critically stabbed.

In handing down his decision of the more recent case, where the white boy was the son of a former member of the school board, the judge vigorously attacked the lack of discipline in the school — which, incidentally, is considered a very good one. I quote from his published report: —

"A teacher pled with the crowd of over one hun-

dred children to disperse. Not a single child respected his authority or followed his commands. He talked to both boys [a colored and a white, both equally to blame, the judge decided], demanding and insisting that they leave. They both wilfully refused. He testified that he felt helpless to stop the trouble and ran for more assistance. Right here it should be noted that if this is typical lack of respect for authority and school discipline, drastic action is necessary." If this situation is not now typical, it may well be soon.

Recently I talked with a former student who had returned from the Pacific. "Once in a while we fellows get to talking about how we were brought up," he told me. "Guess what comes in for the greatest panning."

"The school," I suggested promptly.

He looked surprised, as though he had expected to open my eyes. "That's right," he said. "We agreed we learned more our first week in the Army — things we needed to know, I mean — than in all our years at school."

"For instance?" I prompted.

He grinned. "How to be on time, for one thing. How to take orders, for another. Remember how I was always raising my hand to get you to give instructions over again?"

I nodded.

"Why is it that teachers can't pound a little sense into kids?" he demanded. "Have we got to have a war to do that?"

How can teachers pound sense in? No one will listen to preaching. There is no "after school" in the modern schedule. If a teacher reports a culprit, little will come of it and she will discredit herself in the eyes of the administration. (Good teachers are supposed to have no behavior problems.) If she threatens to fail a child, he will laugh in her face. She dares not fail too many, and he knows it. (Progressive education stands strongly against failures. They breed discouragement and a sense of inferiority.) Corporal punishment, even where it is allowed, is not a satisfactory remedy.

Where then does the remedy lie? It lies in the hands of the public, which has been patient too long. If the public demands a disciplined school, free from meddling interference, it will get it, for the public pays the bills. If it makes known that it will not tolerate indulgence and impractical theories, it will have no more of them. Educators are timid people. Let the public put its foot down and they will rush to fall in line.

And let the public do it soon, before children who already are out of hand are out of reach as well.

DISCIPLINE IN THE CLASSROOM

ANONYMOUS

SPARE the rod and spoil the child," they used to say. They're getting back to that now. Yet in eight years of teaching I never saw a case where spending the rod accomplished anything that sparing it might not have done.

This does not mean that I am a "progressive." I believe that teachers, no matter what their situation, must assume authority. How to assume it — and how to wear it well — is the big question.

I began to teach in a junior high school located on the wrong side of the tracks in a Midwestern industrial city. I was a young man fresh from college and much too optimistic. I looked even younger than I was, and I smiled too much. I had done my supervised teaching under a stern disciplinarian who always remained in the back of the room when I was in charge.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the authorities gave me a full schedule, with classes every period of the day. They gave me supervision of the school newspaper. They gave me two classes of pupils whose IQ's were the lowest in the school. They gave me a room and a desk and copies of textbooks and said, "You're on your own."

But when I got up before my first class, I was frightened. So were the youngsters. That helped. When the day was over and I staggered home, I congratulated myself that I had carried it off pretty well. The second and third days went as well. By the end of the week I grew a little too confident.

So it wasn't surprising that during the second week things began to happen. I don't know why. Perhaps I was smiling too much, being too enthusiastic about poetry, forgetting my dignity in the rapture of a pleasant subject-matter. Anyway, the youngsters, even the stupid ones, caught on to me. They saw through my easy tyranny of authority and realized — as masses must never be allowed to realize, for the safety of a dictator — that there was nothing behind my shell of austerity.

I had never had any intention of paddling. Indeed, when the suggestion was made to me by the principal of the school and by the head of the department, I was horrified. Was it possible that these two persons, high in the educational councils of our city, believed in barbarism? How had the North Central Association permitted them to hold their positions?

But I soon learned that paddling was the one approved method of discipline in this particular school. The teachers, many of them potential progressives, were apparently being practical in saying, "It's all very well to give children their own way in some places, but here we paddle!" So I paddled, feeling like a Judas betraying my education professors.

The first boy I paddled was an eighth grade lad as tall as I was, the descendant of Kentucky mountain people. His sullen attitude and stolid resistance to learning finally led him into one downright breach of discipline after another. His name was Asa Barnstetter.

The second boy to receive a paddling was Leviticus Johnson, a happy Negro lad whose natural good spirits occasionally exploded and whom no amount of explaining, reasoning, or instruction seemed able to reach. Leviticus's father was an itinerant evangelist, and the children were named Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Gomorrah, and J. C. — for Julius Caesar.

In Leviticus's case, the paddling seemed to work, but only because at the end of the pitiful process I was so moved by big Levi's tears that I had a long and friendly talk with him. I got to know him then — as I had been unable to do before because no decent human emotion had ever reached out from me to him or from him to me. Before I felt pity and interest in Leviticus, I had been not a human being but a teacher — and he had been not a likable boy but a subject.

Now, simply because we had scratched the surface, — the hard way, — we were on common ground for friendship. From then on, Levi and I got on well. Later, when he came to high school and was in one of my classes there, he was still ebullient and inclined to disrupting activities, but he continued to recognize my authority.

I tried to get to know Asa too, but he resisted attempts at friendliness, and while my fraternity paddle seemed to make some impression on him — at least temporarily — it was the only thing that did.

In short, I soon got the reputation that all the other teachers had at this school. I would stand just so much — then came the paddle. It was a kind of game. The youngsters would test themselves and me by carrying on as far as they thought safe; then they found themselves unable to resist the one step further that might — or might not — mean disaster. The result was that I was paddling, on an average, once or twice a month.

By the end of that year I had discovered many things. I discovered, for instance, that the reason most of my discipline cases became "cases" was that they had been put into a school situation

This observer of discipline in the classroom, who must be ANONYMOUS, taught for eight years in Midwestern high schools and junior high schools before he advanced to a higher bracket in the scholastic world.

which was absolutely meaningless to them. Asa, for instance, had been hopelessly passed from grade to grade. He was almost sixteen and an eighth-grader when I got him, but he was unable to read even a pre-primer.

In May of that year I finally succeeded in teaching Asa the alphabet, and in the last few weeks before he reached the birthday that would allow him by law to quit school, he actually began to take an interest in the business of learning to write.

But the most important thing I had discovered by the end of my first year as a teacher was that my authority had crumbled to the bare foundation stones. True, I still had an authority left, but that was solely vested in the paddle. There was no recourse short of that — no point at which I might safely stop before that last, ignominious resort.

My second year I made up my mind I would not return to the nightmare of constant paddling. At the same time I resolved that I would not turn namby-pamby, like my colleagues at one of the “progressive” schools in the city, and allow my pupils to wreak their will upon my schoolroom. I wouldn’t waste time trying to make the hopeless cases “want” to learn; neither would I drive them to learning as a last refuge from physical violence.

What I planned to do, and what I did, was to work the Leviticus Johnson trick, without the preliminary bout. Where, the year before, I had been concerned with what to do should a situation arise, now I was concerned with how to keep a situation from arising. Despite all my efforts, of course, situations occasionally did arise.

One such situation was created by Harold Newerman. Harold was a big fellow with the mind of an eight-year-old. He was grouchy and lethargic. I strongly suspect that there was something wrong with his liver. Harold could not do the work prescribed in the 7B class. Furthermore, he resented being asked to try lessons intended for third-graders. He knew when he was being coddled.

So Harold grew very objectionable. He grumbled aloud through class period after class period. He swore audibly when addressed, frowned threateningly, and finally arose to the supreme manifestation of telling me in stentorian tones, before the whole class, that he had no intention of doing anything except disturb me.

My paddle had been hanging in an honored spot in the front of the room all year. I could tell by the expectant hush that fell on the room that the class expected me to take it down now and go into action. But I had learned that the anticipation of my vindictiveness had nearly as much effect on the class as

the deed itself. So I let them stare, wide-eyed, while I said to Harold, “I’m sorry to hear that. We can’t talk about it here, though, as the rest of the class has work to do. Suppose we go outside.”

Beyond the glass-paneled doors to the room, where I could observe my more willing charges going about their tasks with one eye out for further developments, Harold and I talked. I asked him what he thought I ought to do. “Paddle me,” he said quite simply.

“Would that do any good?” I asked. “Would it make you any more willing to work?”

Sullenly he replied, “I don’t know. You’re supposed to be the teacher, ain’t you? Then why don’t you *make me work*?” It was a dare, of course, and I recognized in his pronunciation of the word “teacher” the familiar barrier to progress.

I laughed. “You know,” I said, “I can’t *make* anybody do anything. I’m just a young fellow trying to do a job, same as you. Paddling wouldn’t make you work. As a matter of fact, it would only make *me* work. And judging from your upholstery,” said I, glancing at the back of his trousers, “I’d have to work pretty hard!”

That broke down the barrier. Harold laughed. From then on, Harold and I proceeded to get acquainted. It was a long time, of course, before I discovered just what he *could* do. But meanwhile the obstacle which had made for strained relations between us had disappeared. I was no longer an unreasonable creature from another world — a teacher.

I am convinced now that the solution of the discipline problem lies just there. Teachers have too often considered themselves — and allowed their pupils to consider them — non-human creatures. “Progressives” would not blunder into the pathological so often if they remembered that teachers are human beings dealing with human beings. And the browbeaters wouldn’t have to browbeat if they considered classroom situations as controlled social situations.

In the six remaining years I taught before turning to other fields, I had no reason to change my views. High school boys were bigger and tougher than junior high boys. And there were, to be sure, some who simply refused to make friends. But I always made certain that my own attitude, at least, was correct. I refused to put myself on a plane apart from my pupils.

From then on I seldom had a real discipline problem and I got a lot of teaching done. I think it was because I learned early enough that an easy friendliness, tempered with a responsive and reasonable dignity, was more effective than the slap, the shake, and the paddle.

LITTLE FOLKS AND BIG FOLKS

by CAMILLE MCGEE KELLEY

A WHIPPING may be better than lost discipline, but I have always resented the idea of approaching a child's reason through his nervous system.

Such an approach is often unnecessary. Children differ in their mental capacities, desires, and talents. Much violent discipline could be dispensed with if persons in charge of children would make an intelligent study of the individuals in their care. If the general public realized that bad behavior stems from many causes and that the crying need is for the analysis and interpretation of these causes, we should not dare to be stereotyped in our method of handling mistakes.

We spend about thirteen times as much to control crime as we spend for education. Adequate appropriations for education, rehabilitation, and recreation would reverse these figures.

When I was a very young judge, I promised never to harness the mistakes of a child to his back. I do not believe, however, in allowing a child to have his own way to the complete discomfort and distress of those about him. Behavior should be studied like health or electricity. We should not dare to take the liberties with either that we take with the temperament of a child.

Nor do I think it cramps personality to teach children self-control. Often a boy will suffer great physical punishment before he will break the rule of the gang or the code agreed upon by his fellows. This rule or code has sunk deep into his thought. Our job is to sink the right code of behavior deep enough into his consciousness to command respect and to get coöperation. He then becomes responsive to right guidance. The deliberately delinquent boy of normal mind is rare.

The intelligence of a child plays a big part in making adjustments. A subnormal child needs special protection and supervision; and an abnormal child should not be in a diversified group without individual care — which brings us to the required cost again.

Any normal child can be salvaged. We have found that if a child's program is varied enough, and includes enough privileges to make for a normal and interesting life, the lost-privilege plan will be effective. A lost sense of values makes for a confused traveler on the behavior road just as a lost sense of

direction makes for a confused traveler on the high sea or in the jungle.

If we want our young people to respect law, we must respect it ourselves and make it worthy of respect. We must master evil and handle violence even by force, but it is an indictment against us when force is our only way out. There is no one recipe for handling antisocial human behavior.

When we learn to classify children, to protect the mental misfit, to develop the subnormal by patient training, and to provide pleasant, kindly environment; when we develop the talent of the normal boy and girl and inspire them toward achievement, we shall find little need for making a decision as to whether to slap a stubborn boy down or pat him on the head and give him a lollypop. We shall have a new answer to the problem. But people who handle children in groups must understand the difference between organization and regimentation.

I am not new-fashioned enough to believe that children can discipline themselves, and I am not old-fashioned enough to believe that force is a complete remedial agency. But I have had experience enough to dare to say that if we would put as much time, thought, prayer, effort, and money into working out preventives of crime and behavior problems as we put into physical health measures, juvenile delinquency would not challenge the equilibrium of society.

The distance between the child and the adult in mind and spirit is often more dangerous than close-up conflicts. Respect must be deserved, not just demanded from the defiant child. One lesson I have learned is that most of what is the matter with little folks is the big folks. But the very biggest reason for our conflict is the tempo of the hour. People are fairly hurled from one experience to another.

I am not talking about delinquent children only, but about your child and my child, with their ambitions and futures. Understanding children is more than just being agreeable to them. We must understand the motors of the mind, guard carefully the sensitiveness of the temperament, protect them like the delicate parts of a fine watch. I have seen more mental than physical bruises inflicted on children.

Bad behavior without a press agent has no thrill. We must stop giving false values to wrong behavior if we expect good qualities to be in demand. Corporal punishment is a defense mechanism — not discipline in its highest sense.

I am sincere and constant in my belief that a child's richest heritage is to be the son or daughter in an average American family, and our job is to safeguard that family life.

CAMILLE KELLEY is the first woman to serve as a juvenile court judge in the South — and the second in the nation. Her native state of Tennessee revised its laws in order to place her on the bench. Since 1920 she has handled the cases of more than 40,000 children.

HORSE THIEF

by GRACE M. SISSONS

1

JIM FITZHUGH was dead. And my Father wanted to know could he borrow my text. The little short text my Mother gave me to say in Sunday school because I wasn't old enough yet to say the long golden texts.

Jim Fitzhugh was busy stealing a horse in the night when he died. He was in a hurry with his stealing. The neighbor men were galloping hard after him. He didn't have time to ride around by the ford to cross the creek. He had to swim. The bank was dark and steep on the other side. His horse slipped. It fell over backwards on top of him. The neighbor men following after found Jim Fitzhugh dead. He'd not had time even to raise his hand to make the sign of the cross.

The next day when my Father came in from the field at noon my Mother was waiting for him on the path outside the lean-to door. She had something to tell him. But he had something to tell her first.

Word had come across the fields — from that farm to this farm to this farm — that a horse thief couldn't be buried in the Holy Catholic ground of the Holy Cross cemetery. And the men talking over their fences were saying, Jim Fitzhugh couldn't come inside the gate of the Prairie Flower graveyard either. Neighbors all had rights to graves in the neighborhood burying ground — no matter where they went to church on Sunday, no matter if they didn't go at all. The ground belonged to their dead bones. But my Father told, men were swear-

ing over their fences that horse-stealing Jim wasn't going to be let lie alongside their kin!

My Father finished with his telling. And then my Mother told him that the Widow Fitzhugh was sitting there in our kitchen waiting to see him.

Missus Fitzhugh rocked in our company rocking chair. She had on a black calico dress and a black calico sunbonnet. And she wore her white visiting apron. It was dazzle-white like snow in the sun. But her face inside her black sunbonnet was blurry, like a little patch of melting snow on a gray day. Her voice back inside her bonnet, it was blurry, too, as she told my Father she wanted Jim's grave in a graveyard. Wanted Jim found among honest people when the Resurrection sounded.

She was set on it. And she asked my Father to go and dig her man a grave in the Prairie Flower burying ground. She said it could be dug off to itself down in the swale at the lower end. In a fence corner, say. The marsh grass would hide it. Neighbors wouldn't mind much — anyway, not long. She said Jim would have to be laid away by noon tomorrow. By noon. He couldn't be let lie above the ground any longer. And she asked, would he please speak a word in favor of her Jim?

My Mother tried to comfort Missus Fitzhugh with woman talk, and she invited her to sit up to the table and eat dinner with us. But the widow wouldn't stay. She wanted to get back to her man alone and dead on their bed in the cabin. And she drove away in her wagon. She sat on her riding-board neat. She looped up her black driving lines so they wouldn't rub against her white visiting apron. She had to drive slow so her blind horses wouldn't stumble.

My Father ate his dinner and his piece of pie. He crossed his knife and fork on his plate. But he didn't get up from the table. He sat and worried.

My Father was a man who could think of a kind word to say at a sinner's grave — when the Circuit

GRACE M. SISSONS was born on a farm near the little village of Laclede, Missouri. Her parents had twice been pioneers — first when as children they had spent their youth in outermost Canada, and later when after their marriage they homesteaded for themselves in Northwest Missouri. William Sissons — "my Father" in this story — divided his time between hard farm labor and volunteer preaching and ministrations to neighbors in trouble. His daughter worked her way through Boston University and after graduation did settlement work, taught in the Kentucky mountains, and eventually began to write.

Rider could think only of the words of Judgment. The sorrowing kin, longing to hear their dead well spoken of at the burying, would send for my Father from far. He'd leave his plow in the furrow. He'd put on his Sunday clothes. And he'd ride, ride clear down into the river county to speak on the side of the dead. Folks listening would feel their hearts soften. And they'd call to mind good words they could say, too, now.

But my Father wanted to know of my Mother, what could a man say in favor of Jim? And he worried about that grave. My Father was a man from Canada. He didn't feel free to go in to a Missouri burying ground and dig a grave for a horse thief against the neighbors' wishes. But he was sorry for the widow. He wanted to mind her.

2

MY Mother thought he'd better ride over and talk to Mister Redford about it. He did. Mister Redford was a man from New York City. He didn't much think a horse thief had ought to be buried inside the neighborhood burying ground — even if he was a neighbor. But it might do to dig a grave for him just outside the fence, for the sake of the widow.

So they took spades and rode away. They went to see the man who owned the pasture field alongside the graveyard. He was a Missouri man. He felt sorry for the widow, too. Besides he was right ready to take the two dollars my Father and Mister Redford offered him for a corner on his side of the fence. A deep corner it was, and it pushed over into the burying ground like a person's elbow.

A man came riding along the road on horseback. He stopped a while to watch my Father and Mister Redford digging Jim's grave so close up against the Prairie Flower fence. But he didn't so much as call out, Howdy.

The Missouri man wished now that the two-dollar hole was being dug in some other man's field. He said, tomorrow when the men brought Jim in the wagon, the handy way would be to turn in at the Prairie Flower gate and drive over to the jog in the fence. They could easy then slide the coffin across the top rail down into the grave. But don't do it, he said. Driving Jim's horse-stealing bones over ground where the early settlers were sleeping would be a disrespect for the dead that kinfolks wouldn't let pass.

He said, better make a gap in the fence along the road, tomorrow when they brought the body, and drive into the pasture. More trouble that way —

they'd have to tote the coffin across a ditch. But do it!

My Father and Mister Redford said they would. They had respect for the early settlers a-sleeping. They had respect for the babies, too, tucked in under the long grass at the feet of the grown-up graves.

The Missouri man still worried. He was afeared, he said, Jim's ornery bones wouldn't be let rot in peace that close to the burying ground fence.

The men finished digging Jim's two-dollar grave, wide and deep. And they rode off down Goose Creek to Missus Fitzhugh's cabin in under the water oaks, to tell her it was dug.

The Widow Fitzhugh had already been to the sawmill and got herself boards and made her man's coffin. She couldn't sew. She couldn't hold a needle. Her fingers were all jumbled together in her palms like dead sticks. But she could anyway twist a hammer up into her fist and hammer. Wide and deep she'd made her man's coffin so's to have room to put her feather bed in for him.

My Father didn't think Missus Fitzhugh should be let give up her feathers. Her cabin was damp and moldy in under the water oaks. And her joints were bad. The widow would have just a shuck tick between her bones and the bed slats this winter.

But when my Father said, No! to Missus Fitzhugh dragging her feather tick off her bed, she screeched at him. And she went right on ahead and made her man's bed up warm and deep. Jim always wanted his sleeping soft and warm. She spread her Star of Bethlehem quilt for him to lie under.

My Father and Mister Redford helped her lay Jim out. All but his boots. The widow put his boots and his bridle and saddle underneath her bedstead to give to Tom and Jerry when they came home. The men laid the lid on the coffin for her. But the widow twisted the hammer up into her fist and drove the nails in herself.

And Missus Fitzhugh took her black alpaca dress out of the box where she kept it folded in blue paper. The fine black alpaca dress she was saving to be laid away in. And she cut it up to tack over the outside of the coffin — for to pretty it up for Jim. My Father held the goods smooth and tight and turned the raw edges in for her. Her crooked fingers couldn't take hold of the cloth. But she did her own tacking.

While my Father was busy helping Missus Fitzhugh, Mister Redford went out to the pole-barn and curried down the widow's two blind nags. (Jim's horses were never worth stealing.) He cleaned the

cockleburs out of their tails. And he swept out the wagon bed, put fresh straw in the bottom — easy riding for Jim tomorrow noon.

It took time to do for the widow, and the sun went down on the prairie. The daylight leaked right out of the cabin, there in under the water oaks. My Father said that black alpaca coffin looked to be a monstrous black beetle lying dead on the floor.

Missus Fitzhugh lit a candle. She stood it at the head of the coffin. She set herself down beside, in her hickory chair. Her black calico sunbonnet hung above her lap limp, like it was hanging on a peg. Her black calico dress hung down on her limp, like it was hanging on a peg, too. She didn't move there inside her calico. Just her hands moved on her black lap, like white shadows, telling her beads.

My Father, waiting for Mister Redford to come in from the barn, watched the gray evening mist crawling up out of the creek bed. It came hunching in under the water oaks up to the cabin. But the candlelight stood it back from the open door. The men were glad to get away on their horses from the night vapors along the creek, so rank with chills and fever. Twilight still, warm and clear out on the open prairie.

When my Father got home, he sat down in the kitchen a while to tell what had happened. And my Mother cried on the corner of her apron, where us women belong to cry, because Missus Fitzhugh cut up her fine alpaca dress — and it such a comfort to her. She never put it on to go to town, but she aired it a lot in the sun so it wouldn't smell musty. Wanted it fresh and new-looking when she come to wear it in the blessed ground of the Holy Cross cemetery.

3

RIGHT after breakfast next morning my Father hitched Old Abe and Miss Fanny up to the wagon. Wise horses, they always knew what was fitten to do. He put a rope in the wagon to lower Jim's coffin into the grave with, and a couple of shovels to fill in the dirt with. He wondered to my Mother if folks had let Jim's grave be, or had they filled it up in the night. He said it would have been more sensible if he and Mister Redford had picked a fence corner for Jim somewheres off down the creek.

My Father put on his black Sunday clothes. Tight, they bulged when he moved. They showed plain how wide and thick he was. His white shirt bosom it showed plain how thick and curly his beard was, how clean and red in the sun.

My Father looked ready to speak a good word at the grave. But he said he didn't feel ready —

for what could a man speak in favor of Jim! So he wanted to know, could he borrow my text to say at the open grave. The only words in the wide world, he said, that could comfort the widow.

My Mother wanted to go along to the funeral. She said it would be a shame if there was no woman to stand by the widow's side when the coffin was lowered. But my Father said that fence corner was no place for us women to gather round — if bad feeling was astir. He hoped, though, nothing'd hinder Mister Redford from going with him. My Father said he could heave the coffin up onto his back and carry it across the ditch himself. But a dead man has a right to be lifted level so his hands will stay crossed neat on his breast. My Father drove off to get Mister Redford to help.

It was still early in the morning when the men pulled up under the water oaks. But the Widow Fitzhugh had her team hitched, waiting. The poor blind horses cringed against each other. They feared that smell seeping out of the black coffin, spreading all under the water oaks.

Old Abe and Miss Fanny feared that smell, too. Quick, my Father and Mister Redford loaded the black alpaca coffin up onto the fresh straw in the widow's wagon. It reared up high above the sides — they couldn't lay the riding-board across the wagon bed. So Mister Redford set the hickory chair up beside the coffin for the widow to sit on while she drove.

Missus Fitzhugh had washed and ironed her black calico dress and her black calico sunbonnet. Had starched them stiff for the funeral. And she wore beautiful lace mitts on her twisted hands to honor her Jim. The beautiful silk mitts she'd been saving to wear with her alpaca dress in the consecrated ground of the Holy Cross cemetery.

The widow sat on her chair straight, her skirt spread out wide like a big black open fan. She drove her blind horses slow so they wouldn't stumble. The two mourners followed in their wagon. The smell of death traveled along on the air. And the funeral procession passed from in under the water oaks, out onto the open prairie. It came to the Prairie Flower burying ground.

There were men standing in front of the Prairie Flower gate. There were men standing at the side of the road in front of the pasture fence. They didn't lean back easy against the gate. They didn't rest themselves against the fence, like men just waiting to see something. They stood hard on their feet like men waiting to do something. And they said no low-down horse thief was going to be buried right across the fence from their kin! Not anyway a horse thief so ornery he'd steal horses off neighbors

that had loaned him oats when his feed give out in the winter — and their own bins low.

My Father sat still on his wagon seat. Mister Redford sat still alongside of him. The widow waited in her chair beside the black coffin. My Father could feel plain how the men felt. But he could feel plain how the widow felt, too. The men waiting shifted uneasy on their feet. They drew away from that sweet fume of death. It clogged their throats.

Then my Father rose up in his wagon to speak. He said he understood how the men felt about Jim. He knew the month of March had found many a bin empty — no seed left for the springtime sowing — because of the sacks of feed neighbors had given Jim. Neighbors could well be angry when Jim Fitzhugh came in the dark of night and stole away their horses. But he was dead now. And living men couldn't square accounts with a dead man's bones. Adding to the widow's sorrow wouldn't balance the score against Jim.

The weeds wilted in the heat of noon. The breeze fluttered down into the dust at the men's feet, it weakened and died. But the men stood up hard and stiff under the hot bare sun.

The widow told, my Father looked so tall standing high in the wagon in his black Sunday clothes. Tall and thick and round as the trunk of a tree. She said his thoughts spread out like branches, making a shade cool and kind for the living and the dead. His words were like the soothing leaves a woman gathers to lay on a sick breast for to draw out pain. Healing words, my Father's, to draw out anger. To make men forget about their empty bins and stolen horses. While they were forgetting, my Father reached up his voice and he borrowed words from God — sounding words — to make men remember that man is made in the image of his Maker.

My Father told, the evil a man does cannot blot out that likeness, graved deep into the flesh. And when the breath has gone out of a man, sacred is the clay left behind for living hands to care for — his bones make holy ground. My Father called out loud that it wasn't a horse thief waiting to be buried in the pasture, there outside the Prairie Flower fence. It was the image of God himself.

My Father finished his speaking. He waited. The men didn't answer his words back. They stood straight and still like they were just some pencil marks on a piece of paper. But a sighing rose up out of their breasts like the deep sighing that follows after prayer. And they began stirring about, now, and talking. Soon they were saying for my Father and Mister Redford not to bother to make a

gap in the fence along the road. And they opened wide the Prairie Flower gate so the widow could drive across the burying ground to that fresh-dug grave — waiting on the pasture side of the fence.

The Widow Fitzhugh set herself firm in her chair. She wrapped the lines tight around her crooked hands. She drove her blind horses with care, in and out among the mounds where the early settlers were sleeping. She cramped her wagon sharp this way and that. She didn't graze ary a stone with a wagon wheel — not even a baby's tiny white marker fallen over and hid in the grass. She straddled her horses wide over the unmarked graves that were sunk under the prairie sod — so level a person sometimes forgot and stepped on them. The men looking on liked her fine respectful driving.

And the man that had sat on his horse and watched Jim's grave being dug, the man who wouldn't even say, Howdy, he walked on ahead and took down the rails at the jog in the fence. He didn't leave even the bottom rail. That horse thief grave could make believe it had been dug among honest graves, its ownself, now. And neighbors who had loaned oats, and then had their horses stole, lifted Jim's coffin out of the wagon and let it down into the earth with care. They were careful of the widow's alpaca dress goods, too, not to tear it.

Then the men took off their hats and gathered round the grave. The widow stood close to its dark brink for to mourn — nary a woman to stand beside her. My Father stood himself at the head of the grave to say my text. He told, its hallowed words were sounding through Time and Eternity to comfort the souls of the living, give peace to the souls of the dead. He called to hearken — hear the heart of the Most High beating to earthly sorrow. And he cried it high up into the wide sky — my little text that says, God is Love.

After that my Father made a prayer to God so near. And the neighbors all sang together: —

“Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me.”

The men didn't like to fill in dirt right on top of the widow's alpaca dress goods. So they cut long stems of goldenrod and laid them on top of the coffin before they shoveled in the earth. When they built the fence back they didn't jog it in, they jogged it out — out around that new black mound — for to bring Jim's horse-stealing bones inside the Prairie Flower burying ground.

The Resurrection trumpet could blow now. Jim would be found among honest people. Right where the Widow Fitzhugh was set on having her man found.

» Walter Lippmann argues that no peace can be secured without our help. The question is: How far will we go in our foreign policy, and with what force will we back it up?

THE REALITIES OF WAR AND PEACE

by HANS KOHN

1

IN HIS brilliant and cogently reasoned book, *U. S. Foreign Policy*, Mr. Walter Lippmann argues that the lack of a foreign policy leaves the United States without shield and armor in a world of tensions and conflicts — woefully unprepared for war when it comes, and for peace when it has to be secured.

For eighty years, from the fall of Napoleon to the beginning of this century, the United States needed no foreign policy. These years coincided with the happiest period mankind has known so far, with Britain's undisputed role as guardian of peace and of progressive growth to liberty under law everywhere. America's security was then based on the division of Europe, the backwardness of Eastern Asia, and Britain's control of the Atlantic, which made the Monroe Doctrine possible and thwarted the recolonization of the Americas by the Holy Alliance.

Americans attributed this long freedom from care not to the realities of the situation but to the unique conditions of America's moral climate. The turn of the century ended the happy isolation for Britain and America alike: the Boer and Spanish Wars almost coincided. New Powers emerged in Europe and Asia: Wilhelm's Germany and a Japan victorious over China. Both dreamed of oceanic expansion, built great fleets, and, as a new, infinitely more dynamic and energetic Holy Alliance, looked to the recolonization of the Americas.

Great Britain awakened from isolationism and Victorian imperialism to the new reality: she looked for allies and began the daring and unprecedented transformation of her Empire from trusteeship to partnership, the greatest school of liberty under law known to history. The United States, outgrowing

the pains of adolescence, fought under Theodore Roosevelt against the rough and naïve plutocracy at home and for security in a changing world abroad: far-flung empire bases were created at Puerto Rico and Panama, at Hawaii, Guam, and Cavite.

The rising power of Germany and Japan threatened not only the security of Britain and America; it also threatened their common conception — derived from Magna Charta, Milton, and Locke — of liberty and of man's place in society. Yet Americans continued in the happy illusion of their Victorian age, hiding reality behind all kinds of moralistic and legalistic screens. Their unique economic advance favored a one-track economic interpretation of social relations, weakening their understanding of history. They entered the war in 1917 without knowing why. Russia disintegrated in revolutionary chaos; France was saved only by the glorious miracle of old man Clemenceau — a Pétainian ignominy loomed as a possibility even then; Great Britain was almost starved into submission by the submarine; German domination of Europe and of the Atlantic threatened the recolonization of the Western Hemisphere.

President Wilson understood the threat offered by Germany to the Western concepts of liberty; his intuition grasped the even greater threat to America's security; but this descendant of Calvinist teachers could not see clearly the real reasons why America had to fight. His idealistic and moralistic reasons were not without validity but, offered exclusively and overemphasized, they utterly confused the American mind about the issues at stake. It was only after his second return from Europe, in the memorable speeches of his Western tour in September, 1919, that he showed a full understanding of the situation. Then it was too late.

Most Americans regarded the war as a generous crusade, not realizing that it was fought as much for

Professor of Modern European history at Smith College since 1934, HANS KOHN is now visiting lecturer on international relations at Harvard and Radcliffe. His latest book, *World Order in Historical Perspective*, was published last year by Harvard University Press.

American as for British or French security. Victory in World War I was a tremendous prize: it made America's security possible. But because Americans had not grasped the seriousness of the threat to their security, victory itself seemed sterile. Because they did not understand that the security of France and Britain and a strong League were conditions of their own security, they abandoned them and accepted those myths about World War I and the Treaty of Versailles which, more than anything else, made World War II possible. France, Britain, and the United States were unprepared in their minds and in their hearts in that fateful summer of 1940 when Churchill alone, endowed with prophetic ethos and a keen sense of the realities of war and peace, turned the tide and gave his people and ours the chance to understand, to act, and to survive.

Today, three years later, the victory of the United Nations — doubtful in 1940 — appears ahead of us, though still far away. It alone will be a tremendous achievement. But Americans will establish a lasting peace only if they make up their minds about their foreign policy, the commitments they must make, and the power they need in order to maintain their security and liberties. For this crucial problem Mr. Lippmann's book offers the best guide, with its felicitous lucidity, its keen and dispassionate understanding of realities, and its emphasis upon first things first, helped therein by his historical perspective. For the present cannot be understood without the past. Mr. Lippmann has put history to its best use. The great danger of all political discussions today is what may be called thinking in slogans. Mr. Lippmann's book is remarkably free from it.

2

FOR the last twenty years the British and Americans have been thinking in apparently contradictory terms. Wishful thinking led to easy illusionism; fearful thinking led to easy cynicism. Both had the same effect: they obscured reality and excused from a sustained effort against perils which the first denied and the second accepted as invincible. Wishful thinking after World War I treated the Germans as if they were English or Americans bent upon peace and profit. That the Germans, as a national group, reacted differently from Anglo-Saxons to the historical and social challenges was overlooked because the illusions about the German character gave sentimental comfort. These fundamental differences have nothing to do with race — the Japanese are in their whole attitude much nearer to the Germans than to

the Chinese. They are the product of differences in historical development, in political ideals and social structure. They can be changed, but not without strictest vigilance and continuous effort.

To the wishful thinkers, Hitler's success appeared as a singular phenomenon, not as a recrudescence of German trends and attitudes long prevalent before World War I and never checked by stern and vigorous action of the victors. Wishful thinking made many Anglo-Saxons believe they could exorcise the devil of power by non-recognition. They forgot the "unpleasant" fact that American security depends upon the British imperial positions in Hong Kong and Trincomalee, in Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, not less than British security depends upon the American imperial positions at Pearl Harbor and the Panama Canal, at Wake Island and Guantanamo. On the one hand, democracy was taken for granted; on the other, it was cynically deflated by comparison with absolute ideals of perfection. The Anglo-Saxons let their ideals and their power fall into disrepute at the very moment when the world needed leadership based upon ideals and power.

The general confusion of values and realities produced an ideological and a power vacuum. After World War I, Americans lost confidence in their cause, their victory, and their peace. This ideological vacuum was filled by German and Communist interpretation of war guilt and Versailles, of French overweening strength, of democratic hypocrisy and inefficiency. The power vacuum created by the British and American retreat was necessarily filled by Germany's and Japan's bid for world mastery, for no world order can exist on earth without power.

Wishful thinking with its boundless optimism found a strange corollary in fearful thinking which accepted the prophets of doom and inevitable catastrophe at their face value. Spengler was undoubtedly a man of genius with a mind of unusual breadth. Yet what he called Western civilization was the Faustian *Kultur* of Germanism, and he had scant knowledge and even less understanding of the Anglo-Saxon tradition and of middle-class society. He hated democracy, free enterprise, reasonableness, and common sense; so he predicted their end as an inexorable fate to which we have to submit. Minor prophets followed in his wake, even in the democratic countries, proclaiming with "scientific objectivity" the inescapable wave of the future, the coming "revolution" with its streamlined efficiency, and flaunting their disregard for that most precious and most vulnerable possession, the dignity and liberty of man.

3

THE wave of the future was broken in 1940. Today the democracies have regained confidence in their strength and in their cause. They have awakened from the self-pity with which they have bewailed wars as only terrible and destructive of democracy. They know again that democracies were born in wars and have maintained their liberties by the fighting spirit. Jefferson, Lincoln, and Walt Whitman lived through great wars and never abandoned their affirmative faith. War is a disaster; war is at the same time a great opportunity. Democracy has survived throughout the British Empire and in the United States in spite of war, and has been strengthened and revitalized by war.

In 1919 we failed to make peace but refused to stay armed. Today we face the same problems as in 1919, on a vaster scale, but we have had opportunity to learn, though at great cost. Mr. Lippmann rightly points out that the two interrelated problems, the demilitarization of Germany and Japan and the establishment of some world order, cannot be achieved except through a league of nations led by a strong combination of powers resolved to enforce the peace. We had to rebuild in this war the alliance of the last war; had we maintained it after 1918, World War II might never have come. "The combined action by America, Britain, and Russia is an irreducible minimum guarantee of the security of each of them and the only condition under which it is possible even to begin to establish any wider order of security. The formation of this nuclear alliance must in our thinking and in our action take precedence over all other considerations."

At the end of the war we shall find nationalism everywhere stronger. De Gaulle and Giraud both fight for *France et l'Empire*. The oppressed nationalities of Europe struggle, not for economic justice, but against the national oppressor. Nationalism has made the greatest advance in the Soviet Union, where the appeal to the masses is entirely based on their love for the fatherland, its sacred soil and its national traditions. But the nations can work together in enlightened self-interest for the common aim of the maintenance of peace.

Mr. Lippmann is well-advised not to propose any blueprint of the future. The discussion of detailed plans now can only lead to disunity among, and within, the nations. What is important is to understand the essentials of the situation, to view first things as first things from which alone all the other steps can follow. It is a great merit of Mr. Lippmann's book that he does not confuse the funda-

mental considerations with the incidental or secondary issues.

There is one point, however, in which Mr. Lippmann defines foreign policy too narrowly. This war is not a crusade for democracy and its freedoms, if by democracy we understand, not consent of the majority (in that case Hitler's regime would be democratic), but liberty of the individual, freedom of thought, and respect for law. Neither the Soviet Union nor China is a democracy, and it is very doubtful whether they will emerge as democracies from this war. This is a war for security and survival, a life-and-death struggle for the United States, the British Empire, the Soviet Union, and China alike. We shall survive together or perish together.

But that does not mean that ideas do not play a decisive role in this war and in the foreign policy of the major belligerents. Nations need not only an armor of steel (alliances, arms, and strategic frontiers) to survive, but the inspiration of their national ideals. And like their power, their ideas attract or repel, are a potent factor in their foreign policy.

Jefferson, Lincoln, and Wilson understood the fundamental importance of the ideological factor, of the "American idea." In every great war, in every crisis of mankind, ideas have been battling as fiercely as armies. Mr. Lippmann knows it, of course, but he does not stress it sufficiently. There is no hint of what the German victory in 1870 meant and what a German victory in 1914 or 1939 would have meant: not only the triumph of German arms but of the German *Weltanschauung*, with consequences which would have changed entirely the face of the earth.

In the struggle of the West with Germany and Japan, two concepts of man and of his place in history and society face each other, opposite and irreconcilable. The Germans and Japanese know it; we know it too, today. In that sense this war is an ideological war — and ideas are of fundamental importance in the life of a great nation and in its foreign policy. They are the heart of its power.

Athena, the goddess of wisdom, of peaceful arts and civilized warfare — Ares was the god of brute war — never appeared but in full armor. Her city decayed when its citizens, in wishful thinking, forgot stern reality and forsook eternal vigilance and manly valor. But it bequeathed to mankind the image of the dignity of man and his quest for rational justice, in free discussion and in the pursuit of happiness under law, which, under Athena's protection, from the Persian to the Peloponnesian Wars, had brightened the dark earth with its imperishable light.

A NOVELIST TAKES STOCK

by WALTER D. EDMONDS

1

YOU cannot generalize about writing. It is the most completely individual of human occupations, except possibly music, and I do not think that anyone can be taught to become a writer. A writer can learn only of himself and by himself: it is a lonely business, and the sooner he recognizes the fact the better. He can enjoy the fleshpots as much as his inclinations or his income may allow him to, but as far as his work is concerned he is essentially like Kipling's cat that walked by himself, and he has to be if he is to preserve his independence and his integrity. Without his independence a writer will cease to create.

In his course at Harvard, Professor Copeland never professed to make writers of any of his students. But he did try to make them recognize good English, and he did make them practice their hands, as you might say, at using it. Yet the one thing that he said over and over to me was that I must forget that I was "writing," and that I must think first and only of what I meant the reader to understand. To drive this home he made his students read Swift, and I can give no better advice to the would-be writer, though I should add Defoe and Bunyan with equal emphasis. Style, in other words, is a transparency, and there should be no visible color in it.

Once I nearly was taught to be a writer. The man who made the offer had it worked out on a fifty-fifty basis. He had devised a method by which any story could be charted before the writer set pen to paper. The beginning of the story was A and at the end you had the letter B, with another letter, C, below it. The plot, then, was a line that started

from A towards B, but every now and then it would deflect towards C, an alternative ending, thus causing suspense. That was the basis of his theory.

He had elaborated it wonderfully, however. In the first straight line from A towards B there was a list of headings that had to be filled in: place, date, time of day, setting (rural or urban; indoors or out; if indoors indicate social standing of household — as jeweled lorgnette left carelessly on edge of mother-of-pearl and ebony coffee table, or baby coughing heavily in rusty foot-tub of cold water under wooden sink; if outdoors, realistic touch, as color of sunset if corresponding to hour of story).

Then into this straight line walks the leading character and of course he is walking towards B at the moment, and we have a list of headings in regard to him — age, weight, color, sex, financial standing, social status (indicate as whether he blows his nose with his handkerchief), and general impression (i.e., is he intelligent, loony, homicidal, etc.?). And whenever another important character comes on the scene, we are to bring out this same handy little box of headings to make sure we present a complete and realistic character.

Of course there were elaborations and refinements, as when a second alternative ending, usually referred to as D on the chart, helped intensify the suspense, or when B, C, and D were, let us say, lovely females instead of situations like marriage or suicide, or success or failure. It was an extraordinarily flexible system and if you applied it to Maupassant, Tolstoy, or the Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, it fitted equally well, so you knew it was right. It left nothing to chance, and I am frank to say that I was fascinated. For if you fulfilled the pattern-necessities and answered all the questions and filled in all the headings on the chart, you didn't have just a story. You had a story that was *bound to SELL*.

But that was only part of Mr. Bodfish's (as I shall call him) proposition to me. He had me round

WALTER EDMONDS was born and raised on a farm within reach of the Erie Canal. The old boaters and farmers along the Black River taught him to live in the past as actively as in the present, and before he was graduated from Harvard in 1926 he had begun to project those stories which were to dramatize the colorful history of New York. *Rome Haul, Erie Water, Drums Along the Mohawk, Young Ames* — so his work advanced until he stands today on an even footing with our best historical novelists.

to his office towards the end of my senior year and showed me the system, and then he showed me a card index, three boxes deep, and said that in those drawers were fifteen hundred plots for stories that he had made out, taking them from newspaper stories or adapting them from the classics. But, he said, he was a busy man. I had shown some talent for writing. If I would take the Bodfish chart and one of the three drawers, five hundred stories, to start with, and write the stories, we would split the proceeds fifty-fifty.

We should expect to make our initial killing in the Quality Group, but many of the stories were well adapted to the needs of the high-paying magazines, so Mr. Bodfish figured that we ought to count on an average price of five hundred dollars a story for the first year's work. If I did a story every week, as I ought to be able to, since he had supplied the ideas and the method of writing and all I had to do was select the color of eyes, hair, and so on, and work in some atmosphere as I went along, my share of the year's take ought to be \$12,500. And after two years, when the names of Bodfish and Edmonds were worth money, I ought to be pulling down at least \$40,000 a year as my share for the story-sales alone, not counting possible motion pictures. And by that time Mr. Bodfish thought he could guarantee another five or six hundred story-ideas for me to work at.

I was dazzled. I was really dazzled. Mr. Bodfish suggested that we might make out a little agreement, but that there was no hurry about it — just do it if I decided to take the drawer home with me, since its contents *did* represent a good deal of money. And then, I don't know what it was, but sweat burst out all over me, and I got scared of it. Yet Mr. Bodfish seriously and kindly urged me not to throw away this opportunity — not many college boys, he said with utter truthfulness, could afford to throw away \$12,000 — and why didn't I take home one card with me and just see how it worked out?

So I did that. I took home the card, which was about a soldier returning from the last war, when he had been presumed dead, and his wife on that very day was unveiling a statue to him in the village square, and beside her on the seat of the twin-six Packard touring car was the man who had proposed to her before she married her soldier husband. To this man she was now engaged to be married. This man was also her husband's best friend. And the husband, looking over the heads of the crowd, watched the ceremony, and behind everything and everybody you could see good old B and C rising up right where they ought to.

I thought it was a hell of a good story. But I tried to write it and sweated over it all that afternoon and evening and part of the next day, and I could not write a line of it.

Then I went out to lunch, and in the cafeteria a waitress dropped a meat ball and a cat came from nowhere and grabbed it and tore out of the place, and outside a dog started chasing the cat up the street, and it made a commotion. I saw the dog had no idea that he was chasing a meat ball. And the cat didn't know it either. They were enacting a formula older than seduction, and yet the formula didn't really apply to their situation. And then it occurred to me that the reason Mr. Bodfish didn't write those fifteen hundred stories himself, but chose instead to stick to his teaching, was that he wasn't sure of his formula either. Probably I was just one of many attempts he had made to realize a lovely dream. So, when I returned to my room, I wrote him a note saying that I couldn't write his story, which he would find enclosed.

But I made up my mind then that a writer can only write out of his own head; and also I was sure that writing was not a matter of working out formulas, however foolproof. You cannot create a character or tell a story about him by brooding over a line labeled A-B. Mr. Bodfish's proposition was perfectly sincere; but writing as a search for truth, indeed writing as anything except a means of making money, did not appear to enter his system at all.

2

SOME writers can tailor their talent to fit a particular market; but the work they produce will never be literature — at the best it will be only high-class dress-goods. There are also writers who are able to do this tailoring on a portion of their writing to support themselves while keeping completely separate the work into which they put both their hearts and minds. But these writers are the few and generally have great mental discipline. I do not believe that this splitting of work is good or possible for the average writer. For there is an unwritten contract between every writer and his readers that he will write as truthfully as his talent is capable of; and he cannot keep this contract if he writes under obligation to anyone else.

But, as I suspect, every writer must find this out for himself. In my own case, I set out, a good many years ago, to write *Saturday Evening Post* stories, and a short time later a note came from George Horace Lorimer that, if convenient, he wished I would come to see him in Philadelphia. I

thought, of course, that I was "in." But after one of those extraordinary hushed and solemn *Post* luncheons, he took me into his office alone and told me that he had read my stories and thought that they were good enough to warrant his saying that I could undoubtedly become one of the *Post's* "regular" writers; but he wondered if I had stopped to think what it meant.

Did I want to spend my time writing for the *Post* or for myself? For, he said, once I had started writing fiction for a magazine, I should probably never write any other way; or if I tried to emancipate myself, I should find it a very bitter struggle to erase the easier habits of mind. If I went on writing in my own way, the time might or might not come when the *Post* would want my stories — but in that case they would be *my* stories, not *Saturday Evening Post* stories by Walter Edmonds, and as a matter of practical fact they would be worth a good deal more to the magazine. For the two things that a writer had that might prove of value in this world were his individual talent and his point of view.

Maybe this sounds like the generalization I said should not be made about writing. But if it is, it boils down to the fact that the writer must work by himself and for himself and of himself. He has to go his own way, arriving at his own beliefs and devising his own methods of expressing them.

3

METHODS of work vary for all writers, although almost every writer who does not habitually run in the tea and cocktail circuit usually works regular hours. These may be morning hours, or afternoon, or night; it makes no difference so long as they are regularly kept. It does not matter either whether an author prefers a pen, or a typewriter as I do, or a goose quill as someone else did (wasn't it Galsworthy?), or whether, like William Dean Howells he has to have a whole series of pens and pencils stuck through potatoes of carefully graduated sizes to compensate for increasing severity of writer's cramp. For the most part such idiosyncrasies are pure superstition: after a time almost every writer becomes as superstitious and as full of fetishes as a dog fox.

The one thing that all writers do have in common, however, is the problem of the blank first page of any piece of work. It is often said that the beginner sitting down to his first attempt may have his story and his characters all clear and solid in his mind but is at a complete loss as to how to project

them. But I do not think this has anything to do with being a beginner. There is a point at which every book is ready to write, but before then it won't write no matter what contortions you go through. Some experienced hands seem able to judge that moment to a nicety. Other practitioners seem never to be troubled at all, but theirs is the easy gift of glibness.

I know that in my own case when I sat down to begin *Rome Haul* near the end of the first week of November, 1927, there was never a moment's hesitation. Title, chapter heading, and the opening sentence came out without a pause, and by lunch-time that first morning Chapter One was finished. And the book never stopped writing at that pace. By the end of February the manuscript of 100,000 words was done, and in between I had taken a week off to do a story for the *Atlantic*. But the point was that I had been stirring *Rome Haul* round and round in my mind for nearly three years, and when I finally took off the lid to see what I had cooked up, the book practically blew up in my face. I needed no notes, I had no outline: the book seemed to write itself. It was a wonderful experience.

I had to learn that the second book is harder than the first, and the third harder than the second. (I threw away the third one.) After the fourth I began to learn a little about writing.

The Big Barn was the second, and having been told that *Rome Haul* was too formless to lay much claim to art, I made a careful outline of *The Big Barn*. But the outline was always getting under the feet of my characters. I had to keep picking them up and dusting them off and putting them back on the line, and before I was through I nearly went crazy. But I tried the system again in *Erie Water*.

This time, however, I threw away the outline and then rewrote the last quarter of the book, and I also made up my mind never to keep notes. Still, though it contains no footnotes, *Erie Water* is as carefully documented as many a formal biography.

The writing of fiction is three-fourths mental digestion, by the author, of both his story and his material. If he makes a note of any point, he automatically stops the process of digestion — it is on paper, there is no need to work on it, for he has it there to refer to when needed. Of course it means that, with a slipshod mind like mine, I sometimes have to look up the same point two or three times or, what is even worse, look it up again after the book is published, to satisfy a reader with a thirst for truth. But what I finally write down seems to me, at least, to have a unity of feeling that never emerges from notes. Moreover, in this way, though

a good many critics would raise an eyebrow at the statement, a great many things are eliminated that otherwise would find their way into the manuscript merely for their own sake as bits of knowledge or information because I had happened to make notes of them. It always pains a writer not to make use of any piece of his work, even notes, and it is easier to avoid the temptation entirely.

4

HISTORICAL novels are not different from any other kind in needing a story to carry the reader's interest and in presenting their characters with some feeling of life and reality. But there are two special problems that face the writer, unless he wants to descend to the historical romance, which is really only a glorified pipe-dream. The romance is a costume piece. It makes capital as heavily as possible of its past tense. It reflects the surface glitter, and it is more interested in the people who live on the top of the human heap or the people who rose to wear the silks and velvets and who were more concerned with the problem of flour for the hair than flour for the belly. Or to put it another way, the historical romancer is not interested in underwear unless it is a lady's, preferably in process of removal.

But the writer of a historical novel wants to remove from his reader's mind as much consciousness of history as he can. He wants to bring into his pages a sense of the present, of the immediacy of events. To achieve this he needs to know how people actually lived, not just how men were led into battle or danced at the governor's mansion. There is only one place to find this out, and that is in the actual sources — in the newspapers, the advertisements, the letters, and diaries, and journals, and daybooks; in what has been left us of their time by the men and women who worked in it, who lived and died and had children and worried about their future.

In writing *Drums Along the Mohawk*, for instance, I needed to know more than the Saratoga Campaign. I was not dealing with Schuyler or Arnold or Gates, but with people who were trying to preserve their families and ideals and barns in the midst of war, and as I began to refresh my knowledge of the main events, I became more and more surprised to see how little I knew and could find out about the ordinary citizen.

I had made a start at writing, and I went ahead for a hundred and fifty pages before I stopped to reread the whole stretch of writing and realized that

the *people* were not in the book, but that what I had written was the regular historical romance, with all the trappings and horseback riding and uniforms and lovely glitter. The whole state was in the pages, and the imaginary characters were cantering over the map with the rapidity of Ford cars. It was almost exactly like Robert W. Chambers (whose books are great fun to read but have little to do with life as it was). So I threw everything out and went at my reading and within six months I made another start.

This time I reread the whole at only one hundred pages, and though they seemed an improvement, I still found I was writing of the past. The people were not alive in their own day, but seemed to be looking back at it as I did. I am not going to catalogue the false starts. When finally, three years from the first day I sat down to it, the book was done and published, I had eight hundred pages of rejected beginnings piled up.

But once it got going, the actual writing of the book took only six months. For by then I had long since given over any reading of the formal history and was working with the sources. Often these were inaccurate in their recollection of events, of deaths, of who said exactly what. But they had the feeling of the time, and they were not history written by someone for the benefit and "instruction" of another generation. Moreover real people, who actually lived along the Mohawk, found a place in the book and fitted the story of events far better than any I might have invented.

And it was easy to write about them, for I now knew how they lived — what drinks were mixed in the backwoods taverns and how a party managed a husking bee and slept afterwards. I knew what a man had to pay in taxes on his land and how the taxes rose during the war, and I learned how his crops went and the problems of help that he had to contend with. If one of my characters had to move up or down the valley, I knew what the weather was like.

I found out what happens to a man's face when he is scalped, and how much the doctor charged to heal the wound and how long it was likely to take. I learned what the Indians looked like, and how they lived, and that they were simple people, often of great warmth of heart and humor, and often cruel, like ourselves. I learned how people burned land, baptized their babies, went to church, got married in wartime; that dogs howled after an Indian raid; who lived in which settlements, and what it was like in a frontier stockade.

I had then, in fact, become so saturated that I did not need to think of details. That is the main

reason for really learning your subject. It is as necessary in writing a historical novel as in a novel laid in your own time. You can have no truth without it. Your work will be spurious.

5

FOR the more you *know*, the less your atmosphere depends on listed details for its veracity. Your knowledge becomes the underpinnings of the story — it is there but does not show — while the historical romancer lays his in a wonderful overlarding on the top. Moreover you have less chance of making the ludicrous kind of boner that, for example, Hervey Allen has in *The Forest and the Fort*.

There is a deal of fine set-piece historical description of the Ohio Wilderness in this portrait of the natural American. There is an elaborate presentation of Indian and frontier life, and it is very grand and very readable, and if you like a good gallop on a romancer's knee, by all means read it. You will find, for instance, that the Indians trap beaver during the middle of the summer, and the hero, while learning to starch shirts and curl hair in a few days' time, though he is fresh out of an Indian boyhood, also earns himself a little stake by catching pelts to sell in August and September.

Now Salathiel Albine might go trapping silver foxes on Fifth Avenue in August and find good fur — but he certainly didn't get them in the Ohio woods. And one such demonstration of a lack of understanding, of even one small detail, can give a whole book an air of falseness, for trapping and the trade in furs were a basic element of frontier living.

But the book gallops along and will be read, and people will have fun with it, for it is a capital romance. Only, when it has been read, I wish all readers of it would get *The Trees*, by Conrad Richter, so that they will know what the Ohio Wilderness was really like, and how people lived in it, and how it looked to them. It's a small book, but it is one of the finest as well as the most lovely evocations of our past in all our literature. Nothing very grand happens in it, but when you finish it you will have lived in its time. It is one of the books that seem to me truly written — and I would give an arm to have written it myself.

The second problem for the historical novelist is to keep himself and his 1940 prejudices out of the picture. I think I can illustrate this simply, again from *Drums Along the Mohawk*. In that book I had to write a passage of Benedict Arnold coming up the valley with troops for the relief of Fort Stanwix. Now I had read *Rabble in Arms* and completely dis-

agreed with Kenneth Roberts's interpretation of Arnold as a good man of noble intentions, and the temptation to present him in an unfavorable light was almost insuperable. But to the people in the Mohawk Valley he would have seemed merely another Continental officer, and that was the only way honestly to present him in the book, and I let him come and go without a harsh word. But I didn't enjoy doing it at all.

Carl Van Doren has since sufficiently exposed the inaccuracy of Mr. Roberts's interpretation of Benedict Arnold, but it is a great pity that two such fine books as *Rabble in Arms* and *Arundel* should have been overlaid with such a strange distortion.

Some critics say that my books are not novels at all; others say that they aren't history either. One of them, for instance, reported of *Drums Along the Mohawk* that it really contained no history because it was outside the main stream of the Revolution; but that is like saying that the Russian guerillas on the flank of the winter line have really nothing to do with the war against Fascism. The Continental high command certainly counted on the frontiersman to protect their flank and rear whether they were able to send him help or not. But I am not sure that the critics aren't right and that my books are neither novels nor the kind of formal history we were taught in school.

It might be better to call them chronicles of the life and times of the ordinary citizens through two hundred-odd years, and the growth and change of their section of Central New York. But the fact that the books keep within the geographical limits of the state does not seem to me to remove them from the stream of history. However, that does not much matter — it is the story of the people and the land that is to tell, whatever you call it, and it reaches from the time the first white men went into the Iroquois country to my own day and crossroads when another heedless government turned its constabulary loose on a farmer citizenry. That is not a pretty story, and it is still to tell, but I hope when it is wise to tell it that I can do the truth full justice.

In between, the people have had much to do, and though what they have done and talked about and hoped for may seem to the scholars to have little to do with the pattern of formal history, it is the fabric on which that pattern is printed. Famous men are in large part a reflection of their times; but it is the little man behind history who in the long run determines those times.

Walt Whitman stood on the doorslab and asked, "Who has done his day's work?" And that is what I want to know.

YANK IN A SPITFIRE

by A FIGHTER PILOT

1

FOUR-THIRTY A.M., still dark outside, and the young Maltese batman shakes you persistently by the shoulders: "Four-thirty, sir. You're on this morning, sir!"

So you struggle out of the mists of sleep and heave yourself out of bed and bump around in the dark room, finding your gloves and flying boots and pulling on your battle dress by feel and instinct. You grope your way down the high-ceilinged old hall to the bathroom, splash cold water over your face, and make a stab at brushing your teeth; no shave — it's too dark and the water's too damn cold, and besides it's too much trouble.

Warily down the darkened stairs and out through the little court and onto the narrow street, with the stars and sky brilliant and black above you. Your boots beat out a clattering echo on the stone pavement as you find your way to the mess and pass the sleepy blue-clad corporal beyond the door.

In the dining hall there is little conversation and less breakfast: a chunk of brown bread, tea with canned milk, maybe a minute splotch of marmalade, and the ever present slice of cold bully-beef and stewed tomatoes.

Then out to the truck, a real museum piece that richly deserves retirement, and down the narrow winding road to the 'drome. The car bumps along in a clinging cloud of dust past the dim forms of Spits and Beaus in their stone pens, past bomb craters and grotesque wreckage of blitzed aircraft. You stop at 306's dispersal point. The air is heavy with the murmur of early morning chatter. Pilots for 306 jump off heavily and the truck creeps on to your own hut at the other end of the field.

Off the truck, sore from bumps and almost awake

now in the first gray of dawn, and into the dim room. You check your aircraft and pen number as Watty puts them on the board, leaning close to read clearly in the dim light: Allen — Leopard Red 2, Spitfire LT, pen 32. "Good show!" you think complacently. "32 pen — near-by and not so far to run when we scramble." Collect your chute, pull on your yellow Mae West, find your helmet, and turn to the telephone orderly: —

"What's the state?"

"Second off till seven, first from seven till nine, then fifteen minutes until one, sir."

"First: seven till nine — hmmm, should catch something there."

So out to your pen, fully awake now, a murmured greeting to your crew, and you clamber cautiously onto the wing, slick and shining with dew. Heave your chute into the seat and drop in after it, adjust the rudder pedals to your liking, and begin the check routine. Oxygen on at the back and over three-fourths full, plug in the r/t and connect the oxygen tube, test the radio on all bands: O.K. You lift your head out of the cockpit and thumb the erks to the tail.

"Run 'er up in the pen, sir?"

"Yeah."

"Right, sir."

You loosen your throttle and prime her a couple of times; she's cold in the morning. Glance up in the mirror to see the crew huddled round the tail, holding her down. Crack the throttle, press the starter buttons, and flick the switches on and she turns over willingly, catches in a throaty purr. Ease the throttle open and watch the instruments intently: 2900 revs wide open, mag drop O.K. on both — good enough. Throttle back, tug the cut-out, and switch off. Set your sights for an ME 109, wing span of thirty feet at two hundred and fifty yards range. Loosen your harness, hang your r/t and oxygen line on the right, clear of the controls; drape your chute straps and dinghy tape properly;

This account of a dogfight over Malta was written by an American pilot who enlisted in the RAF a year before we entered the war, and who spent six months of that year in a squadron operating from Malta. In his airman's slang a blast shelter becomes "pen," radio is "r/t," "erks" are the ground crew, altitude is referred to as "angels," and "to pancake" is to land.

set your seat full high and lock the brakes. Wind-screen clean? O.K. So you climb out hoping to hell you haven't forgotten anything, and stand on the wing for a last look to make sure. Gas on? Good! Get off and stand to talk to your crew for a bit, light a cigarette, and stroll slowly back to dispersal.

Pick a chair and drop into it to doze, draping your scarf over your face and hands to keep off the flies. The phone rings and you stiffen under the scarf to listen intently.

"Eastern dispersal!"

You relax and sink back into the chair.

2

TEN minutes to seven and you go out and taxi your kite onto the line. Four Spits, lean and battle-scarred in the bright morning sunlight, bumping over the rough ground and into position. You ease her through the dust and into your place next to NT, Watty's kite, switch off, and amble back to the stone hut.

Better not try to sleep now, the Squadron's first off. That damn phone rings again and our talk fades as we listen. The telephone orderly screams for "Corporal White" and Parky growls touchily.

"For God's sake —"

You react and hear yourself shouting, "Don't yell!"

You settle down again and find a book and read a little — a chapter or two and a sigh: Lord, what a stupid book! Pull out your precious store of tobacco: —

"Cigarettes, anyone? Watty?"

"Yes, thanks."

"Parky?"

"Yeah, man!"

"Lin?"

"Uh-huh."

You light up and look at the book again: Damn this senseless drivell! What I'd like now is a good strong cup of coffee with bags of sugar. Ah, well!

Brrrrinnnggg! The phone again, and again the sudden sound of silence hits your ears as you hear the orderly's calm voice: "Scramble one section!"

You hurl out of the door and lope toward your kite, pulling on two pairs of silk gloves as you go and thinking, "Thank God!" This is it again, and again you get that queasy feeling deep down in your stomach, but better than sitting back there waiting.

You leap into the cockpit, gasping for breath now after the run, and try to move your fingers coolly and surely: dinghy tape first, click in your chute straps, strap on the helmet, and clip the oxygen

mask tight. Grab the harness from your crew standing anxiously on the wings to help you, jab in the harness locking pin and wave off the erks as you pull on your big leather gloves and do up the zippers.

Press the buttons, switches on, brakes off and switch on the sight; you're mildly surprised as the little orange ring and bars come magically into being in front of you. Lean over and switch on the radio identification device, push the r/t button — and you sit there for those few seconds that seem so long, goggled and helmeted, hands heavy with gloves, mask strapped and cutting into the bridge of your nose.

Then Watty's arm sweeps forward and you open her up and bounce down the little dusty field, the four of you leaving a tower of brown dust behind you. A bounce or two and you're in the air.

Lock up the wheels, your eyes on the leader to the left, ease back the throttle, and squirm down into your seat and listen to the crackle of the radio in your ears — Watty's voice, queer and remote.

"Leopard Red air-borne, Baker."

"Baker here. O.K., Watty, gain angels quickly toward O for orange; there's a small party coming in."

"O.K., Baker."

Put your wing down to turn, slide under your number one and watch the dirty oil-streaked belly of his Spit pass over you. Then up again and pull into position, back on the throttle a bit. Check the oxygen again, the sweetish smell of the stuff in your mouth and nostrils. Six thou on the altimeter now and Watty's wing goes down again and you slip under him and over.

3

LOVELY morning! That dusty little rock beneath you a chunk of orange stuck in the dark green of the Mediterranean. You shake yourself and begin to look around the sky, push your goggles up for better visibility, and begin the old routine: peer back over your shoulder to port, one eye closed and gloved hand over the other to shade the sun — nothing there. Stare ahead — nothing. Above into the blue arching over you — nothing. Now a quick glance at the formation and an automatic pressure on the controls to correct your position, and a look behind and to starboard — nothing there but the deep blue of the empty sky. A glance into the mirror — nothing behind you. Open the oxygen line a bit more; you're at twelve thou and the cold is creeping in through the open hood and whipping round you. Then that sudden crackle again in your earphones: —

"Hello, Watty. Baker here. What are your angels?"

"A for apple, Baker."

"Vector N for nuts, Leopard Red. The party's made up of little jobs about twenty miles north of St. Paul's Bay, coming due south."

"O.K., Baker!"

Turn again, climbing steeply now, nearly flat out. Keep up, boy, keep in formation, keep your eyes peeled — there's a war on here. . . . They're coming in now. See 'em before they see you. Glove over your eye and squint at the sun — nothing. Twenty-five thou now and still climbing.

"What angels are these jobs, Baker?"

"Baker answering, Leopard Red. About twenty-eight thou, I think, about twenty-eight thou."

"O.K., Baker."

You look above to the north, hunting for specks, slim gray 109's . . . men very much like you sitting up there somewhere . . . looking down searching for a line of four Spitfires. . . .

A new voice now with the twang of Australia strong in your ears: —

"Hello, Watty, aircraft three o'clock above!"

You jerk your head around right and stare hard, weaving a bit now by instinct; and there, a bit above your level, dark points against the blue, boring in towards you with the sharp flash of the sun on their wings as they turn — you watch them and wait.

"Hello, Baker, how many little jobs are there?"

"About nine plus, Watty, nine plus."

"O.K., Baker."

Keep your eyes on those jobs overhead, boy, and watch behind. Keep your eyes open, boy. Don't let 'em bounce you! And there, behind and above, four more dots in the sky, hanging there.

"Hello, Watty, more 109's, six o'clock and above!"

"O.K., Smoky, I see them. Turning right, Leopard Red."

His wing goes down in the turn and you heel over and under and pop up on the other side again. . . . Keep up now, boy, this is no time to lag. Get 'er flat out, full revs.

"Hello, Leopard Red, they're coming down!"

A little behind us and off to starboard now, streaking down at you, growing larger till you can make out the wings and hump of the hood on top of the fuselage.

"Break right, Leopard Red!"

You smack the stick over hard and boot the rudder and your kite whips round, juddering beneath you to the sudden impact of the controls. Now, somehow, you're detached and cold. Now that it's begun, you don't worry, because you simply don't

have time to worry. Just before, your mouth was dry and you were afraid; afterwards you'll remember and be afraid again, but not now.

A 109, lean and sleek, flashes by over you, long yellow nose vivid against the sky, outline of his wings and he's gone. You weave and twist — a Spit curves by, leaving a creamy trail of glycol smoke behind it, and a 109, wings dark before you, arcs after the Spit. You reverse a turn violently just in time to see a long line of pale-brown puffs appear over your port wing, 15 mm. explosive cannon from some blond-headed boy behind you. You see him shoot past and zoom away into the sun. No hope to get him, boy — he's gone!

Then back above and behind on the right you see an ME coming down on you: two thousand yards now and you go into a gentle turn to port. Suck this lad down, boy, suck him in! Watch him over your shoulder. He's about a thousand yards now — nearly in range now, boy. Better turn. Turn into him sharply, watch him pull up and zoom over you, back on the stick now. You've got him cold — big rounded yellow spinner and airscrew churning over lazily, blue-gray of his wings, clear black outline of his crosses, streaking past your windscreen and toward the orange circle of your sight. *Now!*

Your thumb clamps hard to fire and you see your tracer converge ahead, little white flashes of your cannon strikes on his belly and wing roots, hold deflection with left rudder, and hang there on your prop watching your cannon go into his belly with a savage pulse of pleasure. . . . And now, airspeed gone, you flick over in a spin, still following the 109 with your eyes, watch him pull up and roll over and down, a dark streak down to the sea, the white splash as he goes in far below you.

You look around and the sky is miraculously clear where only a few seconds ago a milling mass of fighters swirled around you; now just the sky above and the sea below and the orange of the island off your nose to the left. Roll over and down and head for base, weaving, watching behind you for a stray Hun and listening to the chatter over the r/t.

"Leopard Red 2 here, Baker, anything around? Over . . ."

"Hello. Leopard Red 2, Baker answering. All the little jobs have gone home now. O.K. to pancake."

"O.K., Baker."

You dive down to the 'drome, still weaving, realizing now that you're tired, that you want to land and smoke that cigarette. You slow her up and enter the circuit, content to see the field below you and feel the companionship of the other Spits going in to land.

JOHN BUTLER YEATS

by PADRAIC COLUM

I

AS SOON as I begin to think of people whose personalities make me feel I was fortunate in knowing them, there comes before me an old man with gray, lighted eyes and an eager head, who is always ready to talk and to listen. He is John Butler Yeats, the father of the poet.

It was while I was in my twenties in Dublin that I first knew him. I suppose he was in his middle sixties then; anyway, he was a generation beyond the generation who were my elders. He had a studio in town, in Stephen's Green, and lived with his daughters in a house upon a country road about half an hour's walk from the studio. It was a house that was beautiful with pictures — his own, his son Jack's, and others. And there with his daughters, Elizabeth and Lily, and a maid who was an old family retainer, he lived congenially. As the domestic scene comes before me he is in a chair by the fireside, reading aloud some interesting letter he has received, or some striking passage in a book he has taken down, while Lily gives her whole attention to what is being read and Elizabeth at the table makes a design for a bookplate or a Christmas card.

In the studio I visualize him as he peers at a portrait he is painting and steps back, palette in hand, to listen to something said, or to speak in that voice that was so delightful to listen to because it never went flat or ordinary — a voice that must have always spoken about ideas or feelings. But humorous, too. He tells of a talk with an Archbishop of Dublin. It is on the subject of how prelates get to the various sees of England and

Ireland. One gets to Canterbury this way, the bishop told him, and to York that way, and to Peterborough this other way. "And how did you get to Dublin?" "Bootlicking, my dear Yeats, bootlicking."

Another man would have told the story ironically or sarcastically. But "J.B." was never ironic, never sarcastic. Just as he was always putting before his eye a little mirror that showed his paintings upside down, so he was always looking for something that revealed an unexpected side of people. Character is always interesting, and a self-seeker who is detached, a dignified person who is humorous about himself, has more than ordinary character. There is relish in J.B.'s face as, after the story, he adds a stroke to the painting before him.

Faith in the primacy of the emotional and impulsive life was the core of what Yeats the father passed on to his son. Like all high faiths, it presented moments of difficulty to the proselyte. The father once cited to his son the example of the seaman on Nelson's ship, whose hair had turned white during a battle. The example was given at a stage when young W.B. was trying to be heroic and enduring. "What a sensitive temperament!" J.B. exclaimed. "That man should have achieved something." W.B. confesses that he was vexed and bewildered: up to the writing of his autobiography he was troubled about this particular witness to the faith.

Bound up with the primacy of the emotional and impulsive life was the primacy of the dramatic among the modes of poetry. All poetry, J.B. conveyed to his son, "must be an idealization of speech, and at some moment of passionate action or somnambulistic reverie." Meditation on this text brought a poet who had not a notable conception of action or character, or any mastery of ordinary speech, to make himself a dramatic poet, to give his country a theater, and to be the one poet since the

Irish poet and dramatist, PADRAIC COLUM has long made his residence in New York City. There he renewed his friendship with that delightful Dublin figure, John Butler Yeats, portrait painter and father of the poet, who lived during his last years in Greenwich Village. Having been a member of the Abbey Theatre group and afterwards president of the Poetry Society of America, Mr. Colum is in a position to interpret to Americans the striking figures of the Irish renaissance.

Jacobean who wrote verse that could thrill an audience in the theater.

It was while he was a schoolboy that his father had the most influence on him. At that time J.B. had a studio near where, long afterwards, I used to go to see him — “a large room with a beautiful eighteenth-century mantelpiece.” It was in York Street. There, before he went to his regular studies, his father used to read poetry to the youth who was to become the greatest poet of our time. “He never read me a passage because of its speculative interest, and indeed did not care at all for poetry where there was generalization or abstraction however impassioned.” Once he read from *Coriolanus*. “That scene is more vivid than the rest, and it is my father’s voice that I hear and not Irving’s or Benson’s.” The first poetry W.B. shows himself to us as writing is in the form of a play — “a fable suggested by one of my father’s early designs.”

2

MOST men react against their fathers’ ideas, but the only side of his father’s mind that W.B. opposed was J.B.’s irreligiousness. For, strangely in a man opposed to all that was unvital, J.B. had taken over the ideas of Mill, Huxley, and Tyndall: he who believed so thoroughly in human impulse was a determinist and a mechanist in his notion of the universe. W.B. had to create for himself an imaginative belief that included, not only his own version of God, Freedom, and Immortality, but esoteric doctrines and magical practices: nothing could be further from J.B.’s serene and uncritical rationalism than is his son’s summa, *A Vision*.

The belief in the primacy of the emotional and impulsive life remained to motivate the work of the poet. W.B. records a sentence of his father’s to show how deeply he had assimilated this doctrine. “All valuable education,” his father once wrote a friend, “was but a stirring up of the emotions, and . . . this did not mean excitability.” “In the completely emotional man,” he went on, “the least awakening of feeling is a harmony in which every chord of every feeling vibrates. Excitement is the feature of an insufficiently emotional nature, the harsh vibrating discourse of but one or two chords.”

But it must have been difficult for the young W.B. to get forward in his formal education while his father was near enough to interfere. “He should have taken me away from school,” says the poet in his *Autobiographies*. “He would have taught me nothing but Greek and Latin, and I would now be a properly educated man, and would not have to

look in useless longing at books that have been, through the poor mechanism of translation, the builders of my soul, nor face authority with the timidity born of excuse and evasion.” He adds that for him evasion and excuse were in the event as wise as the house-building instinct of the beaver.

But what were schoolmasters to do when a theme brought home by the student stirred his father to scorn and rage? One was: “Men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things.” J.B., when his son disclosed it, walked up and down a room saying, “This is the way boys are made insincere and false to themselves. Ideals make the blood thin, and take the human nature out of people.” He told him not to write on such a theme, but on “To thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man.” One cannot but have sympathy with the Dublin schoolmaster who said to W.B., “I am going to give you an imposition because I cannot get at your father to give him one.”

What his father instilled into the schoolboy comes out in the work of the mature poet. Often I heard W.B. declare that no woman could love a man who lived dutifully, and that Penelope’s faithfulness to Odysseus was a woman’s tribute to a man who left home and went wandering. In his *Autobiographies* he lets us hear his father say, “Imagine how the right sort of woman would despise a dutiful husband.” It seems to me that W.B. in all his career as a dramatist tried to embody this impulse-loving, duty-denying, institution-hating type of man. That is why, I am sure, he wrote play after play about the reckless Cuchulain. In *The Only Jealousy of Emer* the chorus shows us: —

That amorous man,
That amorous, violent man, renowned Cuchulain.

In *The Green Helmet* the same hero says to his wife: —

Alive I have been far off in all lands under sun,
And been no faithful man; but when my story is done
My fame shall spring up and laugh, and set you high
above all.

In *On Baile’s Strand* he has Cuchulain turn from the policy of Conchubar, his over-king, calling to his friends: —

Nestlings of a high nest,
Hawks that have followed me into the air
And looked upon the sun, we’ll out of this
And sail upon the wind once more. This king
Would have me take an oath to do his will,
And having listened to his tune from morning,
I will no more of it. Run to the stable
And set the horses to the chariot-pole,

And send a messenger to the harp-players.
We'll find a level place among the woods,
And dance awhile.

And in the little poem "The Scholars" he lets schoolmasters and all dutiful men know what he thinks of them: —

All shuffle there; all cough in ink;
All wear the carpet with their shoes;
All think what other people think;
All know the man their neighbour knows.
Lord, what would they say
Did their Catullus walk that way?

It pleased J.B. to believe that his own people were an instinctive people, and I once backed up this belief of his by quoting from a letter of John Keats. The Scots, the young poet wrote, were better educated than the Irish, but the Irish would go further because they were more instinctive.

J.B. added to Keats's generalization. The Scots could never have in themselves that sort of isolation that English or Irish people could feel. There was no loneliness in Scottish art. Every picture by a Scottish artist gave one a sense of the painter standing by and saying, "Hoots, mon, you maun lik' it!" Like every judgment J.B. made, one finds a real understanding in it. The writings of Stevenson, Barrie (in his stories), John Davidson, Burns even, have, I have since felt, a strong sense of an audience.

3

Is it not affection, I say to myself, that makes John Butler Yeats so memorable to me? Well, let affection enter into the account. "We like people," he said to me once, "in inverse ratio to their instinct of self-preservation." The great liking so many had for J.B. shows how rare was the character in which, not foolishly, the instinct of self-preservation was minimized.

In those Dublin days I spent hours in his studio, or, meeting him on his way from it, walked home with him. He was a consoling person for a rather idle young fellow to be with: the life that had no reverie in it seemed to him the most deadly sort of idleness. He used to repeat what his son Jack said: "I spent seven years looking over a bridge in Sligo, and I'm sorry I didn't spend longer."

In those days I had a belief in force and discipline, or perhaps I only thought I had. Anyway, the men I liked to praise were the men of will and action. "No, no," he would say, "not strong will, but strong desires." He would speak of the slight impression Shakespeare made on his contemporaries, and would

put it down to Shakespeare's being a receptive, changeable (not inconsistent) man: the tensions of will, the straightness of direction that causes an individuality to be remarked, could not have been in him.

It seems to me now that the Shakespearean plays that he most often talked about were *Timon of Athens* and *Coriolanus*. Timon built his everlasting mansion out of self-will. But there was the other side to him, the side that knew so little about self-preservation. J.B. would repeat: —

No villanous bounty yet hath passed my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

But *Coriolanus* was completely the tragedy of the self-willed man. And J.B. saw in the Romans that excess of will which he regarded as destructive. Once he talked of one of those heroes of Tacitus's who open their veins rather than let the Caesar of the time humble them. "Self-love," he said sadly. To him the worst of idolatries, idolatry of self, was in this setting up of their will, and he would blame people for their "willfulness" more than for anything else. Rhetoric was a vice in literature because it expressed the will rather than the feelings, or the feelings controlled by the will. He would have no arguments in literature. The writer convinced the reader by a spontaneity that carried a lovely flow of words: —

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.

He would say these lines of his son's as if they held the deepest wisdom. And he would repeat, with his head held up, his voice lingering on every syllable: —

And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.

When he was not before his easel, he was sketching faces in his sketchbook, talking as he used his pencil. For his portraits he got twenty pounds or a hundred dollars, not a bad price as money went in those days in Dublin. But I cannot believe he painted as many as twelve in a year; he liked to work on a portrait over and over, and Dublin people had an idea that at a certain stage the portrait had to be carried away from him. Indeed he had a tendency to paint as the painter in Balzac's *The Unknown Masterpiece* painted — until the subject became blurred on the canvas.

I remember his saying as a compliment to his son's rewriting of poems and plays: "Always be ready to throw it into the melting pot." But how clearly and finely he has painted the leaders of a generation in Ireland! There, in the Modern Gallery

in Dublin, among others, are his "John Synge," his "Michael Davitt," his "Standish O'Grady." Clearly and finely and with affection. "Her geese are all swans," he said to me about a New York hostess. He said it smilingly, and I knew that what he liked about her was the transforming power of her affection.

J.B. never turned geese into swans because, for one reason, he never painted geese. I have seen a letter of his to a mutual friend, in which he tells of staying with a great family in the south of Ireland. "When I painted that portrait I was only two years an artist, and as I told him, I was ashamed to take his father's money. When I left them, they all begged me to come and see them in London, and were the most friendly people I ever met — but I never went near them. I had my own way to make and they would have been only a hindrance. Had I not been married I could easily have become a social parasite and painted flimsy fashionable portraits of pretty women. How pleased my own relatives would have been!"

4

I STARTED this portrait of the portrait painter because young people who were in their infancy when he died come to me for information about him. They have read some letters of his, perhaps, or have come on some reference to him in a memoir, or have been told about him by someone who was in his circle in New York. They want to know about a life that gave out so much illumination. J.B. seems to these young people to be a man out of a lost world, a wonderful survival.

Something he said comes back to me. It must have been in the later part of our acquaintanceship, when we were both in New York. I tell him about a friend of mine, a French poet who, when he was in India, was given an elephant by Lord Curzon, with the consequence that, riding along, he was able to look into the houses in the villages. What I say is like a stone dropped into a pool. The ripples run along in his mind. He is amused and thoughtful. "Fancy a country where you have to have an elephant as an aid in knowing the domestic life of the people!"

What you tell him is worth his meditating on, and he gives it back to you with a new significance. But you should look in through windows and doors because people are interesting, and if in India it was necessary to have an elephant to do that, that added to the interestingness of the people of India. To be on the lookout for what was interesting in people was

to have an understanding of one's business in the world. Once when I showed him an unfinished poem I was writing he said, "You must finish it because it is a window in the lives of the people in the middle of Ireland."

Interestingness was everything. Before my time murders coming out of some complication of passion and interest had been committed in the west of Ireland, in Mayo or Galway. The families involved were, as many of the families in that part of the country, Joyces. I remember J.B.'s speaking of the crimes and mentioning that a London paper had written that people of that name in Ireland were of English descent. One would have thought that, as a patriotic Irishman, J.B. would have been willing to have a stigma taken over by another race. Not at all. He was annoyed. The murders revealed an intensity of feeling that he would like to associate with his own people.

But turning from his eagerness of response, from his feeling for interestingness in people, I should say that the master quality, the one that gave meaning to and included all the others that made J.B.'s characteristic, was disinterestedness. I don't mean that he had no interest in turning his powers towards money, fame, and security. Like all people who have little money, he was always happy when he got some. When he met his famous son in New York J.B. wrote to his daughter: "I noticed in him a subtle change, a something assured, a quiet importance. Importance is too strong a word, but I think he is in funds. . . . It would be for me a proud moment when I see a Yeats with money and I am quite sure it won't spoil him. We don't spoil that way."

He congratulated me on good notices a play of mine had had, though plays that meant more to him did not have a good reception. "As O'Connell said, 'The verdict is the thing.'" After all, an author is addressing a jury, and if we have won our case, we have won our case. Then, too, it was proper that art should have a public appeal. He was happy that his son was writing for the theater, for, as he wrote to him, "Democratic Art is the sort which unites a whole audience. Is not an Oratorio democratic? And the great religious services?" J.B.'s disinterestedness was in the fact that he had values, and that as long as the world permitted him to do so he would regard these values, and let all other things take care of themselves. His values were in everything that made not only for the dignity but for the interestingness of man — art, reflective thought, humor.

And so I come round to his feeling for interesting-

ness in people. I remember how cross he used to be with ladies in New York who would say of a friend he had asked about, "She is a very lovely woman," but would or could not find anything more to say for her. The ladies who gave such conventional commendation could not believe that to J.B. such nullity, if it could be, was deplorable. What he wanted to hear about was some fault or virtue that made the lady someone he would want to paint or talk to or think about. Left to himself he could find the distinguishing quality. For instance, the lady who seemed to be a kindly gawk, and nothing more, had an intuition about medicine and became interesting when she talked about it. "She could have become a doctor," J.B. pronounced; and after he had told me that, I could recognize something firm and informed behind her vagaries of manner and conversation.

His eager response to every phase of interestingness in people, together with his fine cultivation, made J.B. a great conversationalist, and this in Dublin at a period in which there were wonderful conversationalists — Dr. Mahaffy, W. B. Yeats, Stephen McKenna, Sarah Purser. J.B.'s was really conversation — that is, a giving and taking of ideas. He did not try for effects that would be remembered; he did not make epigrams that one could retail. But in his conversation, so responsive to others' ideas, there was often a revelation. Once, coming from the apartment in New York of that man of law who was such an aid to J.B., I remarked, "John Quinn said interesting things." "Yes," J.B. replied, "but like all lawyers he exhausts the subject." A volume on conversation could say no more than that. A conversationalist must never exhaust the subject.

5

WHEN he left for the United States it was expected that his visit would be only for a few months and that we should see him back in Dublin before he was much older. But the years went by and he stayed on in New York. He lived the last twelve years of his life there, and it was then that a second friendship with him blossomed. He felt he ought to go back to his family, but he put off his return from year to year. He loved everything American, but above everything else he loved the intellectual humility of Americans. To be willing to listen, to be ready to learn, seemed to him a great national virtue. A circle formed about him in Petipas's, the boardinghouse in West Twenty-ninth Street where he lived. His never ceasing interest in art, in thought, in human character, and his love for all these kept

him unaged decades after other men are aged, and aged because they have exhausted some subject.

At seventy-eight or eighty he wrote a poem, "Autumn," which was published in a magazine run by young poets. He read it later at a public gathering of poets, and it was grand to see the old man come on the platform, and with surety and yet with some wistfulness repeat the poem that was a sort of valedictory. Just before this I spent an evening with him in Petipas's. He told me about a "Dialogue in Heaven" that he was going to write: it was between Thackeray and Becky Sharp, and Becky would show that it was she and not silly Amelia Osborne that he had loved all the time, for it was she he had been happy in revealing; it was she who had interested, who had fascinated him, and what did his judgment matter?

He died a week or two after the reading I have mentioned. "See if there is a letter from my daughter," he said to a visitor. "Don't you think I should hear from her today?" And then, "Be sure you look at the maid as you go down; she is a Spanish girl, and I think you'll see that she is lovely." So he died. He had remembered judges of the Supreme Court in Ireland who were his friends — "all with great incomes and carriages and property." "Am I not entitled to think myself the successful man among them?" he wrote to his daughter. "At any rate I am inclined to think that any one of them would have bartered away all his honors for my length of days — even if they did not have my brilliant offspring, yourself included."

Today we hear great but perhaps solemn voices telling us that the dignity of man has to be guarded. Indeed it has to be. But I see an old man with lifted head smilingly indicate that the interestingness of man has also to be guarded. Behold him on the stage of the Abbey Theatre coming to defend J. M. Synge, who had been denounced by the Dublin newspapers for treating Irish peasants as idealizers of a parricide. "Ireland is a land of saints," he says, and the excited and, in some cases, fanatical people in the auditorium wonder if he is an ally against the dramatist and the dramatist's friends. He puts his hand to his mouth and whispers, "Plaster saints!" He says it as if he were revealing a family secret that, in a gathering of the family, could be smiled at. It was not the eloquent speeches the audiences carried away with them, but the memory of the old man, smiling and with a wistful look, who made a joke of a self-righteousness that is always a lack of self-knowledge.

DARKNESS

by MARK ALDANOV

1

THE restaurant had been in existence for several hundred years. At least that's what the guidebooks said about it: every guidebook listed it as one of the historical and gastronomical landmarks of Paris. Casual tourists seldom visited the restaurant, which was located in an unfashionable part of town, far away from the center of things. In the old days its patrons had been Parisian connoisseurs — mostly wealthy or titled people, or else people who wanted others to believe that they were wealthy or titled. Occasionally the restaurant bestowed a posthumous mark of distinction on a famous regular patron by naming some complicated dish after him as though he had been the first one to concoct it.

Year in and year out the guests were met at the door by an old *maitre d'hôtel* who was known to the regulars as Albert. He pointed out to the novices who deserved special attention the autographs under the portraits on the walls, and he exhibited to them the "golden book" and the "historical tables" which were the creation of his inspiration or of the inspiration of his predecessors. He even persuaded himself that Napoleon had been one of the frequent guests, and that he always had had dinner at the large round table in the right corner. A suggestion had been made that "Napoleon's table" be separated from the others by a chain, but the board of directors of the corporation which

owned the restaurant refused to consider any notion that was certain to curtail the revenue.

The prices in the restaurant even in the old days had made people who were wealthy enough to afford frankness shrug their shoulders as they glanced at their bill. Now everybody shrugged shoulders — the new fashion required it. On one occasion a group of German officers who appreciated everything *echt Pariser* had made an issue of the price they had been charged for an *Homard à l'Armoricaïne* (the ancient argument among gourmets about the terms *à l'Armoricaïne* and *à l'Américaine* had been settled in favor of the first, possibly out of consideration for the new masters of the city, who had no fondness for America, though they considered themselves above such pettiness, and even did not frown at the wine list which, among others, mentioned a famous wine that bore the name of the Jewish owner of the vineyard).

Nothing came of it because an extremely important personage — some people said it was Göring — issued orders that the restaurant was not to be disturbed. This personage frequently condescended to visit the restaurant, and whenever he was present "Napoleon's table" was surrounded by a group of unpleasant-looking men in civilian clothes whom the other patrons and waiters watched out of the corners of their eyes, now and then exchanging a whispered remark. The important personage was always on his best behavior and showed great tolerance: he volubly praised the wines, including the one that bore the Jewish name, he was not above admitting his admiration for the beauties of Paris, and he told in an atrocious French — "things like that simply cannot be told in German" — Parisian stories which invariably delighted his companions.

German officers patronized the restaurant frequently, though even with the fixed value of the mark they found the prices very high. Among them were a number of regulars who already knew

Russian-born, MARK ALDANOV went penniless to Paris after the Russian Revolution. He took with him his degrees in law and chemistry, received from the University of St. Petersburg, and the already forming plans for a cycle of Napoleonic novels, *The Ninth Thermidor*, *The Devil's Bridge*, and *St. Helena*, which were to make his reputation in exile. Uprooted again by the Nazi invasion of 1940, novelist Aldanov found sanctuary in America, and this time he had with him the opening chapters of his new novel, *The Fifth Seal*, which was a recent selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Aldanov's translations are the skillful work of a fellow exile, Nicholas Wreden, now an American citizen and the director of the Scribner Book Store.

the maître d'hôtel by name. But for the most part the new patrons were civilians whom Monsieur Albert never had seen before. No matter how forcefully they shrugged their shoulders when they paid their bills, no matter with how much feeling they exclaimed: "*Non, tout de même!*" the maître d'hôtel knew that the prices of the foods and wines made little difference to them because daily they made hundreds of thousands dealing with the Germans. Monsieur Albert was polite to them, but inwardly he despised them, though they were much more generous with their tips than his old patrons had been.

The old patrons dropped in very seldom now, and with them he exchanged sighs and bitter smiles. They looked in amazement at the menu: "Good Lord! Where do you get all these things?" The maître d'hôtel smiled sadly and with an expressive gesture of his hand indicated that the secret could not be revealed even to them.

2

THAT evening there were no Germans in the restaurant (their presence was no longer a novelty, but the other patrons still felt more comfortable without them). Not all the tables were occupied. The early autumn day was dreary and cold. By dinnertime darkness had settled, and at seven-thirty on the dot Monsieur Albert began the superfluous but regularly observed ritual of preparing for the night. Blue paper and diagonal white strips had been pasted on the windows at the beginning of the war. The curtains in the main dining room had to be lowered and adjusted carefully. Monsieur Albert went through this routine every evening with a sense of satisfaction, and the patrons assisted him as though these warlike precautions somehow vindicated their collective and undisputable security. The plunderers who occupied the large table at the right window, eager to demonstrate their willingness to do their bit for their country, rose from their seats to make Monsieur Albert's task easier. He exchanged a few appropriate pleasantries with them while he was performing his duty.

Next he disturbed a solitary gentleman who since seven o'clock had been reading his paper at a table by another window. In Monsieur Albert's mind this gentleman with a yellow, tired face and a black arm band did not belong among the old or among the new patrons. He never had been in the restaurant in the old days, and he was not one of the new crowd. As a rule he ordered a cutlet, a bottle of mineral water, and a cup of coffee. The maître

d'hôtel assumed that the gentleman suffered with some internal disease and had to be on a strict diet which now could be observed only in a first-class restaurant. Though a cutlet and a bottle of mineral water were not enough to hold a table at this restaurant, Monsieur Albert showed utmost respect for this visitor who had become one of the regulars — perhaps because of the black arm band, or perhaps because of the unconcealed distaste with which he looked at the other patrons. Like most civilians he came to the restaurant on a bicycle. The coat-room boy in a blue jacket with gold buttons never ceased admiring his new machine, which was of a famous make.

Some new guests arrived with gay exclamations which involuntarily escaped them as they came out of the darkness into the brightly lighted, comfortable room and saw tables covered with white tablecloths and buckets holding bottles with gilded corks. Monsieur Albert anxiously seated them at a table and expressed his gloomy view of the weather (he did this in a way that implied that even the weather was not what it had been in the old days).

Precisely at seven-fifty-five the sound of clinking spurs came from the coatroom. The boy in the blue jacket threw open the doors, and two German officers entered. A tall, broad-shouldered, clean-shaven colonel, — one of the new regulars who once or twice had visited the restaurant in the retinue of the important personage, — followed by Monsieur Albert, made straight for "Napoleon's table." The maître d'hôtel could not distinguish the German insignia of rank, and as a rule addressed all elderly officers as "*Votre Excellence*," which did not evoke any protestations on their part. In this particular instance he knew that the patron was a colonel, but he could not force himself to address a German as "*Mon colonel*."

In age and appearance the second officer was very much like the first one: they both were large, strong, red-faced men with square heads and with folds of fat at the back of their necks; they both had the same manner and wore the same expressions which since time immemorial all over the world have simplified the work of cartoonists hostile to Germany, and which even in peacetime were responsible for a universal dislike of everything German. The only difference was that the second officer had a mustache, lacked two fingers on his white, puffy left hand, looked a shade more good-natured, and had different shoulder straps. "Probably a lieutenant colonel," the maître d'hôtel thought as with respectful dignity he helped him to a chair, inwardly wishing cancer of the stomach to both the colonel and the lieutenant colonel.

3

THE colonel ordered dinner without glancing at the menu, or at the maître d'hôtel; he did it with an air of delivering a speech from the throne. The lieutenant colonel, on the other hand, buried his nose in the menu. Monsieur Albert's trained eye immediately noticed that he was concerned chiefly with the right column of the page.

The lieutenant colonel had arrived in Paris only yesterday from a distant battle front. He had been given his new assignment as a rest after his wound. He had little work, and for two days he had been sight-seeing with the aid of a German guidebook. He had come to the famous restaurant at the invitation of his colleague, but he had not understood clearly whether it was an outright invitation or a Dutch treat. The guidebook described the restaurant as: "Very famous. Prices in keeping." In discussing Paris restaurants in general, the same book offered advice: "The Paris cuisine is considered the best in the world. In the best restaurants the portions are very large. Two or three people should dine together. One portion of soup is sufficient for two; two portions of steak, for three; one portion of anything else, for three. In this way variety can be obtained without overeating. Gourmets seldom dine alone."

But the gourmet with whom he was dining had not suggested that they divide their portions. When among the resounding array of French dishes he found a humble and more modestly priced *Choucroute garnie*, the lieutenant colonel was relieved and with a brisk smile carefully enunciated: —

"*Choucroute garnie*. . . . No wine. . . . Some beer. . . ."

The boy came in from the coatroom and, almost imperceptibly nodding in the colonel's direction, whispered something in the maître d'hôtel's ear. Monsieur Albert, treading noiselessly on the soft rug, hurriedly approached "Napoleon's table."

"Your car is outside, *Votre Excellence*. The driver asks whether he should wait," he said in a solemn tone, as if he were imparting a state secret, and glanced angrily at the red-nosed wine waiter who, with an expression of contempt, was bringing on a silver platter the beer for the lieutenant colonel. In the old days this beverage never had been served in the restaurant.

The colonel, keeping his eyes at a seventy-degree angle from the floor, gazed into space and did not answer.

"People call this beer!" having taken one sip the lieutenant colonel said bitterly. For a second his

digestive memory brought back a vision of real *Pschorrbräu* with which in Munich he had accompanied the music of the *Nibelungen* and the varied assortment of *Bockwurst*, *Blutwurst*, *Rotwurst*, *Weisswurst*, *Knackwurst*, and *Leberwurst*. The angle between the colonel's gaze and the floor reduced itself to sixty degrees. Monsieur Albert, waiting for an answer, stood in the same respectfully dignified attitude.

"Tell him to wait!" Monsieur Albert, except for the accent like an echo, hurriedly repeated the order to the boy and glanced at the clock. It was two minutes past eight. With a respectfully dignified smile he looked at the German officers and at the other guests, and turned the knob on the radio. This was another innovation. During all the long years of its existence the restaurant never had had any music. The radio had been installed at the outbreak of the war. In thirty seconds an inhuman voice which seemed to rise out of an abyss on a half-finished sentence began to speak words which did not contain a particle of truth. Smiles instantly disappeared, and all the faces in the room became anxious and taut.

"The bill," the man with the black arm band said abruptly. People at adjoining tables involuntarily glanced in his direction. He finished his coffee, paid the bill, walked out into the coatroom, and, putting his foot on a chair, slipped a metal band around the bottom of his trouser — a procedure which no longer surprised anyone. The boy who enviously was holding his new bicycle noticed that his hands were trembling. Having turned off the light in the coatroom, the boy with obvious admiration switched on his new-type flashlight — one with a blue lens — and opened the door. The gentleman gave him a tip and walked outside.

"We hope you will be with us tomorrow, Monsieur," the boy said, switching off the flashlight (new batteries were difficult to get).

"What? . . . Oh, yes. . . . Tomorrow," the gentleman with the black arm band answered.

4

A SINGLE green-gray, weather-beaten car stood in front of the entrance. It had a number and the initials "W. M." on it, a red flag with a black swastika, and a solitary headlight which was dimmed, but which still gave sufficient light. Ten feet away the darkness was impenetrable. The gentleman with the black arm band quickly glanced at the car, led his bicycle away from the bright streak on the sidewalk, and rolled down the street at the uncomforta-

bly low speed which was observed by all cyclists at night. Under a lantern on the next corner an old woman, wearing a dress made of a curtain, was digging in a half-empty garbage can. The streets became completely deserted. Contrary to the regulations, some of the city lights were on. For the most part they were in front of buildings decorated with swastika flags, and guarded by helmeted German soldiers who stood like statues hewn out of stone. In this quarter of Paris such buildings were less frequent, but even here they were not uncommon.

The impenetrable, silent, heavy darkness was momentarily rent by a car with a flag which instantly disappeared from view. Nothing else could be seen or heard, except for an occasional lonesome pedestrian whose wooden shoes clattered distinctly and hurriedly on the sidewalk. Suddenly the noiseless darkness was filled with light and the clanging hubbub and uproar of a motorbus filled with young Germans returning from a pleasure and educational tour of the Paris landmarks, from Notre Dame to Montmartre. The bus stopped in front of a small, very ancient church. A bell rang imperiously inside the bus, the laughter ceased instantly, and a domineering, full-blooded voice that sounded as if it had been soaked in beer launched into a long tirade: "This is one of the oldest . . ." The church door opened, and outlined against its pale light appeared the bent figure of a priest who, with a nervous gesture, pressed his fingers to his forehead.

"*Quare tristis es anima mea? Et quare conturbas me?*" the gentleman with the black arm band thought. "Ages ago in Spain they said a *messe pour la mort des ennemis*; later Rome discarded it, but it should be revived now, at the end of a thousand-year-old civilization which groundlessly persists in wanting to go down in history as Christian. . . ."

"In this church Dante Alighieri, 1265 to 1321, that great poet whose memory is justly treasured by our brave allies, the Italians . . ." (there was an outburst of laughter instantly interrupted by the bell, which this time had an angry ring).

". . . The finest passage in that book is: '*Moriatur anima mea cum Philistiim.*' That is so true, so clear, and so fine. . . ."

Almost imperceptibly he increased his speed. About fifty feet ahead two dim lights flickered in the darkness and came to meet him; they were joined by a third light just above them, as two French policemen on bicycles went by slowly, going in the opposite direction. One of them leaned forward and, holding a flashlight in his outstretched hand, looked suspiciously at the gentleman with the arm band. A little further, opposite the house be-

hind which was an alley leading to the next street, only three feet away someone suddenly cursed in German, not angrily, but with a hearty coarseness. A high-pitched female voice repeated the curse in its briefer French form. The gentleman put on the brake and lifted his left hand, in which he held a flashlight. Right in front of the bicycle a helmeted soldier was leading a woman across the street.

". . . *Non, mais des fois! T'es soûl! Alors quoi! J't'enfoutrai!*" the streetwalker was shouting, eager to show her companion that in a conversation of this sort she could hold her own. "*Saukerll Schweinehund!*" the soldier growled.

5

AT "Napoleon's table" dinner was drawing to a close. It turned out to be an outright invitation and not a Dutch treat; the lieutenant colonel realized it as soon as the colonel, without consulting him, ordered a bottle of champagne. The wine was delicious, and it tasted even better because he knew that he was not drinking a Henckell, but the best French champagne in existence. "He really is not a bad fellow. . . . I wonder who is responsible for all the rumors that he is so brutal, and all that sort of thing?" the lieutenant colonel wondered. He also thought about the neat little sum he had saved; considering the price of the *Choucroute*, the beer, and his share of the tip the amount was quite sizable; even considering the price of any dinner in a medium-priced restaurant. He could afford to buy some perfume for his wife: some of the stores still had perfume for sale.

These pleasant reveries were soon dispelled by a less agreeable thought: he would have to reciprocate and ask the colonel out for dinner. But this occurred to him only for a brief moment, and even while he was thinking about it he very well knew that he had no intention of reciprocating. "I could not bring him here. This would be silly and ridiculous — he knows my financial circumstances only too well. To ask him to a cheap restaurant will not do, and, strictly speaking, it would not be reciprocating. Besides, it's definitely bad manners to extend a return invitation immediately. Sometime, when the occasion arises. . . ."

Over the champagne the colonel began to talk about his successful career, and about his friends among the influential people, and the lieutenant colonel's cordiality waned. A long time ago they had been stationed in the same small town, but they had not seen each other for eight years; by birth they belonged to different social circles, and they

never had been very close. "Perhaps he invited me so that he could tell me how far ahead of me he has progressed in the service? . . . But with all of that he is very polite, and quite generous. . . ."

At that very moment the colonel was casting his eye at the bill. Having paused for just a fraction of a second over the total, he did not say a word, and added an eight per cent tip (in Berlin he tipped ten per cent, but here his position was an assurance of proper attention). Monsieur Albert thanked him respectfully and thought that, perhaps, cancer of the liver would be even more painful than cancer of the stomach. The colonel looked at his watch and emitted an exclamation: it seemed that a most important personage was expecting him for an informal evening of conversation and bridge.

"He will not sit down at a card table without me. But first I will take you wherever you are going."

"No, no! It's out of your way, and it's not at all necessary." The lieutenant colonel was slightly embarrassed. He had hoped that the colonel would drive him home, because he still was not too familiar with the subways.

"Then allow me at least to take you to the subway station opposite my house. From there you can take a train without having to change. And this will not take me out of my way. We can be there in seven minutes."

"In seven minutes? What precision!"

"I follow the same route every night. If it were not for this miserable bridge I should be going home now. We still have time to finish the bottle."

"Our forefathers always had one before the last one," the lieutenant colonel responded with an old German saying.

6

IN THE car the colonel continued to talk about his career and to air his views on army administration. The gratefully polite smile began to disappear from the lieutenant colonel's face. "The usual story: he is a headquarters man, and I am a front line officer. He receives decorations, while I receive wounds. . . . I suppose I should be grateful that I only lost two fingers!" (His left wrist began to ache as soon as he remembered it.) "Perhaps there is some truth in what they say about him." The lieutenant colonel's thoughts became less and less pleasant. But he managed to keep up his end of the conversation, for the most part asking questions which gave his companion no opportunity to elaborate on his successes.

When the car presently came to a stop in front of a blue street light, the lieutenant colonel said: "I hope we see each other soon again." He deliberately refrained from being more definite, smiled hospitably, and repeated how much he had enjoyed himself. "A delightful evening. . . ." He firmly shook the colonel's hand and stepped out of the car, leaning cautiously against the door in order not to jar his wounded hand.

The car rolled away and left the lieutenant colonel standing in the square. Only a few feet away everything faded into a thick darkness which had a peculiar effect on him, even though only recently he had been at a distant front, in villages which had not known a street light since the beginning of time. The lieutenant colonel remembered that Paris had been known as the "city of light," and smiled. "As usual we have gone too far: the English have no intention of bombing us here. Probably this is the only safe place left in the world. So safe that it is positively boring. . . . That must be the entrance to the subway, but I suppose one cannot smoke down there. I will have just one more smoke — the last one tonight."

Frowning with pain, he took a cigarette case out of his pocket, turned his back to the wind, and, puckering his lips which held the cigarette, tried to light it. A tiny blue dot flashed at the other end of the square. "Thank God! At least one other live human being!" The lieutenant colonel had no lighter — he had to set an example of saving lighting fluid — but he had a system of his own: he lined three matches so that the head of one protruded slightly beyond the others; if the first match went out, the other two had time to catch on. "Here is hoping that the English flyers will not take advantage of my matches, or of that blue light over there. . . . Why is he traveling so fast? Is he trying to break his neck?" The blue dot, rushing straight at him, suddenly began to slow down. A quick thought stabbed the lieutenant colonel's mind. "What is this? Who is this man? What does he want? He must be. . . ."

The air was rent by several shots. The other two matches flared up, illuminating the lower part of a face, the puckered lips, and the graying mustache. A fleeting expression of horror passed over the cyclist's face; he dropped his hand, pressed on the pedals, and instantly was swallowed by the darkness. The lieutenant colonel clamped his teeth on the cigarette, dropped it, took several uncertain steps, swayed, and, striking the light post with his skull, fell heavily, face down, on the pavement.

A SENATOR LOOKS AT CONGRESS

by ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, JR.

I

WARS and dictatorship have swept aside all but the merest vestiges of representative government elsewhere in the world. It should come as no surprise that representative government in the United States is on trial for its life.

Probably no other Congress in recent history suffered so much abuse and public derogation as did the last one, which served the nation throughout the grim and difficult days of 1941 and 1942. James Bryce many years ago observed that Americans "are fond of running down Congressmen." There never has been any doubt that they are; criticizing Congressmen has always been one of the precious liberties of democracy, second only perhaps to the privilege of voting for them.

The unjustified attacks which have been made upon Congress during the last year or two, however, are of a different character. They strike a note which has sinister consequences for the future of Congress as an institution of democracy. When a newspaper columnist makes the reckless and unsupported charge that "the ignorance and provincialism of Congress render it incapable of meeting the needs of modern government," more is involved than the ancient and honorable pastime of "running down Congressmen."

The hullabaloo raised in the press and on the radio over "X" cards for Congressmen, and the despicable misrepresentation of the law enacted to broaden the Federal government's retirement system, were parts of the campaign to undermine the faith of the public in their elected representatives in Congress. In some quarters the misrepresentation was deliberate; in others it was more or

less unconscious as newsmen sought to pander to the mood of the moment. The net effect, however, was the same. Congress was pilloried over every radio in the country and verbally was hanged in effigy on most front pages of the press for "politics as usual" in time of war.

Attuned to this rising crescendo of public criticism, the President used the tone of a dictator on Labor Day to charge, in substance, that Congress by its inaction had brought the country to the brink of a disastrous inflation. He threatened that, if it did not repeal certain legislative restrictions in the price-control law which were objectionable in his judgment, he would do so himself.

Without attempting to set forth all the errors in these attacks, suffice it to say that the delays with which the President charged Congress were caused as much by the indecision and confusion of the Executive branch as by the Legislative. The particular restrictions in the price-control law to which he referred had been put there only a few months before with the full support of the Secretary of Agriculture. The "X" cards were not a special and exclusive Congressional privilege. Under the initial and temporary gasoline rationing plan, OPA gave out thousands of "X" cards to government officials. Of the 15,000 issued in the District of Columbia alone, only 200 went to members of Congress.

The truth about the alleged "pension grab" is equally instructive. Actually the legislation so termed was designed to bring under the Federal government's long-established retirement system a great number of employees not previously eligible. Coverage for elected officials was made optional, subject to certain required minimum periods of service. So far as benefits were concerned, they were to be exactly the same, in proportion to length of service and the amount of the individual's contribution, as those enjoyed by any other Federal employee taken into the system, from the lowest-salaried clerk up to employees in the Executive

A native of Wisconsin, ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, JR., was elected to the Senate on September 29, 1925, to fill the unexpired term of his father. He has been re-elected three times since then. In his work on the Senate Finance Committee, in his investigation of labor practices, Senator La Follette carries on that tradition of Middle Western progressiveness which he inherited from his father, Fighting Bob.

branch receiving higher salaries than those paid to Senators or Congressmen.

When the President of the United States can seriously propose to repeal an act of Congress by executive order, it is time for the American people to take stock of the situation, war or no war.

2

WHAT is wrong with Congress? There certainly is no dearth of volunteers to answer that question. If criticism alone could make for perfection, Congress would by this time be one of the most perfect of all human institutions. From Publius to Pegler it has been a favorite target for the disgruntled, the disappointed, the intellectual snobs, and the doubters of democracy alike.

But most of this criticism is not constructive. It springs from personal prejudice, political bias, and above all from an utter lack of knowledge of the workaday problems with which a great legislative body must deal.

The current critics who accuse Congress of lacking political courage can for the most part be divided into two groups. Those who have complaints against the President's policies uppermost in their minds charge it with being a rubber stamp and are vehement in their demands that it reassert itself and show the Executive who is boss. Those who want to overpower all opposition to his policies make loose charges that Congress yields to pressure groups — the farm lobby, the labor lobby, local interests — and other accusations of venality too numerous to mention. Seldom does anyone express aloud the idea that members of the House and Senate, like other people, may be following their own best judgment and sincere convictions.

It is always easy to attribute the shortcomings of Congress to the fact that it no longer has men of the caliber of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster among its members. But even when those eminent statesmen were alive Alexis de Tocqueville, writing upon his visit to the United States, complained: "The race of American statesmen has evidently dwindled most remarkably in the course of the last fifty years."

This type of criticism lumps the sins of Congress under the head of personal ignorance and political timidity. There are many critics who would have the public believe that the average Congressman is a pusillanimous ignoramus who looks under the bed every night to see if there is a voter there waiting to lop off his political head on election day.

Those to whom the simplicity of this analysis

appeals would do well to ponder a statement coming from the eminent American historian, Charles A. Beard: "As a more than casual student of the *Congressional Record*, I venture this opinion: It is possible to pick out of the *Record* for the past ten years addresses (not orations) which, for breadth of knowledge, technical skill, analytical acumen, close reasoning, and dignified presentation, compare favorably with similar utterances made in the preceding century by the so-called great orators. . . . Considering the complexity of problems before Congress today, and taking account of the distractions which now beset Senators and Representatives, the quality of serious speeches in both houses is amazingly high. There is, to be sure, more trash — bad poetry, demagogic claptrap, and clotted nonsense — in the *Record* of the past ten years than there was in the *Annals of Congress* from 1789 to 1799. Yet after studying the operations of the first Congresses of the United States and the operations of the Seventy-sixth Congress, I am convinced that for disinterestedness, absence of corruption, and concern with the public good, the present body is of higher order."

3

THE role of Congress in time of war is a difficult one. Sweeping powers must of necessity be concentrated in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief so that he may direct with dispatch and decision the striking power of the nation. In total war the home front is an integral part of the fighting front. Therefore it is not easy to define the limits of authority that should wisely be delegated to the President.

To preserve independent judgment where the people's interest requires it, to protect them from the excesses of a relatively irresponsible bureaucracy operating under vast delegated powers, and at the same time to avoid the pitfalls of blind obstructionism that would impair the nation's strength for total war is a task that is bound to be thankless and often misunderstood.

The record of Congress in this grave crisis, if it were known and appreciated, would be sufficient defense against the common types of criticism. Breaking all records for speedy action, the last Congress provided appropriations and authorizations amounting to 240 billion dollars to win this war. In the delegation of essential powers to the Commander-in-Chief, it has unhesitatingly co-operated. Where some individual members or Congressional committees took issue with the Administration's judgment on manpower, aluminum, steel, agriculture, inflation, and rubber, events have

shown that they were right and the slide-rule artists who advised the President were wrong.

But those who wish to see representative government preserved in America cannot afford to let the matter rest there. Whether the customary criticism of Congress is justified or not, whether it is constructive or not, the fact remains that it is symptomatic of a growing belief that Congress is not adequate to the "needs of modern government."

The tasks confronting government are tremendous. The problem of mobilizing and coördinating the efforts and resources of 130 million people toward a common goal staggers the imagination.

It is estimated that in the next fiscal year the Federal budget will total 120 billion dollars, more than three quarters of the expected national income. The fate of almost every individual, certainly every business enterprise, is wrapped up in the problem of how that money is raised and spent.

The Federal government is now an organization of almost two and a half million employees, excluding the armed forces. A multitude of agencies are reaching into the homes and lives of each and every citizen, affecting what he shall eat, what he shall wear, how warm or cold his house shall be, where he shall work, how he shall do business, what prices he shall charge, or, if he is a farmer, what he shall raise and what he will get to do it with.

It is comparatively easy to sit back and deal with these problems in their broad aspects. For example, if it is finally demonstrated that military requirements demand an additional five million men in the army this year, it is easy to calculate that it shall be recruited at the rate of 400,000 per month through Selective Service out of certain estimated reserves. But when it becomes translated into 400,000 individual cases every month, each with its problems, the needs of modern government come to light in their true proportions.

4

A SUCCESSFUL government must be able not only to formulate broad policies but also to apply them fairly in the individual case. The true aim of government should be to serve the individual.

In the early days of the Republic the problems of government were simpler because the economy of the nation was expanding and was to a great extent self-propelling. The vast resources of the frontier opened by government to exploitation and use offered great opportunities to those individuals who were threatened with oppression from capitalistic excesses. Except for questions of tariff, monetary

policy, internal improvements, and public lands, the Federal government was left free to devote its energies to matters more strictly political.

The legislative process accordingly was more leisurely. The problems themselves were more general, except for the tariff. Consequently it was possible to draw legislation, as the separation of powers theory of the Constitution assumes, to provide in advance for most contingencies.

That is no longer true. The phrase delegating to the President or some one of his recognized agents the power to "issue such regulations and orders as he may deem necessary or proper in order to carry out the purposes and provisions of this Act" is now one of the indispensable and most significant portions of most policy legislation adopted by Congress.

The constantly growing body of executive or administrative law has become both a necessity to the operation of modern government and a threat to the constitutional function of Congress as the legislative, policy-making branch of the government.

As the function of government has become more and more technical, the administrative problems have become more significant in the formulation of legislation. Consequently there has been a growing tendency for Congress to turn to the Executive for guidance in drawing new legislation — not out of any lazy desire to avoid its responsibility, but rather out of conscientious effort to frame good legislation that will prove workable. The administrators of the government are for the most part responsible to the Executive, and as a result the Executive's function in proposing and drawing new legislation has been tremendously enlarged.

With this growing emphasis upon the day-to-day application of laws, the policy-making function of government is drifting away from the point at which the laws are passed.

Basically, the present weakness of Congress lies in its failure to meet this problem. To check on an administrative agency's appropriation after it is spent is a crude discipline at best — a negative approach, capable of crippling an agency and its offending program, but incapable of putting something positive and constructive in its place.

The special investigative committee technique, currently exemplified by the Truman Committee of the Senate, is one significant advance in the direction of such a relationship between the Legislative and Executive branches. Its success in exposing administrative errors already committed and preventing others, through constructive recommendations embodied in its periodic reports, together with the ever present possibility of exposure and censure, has been spectacular.

The weaknesses of this technique in the long run are that it is not sufficiently continuous and that it is not applied to all phases of the government's program.

If the control of governmental policy is to remain with the people's elected representatives, as the framers of the Constitution intended it should, and not drift into the hands of a relatively irresponsible bureaucracy, Congress will have to streamline its organization. At the same time it will have to devise new instrumentalities and methods which will afford a positive, constructive liaison and high-policy relationship with the administrative arm of the national government.

5

THE committee organization has long been the backbone of the lawmaking machinery; therefore streamlining efforts should begin with drastic reorganization of the committee structure. There has never been any rhyme or reason governing the establishment and growth of the present committee setup in either house of Congress. Many committees were originally established to attend to specific problems of a particular period and have later been made standing committees, sometimes active, sometimes not.

Until comparatively recently, Congress provided its members with clerical assistance only when they were chairmen of committees. This complicated the committee organization because it encouraged the continuation of a number of useless committees solely for the purpose of providing necessary office staff for their chairmen.

At the present time there are thirty-three standing committees of the Senate and ten special committees. The House has forty-five standing committees and seven special committees. As a result of the large number of committees in the Senate, more than half the Senators serve on six or more committees. One Senator is serving on ten different committees.

This diffusion of energy and responsibility among a large number of groups, many with overlapping jurisdiction, is not conducive to the formulation of coherent and continuous legislative policy. Neither is it conducive to developing a well-recognized and continuing relationship with Executive agencies administering the laws.

The confusion is evident in the efforts that have been made to keep a watchful eye on the Executive departments and agencies directing the war effort. While the special Truman Committee has taken the leadership with a sustained and energetic review of

many phases of the war program, the committees on Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Agriculture, Appropriations, and various special committees have likewise been delving into various aspects of the war program. The renegotiation provisions of the law regarding war contracts, for instance, originated in the Senate Appropriations Committee but later were revised and amended by the Senate Finance Committee in connection with the tax bill.

The Congress cannot expect to cope with the complex problems of today unless the number of committees is drastically reduced and unless their jurisdiction is so defined that they can deal continuously with homogeneous segments of national policy corresponding roughly, at least, to the main outlines of administrative divisions in the Executive branch.

Taking the Senate for example, it would be possible to reduce the number of committees to ten or twelve in the interest of greater efficiency.

One Committee on Armed Forces could better serve in guiding the Senate's actions in the sphere of war and national defense than can the divided counsel of the two present committees, the one on Military Affairs and the one on Naval Affairs. The day when the Army and Navy could safely be considered as independent and not necessarily coördinate arms of the military service has long since passed. Moreover, the unified approach of a single committee would be more likely to give air power the consideration and standing it deserves than do the present committees tied up traditionally with the Army and Navy. This committee should also take over the jurisdiction of the Pensions Committee and the veterans' affairs jurisdiction now exercised by the Finance Committee.

In the field of business and the regulation of commerce, one committee could do a much more intelligent job than is possible under the present division of responsibility and jurisdiction among such committees as those on Interstate Commerce, Commerce, Manufactures, and Patents.

A Committee on the Interior, Natural Resources, and Public Works could combine the limited jurisdictions of a host of present committees such as those on Post Offices and Post Roads, Public Lands and Surveys, Indian Affairs, Irrigation and Reclamation, Mines and Mining, Territories and Insular Affairs, Interoceanic Canals, and Public Buildings and Grounds.

A Committee on Labor and Public Welfare could well take over the present jurisdiction of the Committee on Education and Labor, the Committee on Immigration, and the subject of social security now under the Finance Committee.

The Finance Committee and the Banking and Currency Committee should be merged. It is recognized that the fundamental problem of the business cycle, inflation and deflation, is closely related to tax policy and monetary and credit policies. At present the Finance Committee is charged with responsibility for the one, and the Banking and Currency Committee for the other.

Such committees as those on Audit and Control of the Contingent Expenses of the Senate, Printing, Enrolled Bills, Privileges and Elections, and the Library could very properly be combined with the present Rules Committee, which has the responsibility already for much of the administrative business of the Senate.

The committees on Foreign Affairs, the Judiciary, and Agriculture already have clear and unchallenged jurisdiction over their respective spheres and should retain it.

The Claims Committee should be abolished. Congress should set up an organization to hear and dispose of all claims against the government, thus relieving the members of the burdensome task of investigating petty claims and of invoking the cumbersome procedure of passing private bills through the House and Senate.

Congress should pass a model city government statute for the District of Columbia and quit doing a poor and time-consuming job as its common council.

In the vital field of appropriations Congress has already recognized the necessity of bringing all appropriations before a general Appropriations Committee with an overall familiarity with the entire national budget.

In 1899 the Senate Appropriations Committee was given jurisdiction over some of the appropriation bills, but others of great importance were considered by the committee that had jurisdiction over the enabling legislation authorizing it. Thus, for example, appropriations for rivers and harbors were passed on by the Commerce Committee.

In 1922, when the Appropriations Committee was given jurisdiction over all appropriations bills, the logic of securing the assistance of members of the committees under whose jurisdiction the various activities fell was recognized by providing that three members of the Commerce Committee, to pursue the illustration, would sit ex officio with the Appropriations subcommittee designated to consider the appropriation for rivers and harbors and one member of the Commerce Committee would serve on the conference committee representing the Senate.

A Committee on Expenditures in Executive De-

partments should be brought to life to perform the functions now being discharged by a special joint committee.

6

SIMPLIFICATION of the committee structure would afford a greater opportunity for each individual Senator or Congressman to concentrate his energies on one or, at the most, two committees. He would become more expert in his chosen field, and the service and effectiveness of the committees would improve accordingly.

Reduction in the number of committees should be accompanied by a drastic reduction from their present size.

Reorganization would also pave the way for more collaboration between the two houses of Congress through the instrumentality of joint committees, such as the present Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation. This committee, with its staff of experts, has proved of great assistance to both the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee in the highly technical, detailed, and intricate task of formulating tax legislation.

The question of adequate and expert staff is of vital importance. Undoubtedly one of the great contributing factors to the shift of influence and power from the Legislative to the Executive branch in recent years is the fact that Congress has been generous in providing expert and technical personnel for the Executive agencies but niggardly in providing such personnel for itself.

One of the traditional powers of Congress over the Executive is supposedly control over the purse strings. Obviously that control cannot be exercised intelligently unless Congress has the facilities and the expert staff to appraise and evaluate appropriations just as the Budget Bureau does. Yet the annual appropriation for the staff of the Bureau of the Budget is thirteen times as large as the appropriations for the staff of the Senate and House committees on appropriations combined.

In the next few months Congress will be facing such far-reaching and intricate problems as renewal of reciprocal trade agreements and Lend-Lease legislation, price control, and the overall manpower program for military, agricultural, and industrial service. Practically all the committees before which these great problems will come for legislative determination of one kind or another will have the usual staffs of five or six employees. In most cases the top salary paid to any member of those committee staffs will be \$3900. Positions of similar

responsibility in the Executive agencies would afford salaries almost double that amount.

The Congress should establish at once joint committee staffs made up of competent and well-paid personnel for each of the major streamlined committees as outlined. Thus an efficient and well-informed group of independent experts would be available to the various major committees of the House and Senate. With this vital aid supplemented by the excellent Legislative Counsel's staffs now serving the respective bodies in drafting legislation, with members able to devote their time to only one or two committees, Congress would be in a position to render the people more efficient and constructive service and to re-establish a better balance of power with the Executive branch.

Each individual Senator and Congressman is in the same position as the Congress as a whole, in so far as staff is concerned. Their responsibilities have multiplied over and over again in recent years. As the government has stepped into the individual lives of each and every one of their constituents, the demand for assistance in all sorts of problems has descended upon them in an increasing torrent.

Yet when the proposal was made two years ago that each Senator should be allowed the services of an executive assistant with a salary of \$4500 per year, it was defeated. The administrative assistant in countless district offices of OPA or any other Federal agency gets that salary, but a United States Senator representing a constituency of millions of people is denied this necessary assistance simply because of the unwillingness of Congress to spend the money that is necessary to equip itself to do its job.

7

REOrganization of committee structure, concentration of members' time on fewer committees and subjects, and development of adequate staffs, although vitally important, will not alone serve to meet the major problem presented by the necessity, in war and in peace, for the delegation of vast legislative powers to the Executive arm of the government. Despite all protestations to the contrary, by the "outs" seeking to be made the "ins," the complexity of our economic life now and after the war will force the Congress to continue the process of delegation of power in order that government may function with a reasonable amount of satisfaction to the people. To meet this necessity and at the same time to preserve democracy will test the genius of the American people for self-government as never before. In the compass of this article there is only

space to suggest methods by which the Legislative branch of the government can discharge its full responsibilities without undue interference with the Executive's power.

Congress could establish a joint Legislative and Executive council made up of a small number of members of the House and Senate selected by ballot or by the majority and minority in both Houses, to confer regularly with the President and the heads of departments and agencies. The council should only consider the broad questions of policy and not those related to purely administrative functions. Thus the Congress, through representation and with the coöperation of the President, would be in a position to make certain that the delegation of its power in various fields of governmental action was being exercised as the Congress intended. It would save the Executive branch of the government from many a mistake and relieve it from the justifiable charge of usurpation and abuse of power.

This device, like any other human institution, will depend for its effectiveness upon coöperation between the Executive and Legislative branches of government. I have confidence that it holds out real hope of success in meeting one of our most pressing problems in the preservation of the American democratic structure.

Another means of holding the Executive to a stricter and current accountability in the exercise of the vast powers placed in his hands would be to require the attendance of Cabinet officers and heads of agencies for questioning before the House and Senate, respectively, at stated intervals. This idea was advocated by my friend the late Senator Bronson Cutting. It has great possibilities in the solution of our present problem of preserving the balance of power and at the same time enabling government to function efficiently and adequately.

Many people are looking to their representatives to reassert the power and independence of the Legislative branch.

If this resurgence is to express itself in a positive, constructive way, rather than in a dog-in-the-manger attitude toward the President, Congress will have to overcome its inferiority complex, provide a staff with the best experts money can hire, reorganize its outmoded committee system, and seriously set itself to the job not only of passing better laws but of working with the Executive departments constantly to see they are made to produce the results intended.

Congress has an opportunity now to show what it can do. If it fails to be constructive, there is no telling how long an impatient people will support representative government in America.

LET'S EAT IN THE GRILL

by LOUISE PIERSON

1

MY FIRST two attempts to land a job through the classified section of the *New York Times* were a little discouraging. I was almost ready to give up when I saw the ad for a woman "40 to 45, manage bar grill large midtown hotel, salary \$25." The fact that it didn't say "bust 34, waist 26, hips 34, will. to travel, enc. photo non-returnable" revived my courage. True, my management of our own bar and grill, on Cape Cod, had resulted in our losing or working away our entire capital of \$12,000. But \$12,000 would probably be only a drop in the bucket to a large midtown hotel.

My letter of application, which hinted modestly that I combined all the better features of Ralph Hitz and the Ramos brothers (of fizz fame), brought an enthusiastic demand for an interview. I figured the job was practically in the bag, if I kept my courage up and my trap buttoned.

When I crossed the marble threshold of the large midtown hotel, I thought I had stumbled mistakenly into the Grand Central Station. Way over in the east corner where the train was supposed to leave for Peekskill a little band of uniformed bellboys was marching smartly around for inspection. I crept up to a gorgeous creature clad in spotless white behind the desk and asked him where the grill was.

The grill was not so imposing. I thought for a moment it must be the help's dining room. However, when my eyes got used to the dim light I was able to make out a soda fountain across one side and a tiny bar in one corner. The chairs and tables looked as if they'd been built by the bellboys in spare moments. There was a steady roar which I finally identified as the "air conditioner." The grill

was evidently a stepsister of the hotel proper. I was a little disappointed, but it gave me courage for my interview with Mr. Cameron, the manager. If I couldn't manage this gloomy little eatery, I couldn't manage anything.

I had no sooner stepped into Mr. Cameron's office than I was hired. Mr. Cameron, a red-faced, white-haired man with gold-rimmed spectacles, looked at me searchingly.

"Hell, you look honest," he said. "I'll take you."

Most of the other applicants, I gathered, were either bent double with arthritis or no spik English. Damn it, said Mr. Cameron, he liked New Englanders. Born in Maine himself. And proud of it.

"Just one other thing," said Mr. Cameron. "I can't see your hair under that hat you're wearing. What color is it?"

"It's white," I said. "'Nor grew it white In a single night, As men's have grown. . . ."

"The hell you say!" said Mr. Cameron, thrown completely off base by this gratuitous bit of information. "Well, damned if I don't think a woman looks better with her hair white than she does with all this dyed stuff. I wouldn't take you for a day over forty if I hadn't read your application."

However, the subversive little crew of twenty-four which manned the bar and grill, where I went to have lunch with Mrs. Dietz, the head housekeeper, at Mr. Cameron's suggestion, apparently did not share his enthusiasm.

"Where did they dig up that old battle-axe?" a waitress asked the bartender, nodding in my direction.

"Probably some old dame who wanted to get in under the wire with old-age assistance," the bartender answered.

"The chicken livers are very nice today," suggested Mrs. Dietz hastily. "I'm sure you'll enjoy them."

The chicken livers, which weren't very nice, were followed by a little meeting in the steward's office.

LOUISE PIERSON was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, and educated at Simmons College. Her life has been an extraordinary series of ups and downs, but they have never weakened her tough-minded love of America. For its infectious laughter, the *Atlantic* is publishing here the second of two chapters from her autobiography, *Roughly Speaking*, which Simon and Schuster is bringing out this summer — a remarkable book for any grandmother to write.

The steward, a short, fat man almost as broad as he was long, and also a New Englander, had summoned the grill help to give the new manager the once-over and pledge their allegiance.

"Now, Mrs. Pierson is no pushover like that Miss Burks from Cornell you ganged up on," said the steward warningly. "You better watch your step or you'll land in the gutter right on your fannies."

After a few ferocious scowls to give weight to his words, the steward asked me if I would like to say anything, but I said no. All I could think of to say was, "Hello, Mom, it was a great fight and the best man won."

"You'll have to look out for Artie," said the steward after they'd gone. "He's working his way through Columbia. He's a damn Red like all those college fellers."

2

NEXT morning I reported in fear and trembling. Mildred, the blonde waitress, took me in hand.

"You're supposed to go downstairs and look in the grill icebox and see what's left," she said. "Then you and Ella, the head cook, make up the menu. You have to get it to Alf, the hotel printer, by ten or he raises hell. Any stuff you need that you haven't got, you requisition from the hotel kitchen. They'll give you all the wilted lettuce and meat that's gone by, and charge you a war price for it."

She stopped to wait on a customer.

"I wouldn't order the bacon this morning, Mrs. Blitzstein," she said cordially. "It's terrible."

She explained that all the people who had big, expensive apartments in the hotel ate in the grill to save money. As the steward's job depended on cutting down the \$30,000 a year the hotel dining room was losing, this made him furious. The grill was really a thorn in his side. "He'll do anything he can to knife you," said Mildred firmly.

"I feel we ought to be loyal to the hotel management," I said with dignity.

"You'll get a whole lot further," said Mildred, "if you side with the customers."

I found the kitchen was equipped with an old warped coal stove heated by an oil burner. The icebox was one discarded from the hotel kitchen.

"It leaks," said Ella, the cook. "Look out for that puddle of water. There's no way to drain it. When the Health Department Inspector comes around you'll have to slip him five dollars."

The grill kitchen was connected with the hotel by a long, dark underground passage. Supplies moved through this on a little wagon with wheels. This wagon was drawn by a boy named Griswold. Gris-

wold's day ended, unfortunately, about two hours before we served dinner.

I was gliding around seating people about seven o'clock that night when I got an SOS from Ella. We'd run out of broilers. Ella and Annie, her assistant, were up to their ears in orders. I shot through the passage like a greyhound to the hotel kitchen. There I came up against a bottleneck named Marie. Marie, a striking peroxide blonde with a twenty-four-inch waist, forty-two-inch bust, and seven charm bracelets, sat on a high stool guarding the narrow entrance to the kitchen. Everybody and everything that passed in or out of the kitchen had to be checked by Marie. She was a stickler for strict order of precedence. I had to wait while five waiters had their trays checked.

"You damn froggy, trying to sneak over an order of Melba," said Marie to the last waiter. As he handed her his check she bit him on the wrist. "I oughta kill you," she continued, adding the Melba to his check.

The telephone rang. "Lord Duveen?" said Marie in dulcet tones. "Good evening, Lord Duveen. Yes, I'm well, thank you. And you? Dinner in your room. Yes. May I suggest a *filet mignon* with béarnaise sauce, potatoes au gratin, and asparagus hollandaise?" Marie put her hand over the mouthpiece. "Be with you in a sec when this old buzzard gets through drooling."

In a moment she hung up. "What can I do for you, Countess?" she said brightly.

She O.K.'d my requisition.

"I don't give broilers," said the butcher, waving a huge razor-sharp cleaver. "We got no customers in the hotel dining room where we serve food, and not garbage, like you do. If we got none, you bet you got none. Why you want with these broilers? You sell stuff on the side?"

The hotel kitchen employees were all grill haters and ardent dining-room fans. I had to threaten to push him into the icebox and lock him in before he could be persuaded to part with the five broilers. I raced back through the long, dark passage, dumped them into Ella's outstretched arms, assumed a false and wooden smile, and went back to my hostessing.

I found running out of things was an old grill custom. We were not allowed to requisition a snip more than the steward figured we needed. Invariably during dinner we ran short of half a dozen items.

All this was very tiring and sometimes led to my being a little gruff with the customers. When some woman said she thought eighty-five cents was highway robbery for a little mess of Hungarian goulash made out of horse meat and wallpaper paste, and

she could get fresh lobster at Schrafft's for \$1.25, I was likely to give her the impression that the best thing she could do was beat it down to Schrafft's and get her old lobster. And it would be too soon for me if I never saw her again.

The employees, although proud of my independent and dauntless spirit, felt I was playing the wrong horse.

"Why don't you tell the customer you know it's horse meat," said Artie, the Red, who ran the fountain, "but you have to work here to support your old mother? She'll give you a dollar tip and think you're wonderful."

"I don't think that's right," I said. "And I've told you children to stop it. I think we all ought to be loyal."

"Loyal, hell," said Artie. "Who wants to be loyal to a place that employs spotters?"

A spotter was a spy paid by the insurance company that owned the hotel—in 1935 all hotels seemed to be owned by insurance companies—to be more insulting to the help than the customers were. He then reported back to the owners the help's reactions. I felt I could spot a spotter instantly. No regular customer could be half so insulting. After one of these brushes I would just retire to my office behind the bar and discuss the depravity of human nature with Ed, the bartender.

Mr. Cameron expressed himself as annoyed because I could not get the countermen to clear the dirty dishes off the counter faster and onto the dumbwaiter. The little dumbwaiter, which worked on a rope, was supposed to whisk the dirty dishes down to Tony, the dishwasher. The truth, which Mr. Cameron didn't care to face, was that the dumbwaiter was of a medieval type and was usually busted and in no condition to do any whisking. Nor would the hotel engineer fix it. "Who do you think you are—the Almighty?" he replied brusquely when I asked him. I didn't like to tell Mr. Cameron this because he liked to think of the staff as just one big family.

We had meetings every Thursday morning in Mr. Cameron's office to stress the family angle. These had originally been planned to allow the department managers of the hotel to talk over their problems with Mr. Cameron. But as years had passed they had developed into a half-hour bawling out by Mr. Cameron, during which the staff sat stunned and dormant.

"Look here, Lyons," Mr. Cameron would say to the first assistant manager. "The housekeeper tells me she sends up five clean towels a day to your apartment. What the hell's the matter with your wife, anyway? I use one clean towel every three

days, and if you think I'm dirty you're crazy. Then, I noticed Mrs. Pierson down in the housekeeper's department watching the teletype. What the hell business of yours is it who goes in and out of this hotel?"

"I only wanted to find out if any large parties were expected, so that we could be ready," I said meekly.

"It's your business *always* to be ready," said Mr. Cameron. "And I don't like to be interrupted when I'm talking. Another thing, where did you get those Parker House rolls you served last night?"

"I made them," I answered.

"What do you want to do, wreck the hotel dining room? Well, get to work everybody. Remember we're in the hotel business to make money. There's no sense giving anything away. This is not an eleemosynary institution."

I was so provoked about the Parker House rolls that I joined Marie, the bottleneck, in taking rhumba lessons from Tony, the dishwasher. During slack time in the afternoon Tony would hitch up his dirty white ducks, brush the crumbs off his hairy chest, rough up his black curly hair, and stick a carrot over his ear. Ella and Annie, the cooks, would beat time on the pots and pans with mixing spoons. Marie and I and Tony would sneak around the dishwashing machine after each other, taking care not to slip on the water from the leaky ice chest. When Mr. Cameron caught us at it he almost had a stroke. This was one of the situations against which he thought white hair was insurance. But I had to do something to keep up my courage.

3

I WENT at my job at the grill hammer and tongs. I got the steward to let me put *filet mignon* on the dollar dinner. I made *minuten Fleisch* for Mrs. Blitzstein. I finagled a roll-warmer away from the hotel kitchen. Things prospered. All was quiet on the managerial front. The month the grill cleared a thousand dollars I even made good old New England red-flannel hash for Mr. Cameron.

I think Mr. Cameron realized that I was becoming almost too lighthearted. He enjoyed seeing people dutifully depressed. He paid me back for my airy attitude by not warning me about the bridge tournament. The lady experts snowed us under. At one o'clock the dumbwaiter quit entirely and couldn't be fixed. This was fatal because the dumbwaiter not only whisked dirty dishes down but whisked hot orders up—any orders too fancy to be kept hot in the tepid water of our homemade *bain-*

marie, or steam table. And the orders of the ladies from the bridge tournament were plenty fancy.

By 1.15 my ankles began to swell. The waitresses and I staggered down the crooked little stairway to the kitchen with great trays of dirty dishes. A second later we staggered up again with heaping trays of broiled chicken and stuffed tomatoes. By 1.30 the place was a pandemonium. I was so dizzy I carried down three trays of dirty dishes, forgot to set them down, and carried them right up again. One lady claimed she burned her hand on a dish of ice cream. She probably did. We ran so short of china that a dish would go into the dishwashing machine and be thrust red-hot right into circulation.

At three o'clock the holocaust was over. I called the help into my office to bind up their wounds and thank them for not dropping dead on me. Our little mutual-admiration meeting was interrupted by a bellboy bearing a salver with a message on it for me from Mr. Cameron.

"As I walked through the grill at 1.35," I read aloud, "I noticed a number of dirty dishes on the counter. Another instance of your utter disregard of my instructions."

By the time dinner was to be served I was in no mood for trifling. Otherwise I might not have replied to the man in the tweed suit, who asked me what I was doing after eight o'clock that night, that unless he had something more dynamic to propose I planned to drink up all the wrong drinks Ed, the bartender, was saving for me, and go upstairs and kill Mr. Cameron. Nor, if I had not been tired as a dog, would I have allowed the help to play their favorite and forbidden game of state capitals. This game consisted in a waitress's saying to a counter-man, "One chicken patty, rolls on the side, coffee, Colorado," to which the counter-man would reply, "One chicken patty, rolls on the side, coffee coming up, Denver." I had forbidden them to play it because the customers often joined in. I didn't think the insurance company would like it.

I might have stopped them, tired as I was, if I hadn't had something else to distract me. A man at the bar began pulling out another man's necktie and a good fight was in the making.

"See if you can get this drunk out of here," hissed Ed, the bartender.

I knew it was no use to appeal to an assistant manager. "You sold it to him — it's your problem," would be the answer.

I approached the drunk warily.

"Don't you think —" I began.

"My God," he said, falling on one knee and stretching out his arms supplicatingly. "Those green eyes, that white hair. If it isn't my old mother!"

A dead hush descended on our swank little *beanery*. Old ladies paused with their forks halfway to their mouths. Waitresses stood with trays transfixed. Fountain men held fire with chocolate malteds as our little drama unfolded.

"Please," I said firmly.

The drunk looked at me.

"I'll go if you'll shake hands," he said suddenly.

I extended one hand cautiously. Seizing it in a viselike grip, he whirled me round and round past tables of gaping diners. Past the cashier we whirled right through the revolving door across the sidewalk into the gutter. As I started to get up, he yanked me to my feet, threw both arms around me, and kissed me.

"Night, Toots," he said as he signaled to a passing taxi. "I wasn't as drunk as you thought I was, was I?"

I brushed off my dress, took a long breath, squared my shoulders, and marched resolutely into my office past the accusing eyes of the horrified customers.

"Say," Ed, the bartender, called to me, "that guy in the tweed suit you told off at dinner watched the whole business. Then he beat it. The house-keeper's department just phoned up he beefed like hell about a towel with a hole in it in his room. When Mildred waited on him he asked her if she didn't feel her love-life had been neglected. We think he's a spotter."

"My God, isn't that just dandy?" I said wearily.

"Psst!" said Ed. "Here comes Mr. Cameron!"

Mr. Cameron came in and sat down at a table by the window. He glanced out, then stared fascinated.

"Maybe your friend the drunk's back," whispered Ed.

I walked as nonchalantly as I could to the window. It wasn't the drunk. It was my husband and daughter and son, waiting for me in the re-repossessioned Stutz. Louise had evidently come home unexpectedly and they'd decided to surprise me. They succeeded.

Louise was wearing a peasant costume of bright red and yellow with puff sleeves and billowing skirt, evidently constructed in secret during her long convalescence. She had topped this Yugoslavian dream of heaven with a matching bandana. She looked more like a peasant than any peasant I had ever seen. Deprived of cigarettes at the hospital, she was now smoking one in a long holder Dr. Nickerson had given her. As she exhaled luxuriously, long curls of smoke issued dragon-like from her nose. Frankie, his eyes shining expectantly, had on a torn sweater and an old aviator's helmet with

the ear muffs hanging down. Harold was slumped down in the driver's seat, reading the evening paper and racing the motor absent-mindedly. Clouds of black smoke issued from the exhaust.

Mr. Cameron tore his eyes reluctantly from the window and met my startled gaze. "*Who* in God's name are those crazy people?" he demanded. "Gypsies? And *why* should they park here?"

"I'm just getting ready to go home," I said hastily. "I'll find out."

I told Harold to drive around the corner. Then I jumped in.

"I bet you were never so surprised in your life!" said Frankie.

I laughed. "I bet I never was!"

Next morning I got word from Mr. Cameron to report to his office immediately.

"I have here —" he began as I entered. I didn't even bother to listen. I knew what he had here. It was the report of the spotter.

Count by count he read off the indictment. Each time he looked up at me for confirmation, I nodded.

"And did you," went on Mr. Cameron, "when the occupant of room 106 complained that you had sent up champagne without champagne glasses, say, 'You can drink it out of your hat for all I care and I hope it chokes you'?"

"I might have," I said evasively. But I felt better. Room 106 was occupied, as I suspected, by the spotter.

"Well, don't hesitate to call on me for a reference. It was too bad things had to end this way," said Mr. Cameron in conclusion.

As I stood shaking hands with Mr. Cameron, my eye caught the final paragraph of the report, which Mr. Cameron hadn't included: —

"She served cream of lettuce, a useless sort of soup," it said. "And," had been added in pencil, "I hope it chokes her."



THE ADVENTURE

by ROBERT HILLYER

CANDIDA said to me, "Where are you going tomorrow?"
 "I am going across the sea to a livelier land.
 The plow is rusting away in the half-tilled furrow;
 This country has grown too tame for my mariner's hand."
 The wind sang like the wind through a schooner's shrouds,
 And the hills billowed with shadows from billowing clouds.

Candida said to me, "Then you will leave me. I thought so.
 You and your islands where everything's set for a feast;
 But vows and faith mean something. At least I was taught so —
 Besides, there is nothing but War in your fabulous East."
 "So much the better," I answered; "I'd rather be dust
 In the storm of the world than a creature of habit and rust."

Candida looked at me smiling. I shifted and mumbled,
 "Well, you can smile. I know you have heard this before."
 She turned on her heel and left me. She knew I was humbled.
 And I shouted, "Oh, can't a man dream in spite of the War?"
 The sun was the golden disk of a Viking shield
 As I laughed and went back to the plow and finished the field.

BEFORE THE ENDING OF THE DAY

by RICHARDSON WRIGHT

1

MOST of us, in the course of life, acquire at least one pet parson. Some like them for their pulpit oratory, some for their man-of-the-world-liness (a type I carefully avoid), some for social graciousness to the right people, some for their ability to raise money. As the years pass, I find myself asking one invariable and definitely hard-boiled question when I meet a parson: To what extent is he a man really "set apart"?

Out of a heterogeneous assortment of parsons of all faiths and statures who have crossed my path, one particularly never failed to measure up to this standard. My contacts with him over thirty years — contacts of a few hours or a few days — had not amounted to more than ten; yet, except for his obviously growing older, he never seemed to change.

He had been in poor parishes and rich, he had served as dean of a Western cathedral and chaplain to an Eastern prison. During the influenza epidemic following the last war, he had asked his vestry — it was a fashionable church — for leave of absence. They later found him happily scrubbing floors and emptying bedpans in the wards of a city hospital. No matter what the circumstance, his set-apartness never varied.

It was marked by three qualities. He had a persistent, childlike merriment. He knew the world and men and women, and to them he took the gentle and swift approach of a skilled surgeon. Most of all, not by anything he said but simply by what he was, he made me feel that I, a worldly person and stout sinner to boot, could also attain moments of being set apart.

We hadn't met for almost five years; then I chanced to see him on a Boston street one winter day. He was much older — not the brisk step of

years ago. He looked none too well and, as I later learned, he was almost desperately poor. We went off to lunch in one of those tearooms hidden away in the rabbit warrens of Beacon Hill.

"How about making us a visit in the country?" I asked when he finished dessert. "You've never seen our place, and it really is exciting at times. Daffodils come along in May, lilacs a little later, then roses in June —"

"What's exciting in August?" he broke in.

"Hollyhocks, phlox, of course, and plenty of vegetables. We start canning in August."

"Good! I'll make it August."

As his arrival neared, a peculiar tension spread over the house. Parsons had come for meals or just dropped in to call, but none to stay three weeks. We discussed whether we should ask him to say grace or should I make a fist at it. Perhaps we should keep away some of our lurid friends. Yes, he would rather have the Flower Room, the one with the rose and lily wallpaper. I put in a whole evening selecting books for the shelf beside his bed. She rather demurred at some of them.

"But, my dear, you don't know Padre," I explained. "He has a sense of humor — a Walter de la Mare-ish sense of humor. And it's always got him into trouble in every parish he's ever had. The pious old ladies had a notion that to be holy you have to be glum."

"Is he holy?" She asked, stopping her work of putting up the freshly laundered curtains.

"Good heavens, no! He's just a saint."

It was a tired old man who stepped off the train late that August evening, but the twinkle was in his eye. We saw him up to his room. "I've put cigarettes in that pewter box," She said. "Perhaps you smoke."

"Like a chimney," he answered.

We got around the grace problem by standing silently before meals. And such merry meals they were! He drew on a fathomless repertoire of stories

Native son of Philadelphia with a famous palate and a love of the country, RICHARDSON WRIGHT has been the editor of *House and Garden* since 1914. His home place is in Connecticut, and there he does his writing, tends his own garden, and pursues his hobbies.

and anecdotes and he knew all the old songs. We often sang between courses — much to the distress of the waitress but, as I learned the next day, not to the distress of the cook.

I met her in her daily perambulation through the garden, basket on arm, looking for salad greens.

"Bukra," she remarked, — being an ancient Jamaican, she was accustomed to addressing the head of the house in her native vernacular, — "Bukra, somethin' heppen' to this house." I looked up. "When this parson come, holiness entered the walls."

"Yes, he is a dear old saint," I agreed.

"But we ought to do somethin' about it. There's no use havin' a parson in the house unless he does some prayin'."

"Perhaps he does pray for us. Naturally he does. I —"

"I mean prayin' with us."

"Well, I'll have to look into that," I answered, and turned toward the house.

The two of them, She and Padre, were on the shady side porch, working away at the bushel of snap beans between them. "The cook says we ought to have family prayers," I began.

"So you ought," he answered, as he dumped an apronful of snapped beans into the pot.

"Maybe we can start tonight?"

"Maybe *you* can start tonight. You're the head of the house, my boy, and the head of the house is the priest of the household. It's your job to say family prayers."

"But won't you start us off?" I begged.

He nodded. And that's how we began family devotions before the ending of the day.

2

FOR the first two or three nights after Padre had gone, it was a pretty stiff, self-conscious job I made of those family prayers. Supper dishes washed up, the girls would appear in the living-room doorway. We shut off Gabriel Heatter's portentous comments (the Voice of Gloom, we call him) and the family would settle against chairs and couches. Somehow, I felt, you shouldn't dive headlong into prayers, so first we had a moment's silence. It is amazing how, in so short a space, you can travel from here to There. My voice, remembering Gabriel Heatter, I tried not to make portentous. I'd forget important matters, too. Occasionally She would remind me, "We haven't said the Lord's Prayer."

After that first week it began to grow less stiff.

Not just one person but the whole family was doing the praying. We got down to cases and events that touched our lives. Instead of merely remembering the men and women in the armed forces en masse, we named names — Gordon and Thomas, John and Bobbie, Kenneth and Jim. As more and more nephews and cousins and neighbors' sons have joined up, this prayer has become a recital of the whole tribe.

A navy aviator crashed into a house near-by, destroying both himself and it — he was remembered and thanksgiving said for our escape. The waitress's daughter was to be married the next day in Jamaica and we asked long love and happiness for her. Next week came a letter saying the wedding had been postponed. I've often wondered what becomes of the energy in misfire prayers.

As the family moved closer into the active orbit of these nightly prayers, I began to be subjected to spiritual kibitzing. A voice would say, "The Governor asked us to pray for the persecuted Jews." That sent me scrabbling through the Prayer Book until I found the prayer for social justice — that we "make no peace with oppression; and that we may reverently use our freedom." I often have to be reminded of people who are sick and those in mental distress. If it has been an especially beautiful day, we say a thanksgiving for it. When a magazine paid me much more for an article than I had expected, it didn't seem a bit out of line to repeat the prayer, "For Faithfulness in the Use of This World's Goods," even though the tax collector took every penny of it. Once it was the starving Greeks that I had to be nudged about, and once Gandhi. And could we please remember the Red Cross, She being a worker in it.

When the two rascallions we had taken under our roof had been especially obstreperous, She suggested that we say the one for children — "Give us light and strength so to train them that they may love whatsoever things are true and pure and lovely and of good report." It worked, so far as the report cards from school were concerned — they improved. A recent change in domestics having brought us a new cook, we have added her pickaninny to our clients.

Although the beginning and ending of these family prayers follow a pattern, the middle layer is what the day brings up. And that middle layer, I confess without blushing, has got me into two strange habits: I find myself preparing for these evening assemblies, ducking into my study for a few solitary moments before the girls appear; and I collect prayers.

Heaven knows, a lifelong jackdaw habit has

caused me to collect and clutter up my home with a vast and unrelated assortment, from stamps to gypsy books, from queer street names to flower prints, from diaries to daffodils. But I never dreamed that I should collect prayers or acquire a collector's discernment about them. According to my totally untheological and unpastoral lights, here's what they should and should not be:—

They should have one point and stick to it. They mustn't be too long or too flowery. They must be in words we use every day. They must be calculated to meet problems and fit occasions of our daily domestic and office rounds and the abrupt impacts of the outside world as well. They should proceed both laterally and vertically. They should have a logical sequence of praise and petition and a cadence of words so that, after you have said them a few times, you don't need to look at the book.

They become part of your vocabulary. When you are remembering those you love, you just know it is "for this life and the life to come." When you reach the final night prayer, you can swing along without prompting through the familiar and lovely succession of Cardinal Newman, "until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done."

3

Now what's all this done to the family — this country family living on a Connecticut hillside four miles from the nearest town and pretty well tied down to this spot by gas rationing?

It has projected us out into the world, farther than we could ever go by car or, for that matter, by plane. We may get all steamed up, being liberals, over the British in India, but somehow we drop into the very middle of the fight by remembering both the British and the Indians. The movies may show us what went on at Guadalcanal, but we have been there even more realistically by naming men we knew to be fighting in those jungles. You can't come in contact with Reality without catching some of its intense realism.

While it has knit together the family in a very human way, it has not made us any less human. We lose tempers and forget and loaf when we should be working. We dodge responsibilities and neglect to say "thank you." We hurt and get hurt. We grumble at little things and miss big ones. We blurt out hasty words and get all roiled up within ourselves. Still, we are closer together.

By no means have family prayers turned us into

a tight little circle of meek and simpering individuals. Rather they have made us tough — hardened our spiritual muscles and sharpened our inner eyes. We don't fall for sentimental religiosity so easily as we used to. We've stopped considering the practice of devotion as a special kind of jam that you spread on the bread of life when you feel like doing so; it is part of the bread itself. It isn't the sort of thing that needs to be explained or fussed about. It is as regular as washing our faces and brushing our teeth.

If I am not mistaken, family prayers have taught us to quit thinking so much about ourselves and to think more of other people. We have also relearned some things we were taught as youngsters — that it isn't the falling down that's bad, but the refusal to pick yourself up. And if by some mischance you happen to trip, fall in the right direction.

These lateral and vertical extensions of a fairly normal family and its shifting domestics were not wrought by any sudden miracle. They crept up on us as night was added to night.

The day's work went on and the seasons changed. Autumn drew into winter, and winter wallowed into snow and sleet and ice and temperatures that plummeted far below zero. Living, working, and playing that had gone on all over these seven acres shrunk within the four walls of the house. We congratulated ourselves on not having converted the furnace to oil, and each night, on the way down to dinner, bolstered our sense of security by admiring the fruit and vegetables put up that autumn.

There was a whole section we called "Padre's Shelf." Day after steaming day in August that poor old dear had strung and snapped and peeled and skinned and never once said he hoped he'd never see another bean or beet. Saints have a way of not complaining. He even promised, when we saw him off on the train, that he would be back again with us next August. "Bigger and better beans!" he called. Later he sent us a bird book for a house present.

I didn't quite know what to do when that telegram from Boston reached me at my office in New York. Should I call up the house and tell them? Better wait. And I waited through the ride home from the station and through cocktails and through dinner and up to the time for prayers. Then the girls appeared, the boys put away their games, we turned off Gabriel Heatter and we knelt. "For this, Thy servant — grant him eternal rest, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon him."

That was how they learned Padre would not come again.



The Confessions of a Chocolate Eater

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

EXCESSIVE chocolate eating is not one of the most popular, colorful, spectacular, and social of the vices. The ordinary Hollywood film displays enough liquor to float a 50,000-ton battleship. But the glamorous heroes and heroines of the screen are never shown secluding themselves to go on a binge of Hershey bars. The chocolate fiend, even after a heavy bout with his favored drug, does not walk through plate-glass windows, battle with lampposts, drive through red traffic signals, or do any of the other things that lead up to a "drunk and disorderly" conviction.

Chocolate has never ranked in popularity with alcohol and tobacco. Six or seven out of every thousand of us, as I recently read, are alcoholics. (I could mention some occupations and communities where the percentage would seem to be much higher.) The number of chocolatics (individuals who simply cannot live without the stuff) must be vastly smaller. And chocolate addiction is an unsocial vice. I have yet to hear of a chocolate cocktail party, and "Have another munch of the milk chocolate" is not a recognized social slogan. The cigar, the cigarette, the pipe are all much larger social common denominators.

Yet, as I know from personal experience, there is such a thing as addiction to chocolate. For as many years as I can remember I have been eating my own weight in chocolate — not in bonbons with fancy fillings, mark you, but in straight, legitimate sweet milk chocolate. What vintages of chocolate would I choose if I were king, I have been asked. Kings do not have such an easy time, now that they are tolerated only on condition that they set good, not bad, examples to their subjects. The modern monarch gets only five inches of hot

water for his bathtub and would no doubt feel a *noblesse oblige* inhibition against exceeding the meager chocolate ration of his subjects.

If, however, I were a food controller or had access to that mysterious and wicked thing known as the black market, I should give the preference of an old soak (in chocolate) to the following brands: Côte d'Or, a rich, creamy smooth French production; Ringer's, a melt-in-your-mouth Dutch achievement in the blending of milk chocolate; Peter's and Cailler's — both among Switzerland's many contributions to civilization; and Fedora, a very credit-



able brand of German chocolate, sacrificed, no doubt, on the altar of total war. Our own Fanny Farmer possessed an excellent recipe for making solid milk chocolate; and it was a black day for me when, after prolonged and ominous shortages, I learned that this brand was "out for the duration."

The only occasion when I have been unable to get chocolate was in remote Soviet Central Asia; and I suffered a combination of the agonies of the heavy drinker, the heavy smoker, and the devotee of opium deprived of their solaces, until I discovered some frightfully stale Cadbury chocolate bars that were a leftover from British intervention in that part of Russia in the confused years of the Russian civil war. They restored my mental and physical equilibrium.

My daily consumption of chocolate ranges from a quarter to a half pound (more frequently approximating the latter figure) and is as steady as the tick of a grandfather clock. Consumption is heaviest in the morning and is stimulated by a light breakfast, consisting of an apple and a cup of tea. But there is no hour of the day or night when the impulse for the solid brown stimulant may not arise.

A foreign correspondent who served with distinction for twelve years in Moscow, four years in Tokyo, and a year and a half in Paris, WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN — unlike most journalists — is a teetotaler who never smokes. But each year he does eat his own weight — or a little more — in sweet chocolate.



**A LOT GOING ON IN THIS PICTURE—
AND A LOT GOING ON IN INDUSTRY.**

It's big, dramatic. You can see it. But you can't see the idea that made it.

You can't photograph ideas. But they win wars. They make jobs. They make prosperity. They make well-being.

They used to come as a revelation once in a while, almost like a miracle to an individual. Now, there are teams that insure them.

Groups that keep ideas flowing. People who know how to dip into the wealth of nature for what they need.

They are scientists. They work together in laboratories.

They are working at the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Thousands of them. This is the biggest industrial laboratory in the world. Once its work was all telephone.

To help your voice reach any one, anywhere. Easily, quickly, at low cost. Now it's war. Day and night. Seven days a week.

Our fighting men see the results of American research every day.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Help the war by making only vital calls to war-busy centers. That's more and more essential every day.

I find that chocolate conveys both a mental and a physical kick. The curve of consumption rises in direct relation to the quantity — perhaps to the quality — of my writing. Once, when I was lost on a mountain trail in the Tyrol, tired and wet after a premature September snowstorm, I discovered that a cake of chocolate, eaten with great speed, is a fine restorative. It is also a relaxation. One gets a Nirvana-like satisfaction from leaning back and reading an interesting book or magazine while slowly savoring the flavor of a fine chocolate.



In short, I have the same attitude toward this stimulant that the toper feels toward alcohol: if there isn't one good reason for resorting to it, there is another.

Chocolate is a jealous mistress. Excessive addiction, in my case at least, has excluded yearning for any of the more popular shots in the arm. I lived in Russia for twelve years without tasting vodka, and I have never been able to recognize a favorable distinction between the most prized French dry wine and vinegar, or between beer and castor oil.

Residence in the Orient left me allergic to Japan's *sake*, or warm rice-wine, and to the genial game, so popular in China, in which one of the partners tries to guess the number of fingers held up by the other, the loser's forfeit being to drink his wine cup to the bottom. I was occasionally called on to act as an impartial and reliable scorekeeper in these games. My inhibitions extend to "soft drinks," pure fruit juices excepted, and to tobacco in any form.

2

What are the physical consequences of eating one's own weight in chocolate year after year? Well, I must confess to some fifteen pounds of overweight; but who is there past forty-five who can cast the first stone? At least I can tip the scales with less danger of breakage than a well-known journalistic colleague, *not* a chocolate fiend, who had achieved such magnificent girth that no parachute belt could be found to fit him when he set out on a dangerous airplane trip. As for the innumerable diseases that Job's comforters, candid friends, and amateurs in medical science have cheerfully predicted for me — diabetes, arthritis, gallstones, and

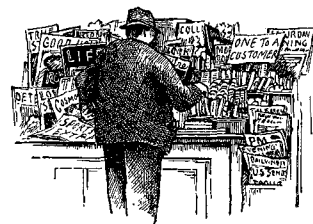
all the ills to which the liver and kidneys are liable — these haven't got me, yet.

How does one become a chocolate addict? The habit got me young. That salty Quaker moralist Isaac Sharpless, President of Haverford College in my undergraduate days, may have unconsciously started me on the road to perdition — *via* chocolate. Fixing the incoming Freshman class with a severe yet fatherly eye, President Sharpless gravely warned us that we should be exposed to five great temptations: "Drinking, smoking, gambling, loafing, and — er — immorality." It was enough to inhibit the boldest budding Byron in our midst. But there was no mention of chocolate orgies.

Now a chocolate fiend, until recently, would have experienced no difficulty in gratifying his craving in the United States. But a large part of my life has been spent in cities without much benefit of this luxury — in Moscow and in Tokyo. The most ardent Communist would scarcely claim chocolate as one of the productive triumphs of the Soviet regime. The Soviet product was scarce in quantity, high in price, and abominable in quality. When the rigors of the First Five-Year Plan called for turbines and tractors instead of cocoa beans, there was an effort to make chocolate out of soy beans, with the most atrocious results.

For a time I got by on sporadic imports from Germany, bringing in scores of cakes in my own and my wife's luggage whenever we returned from Europe. Soviet customs inspectors, in my experience, were more lenient than Soviet thought controllers. Later a sympathetic Foreign Office official made a special arrangement with the customs authorities, so that I could import my regular quota of chocolate on payment of a moderate duty.

The indigenous Japanese chocolate was a shade, but only a shade, better than the Soviet. But I happily discovered a Polish confectioner in Japan who was an artist in his trade. He supplied me

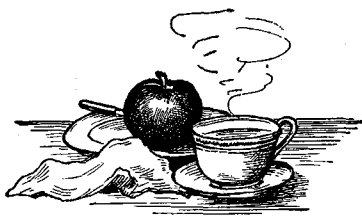


with exquisitely flavored pure milk chocolate until the Japanese militarists took to demanding oil and copper and scrap iron, to the exclusion of the peaceful, pleasing, and wholesome substances that go into milk chocolate. The Polish confectioner saw the handwriting on the wall and made off for South America. I made off for France.

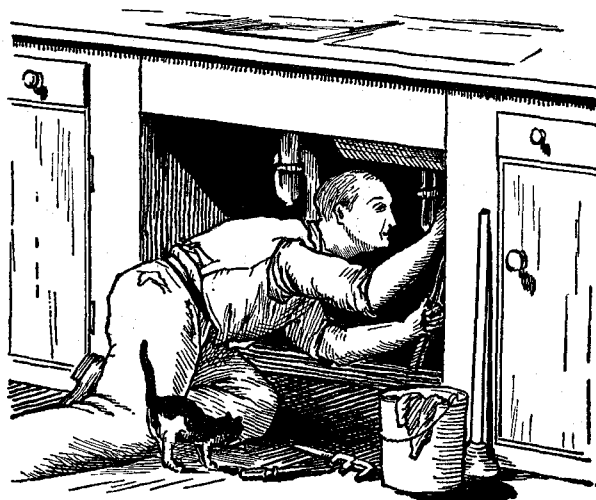
For the first few months Paris was an epicurean paradise, in chocolate, as in so many other things. Then came the blighting hand of war. Belgian and Swiss brands disappeared; the French became ominously scarcer. With the horrible specter of chocolate rationing before my eyes, I scoured the *patisseries*, buying up huge stocks of my favorite cakes with bad French and unlimited francs. My Neuilly flat acquired one of the biggest private chocolate caches that ever existed. Alas, the security of this reserve was illusory, just as illusory as the bank notes and stocks and bonds that many a French bourgeois had put by for a rainy day.

My wife and I got out of Paris (two days before the Germans marched in) with what we could carry in our hands. Most of the cache I abandoned, although I wedged enough cakes of chocolate into our scanty baggage to help sustain us in our harried, hungry days as refugees. I only hope the abandoned hoard helped to feed a hungry French family and did not swell the loot of the conquering Nazis.

Now the American chocolate situation is ominously reminiscent of France in 1940. Only the true devotee can appreciate what desolation has been wrought on our formerly unlimited reserves of this precious stimulant. Fortunately for my reputation as a law-abiding citizen, chocolate is not rationed. So I haven't been obliged to break through ceilings, forge coupons, or deal with black markets in order to obtain, not my fair share, but my essential share of this substance. By scouring every town I visit and buying up ruthlessly whatever little stocks of pure chocolate I can find, I have built up a reserve roughly comparable with what I possessed in Paris. Should new supplies be finally and irrevocably cut off, I could live on this for a few months.



I refuse to look further ahead. Life without sun or air might be made endurable by some miracle of science. But not life without chocolate. Should this be denied, I cherish wild dreams of emigrating to Ecuador or Guatemala. There (although I have never raised anything more productive than ideas) I would lay out a personal Victory Garden in which the sole crop would be cocoa beans, which I would chew raw if necessary. This is the kind of desperate sacrifice a chocolate addict will contemplate.



Hitting the Nail or The Art of Puttering

By EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

PEOPLE in my corner of Connecticut have just been warned that if their personal property assessment is a bit higher this year it is because of the rising value of the old car. Instead of depreciating as in the past, it is now worth more. And that is true of most of our possessions. They have acquired new value on account of scarcity, just as did the few tools and utensils the Swiss Family Robinson saved from the wreck; and this scarcity is going to transform us all into Swiss Family Robinsons, challenging our ingenuity to prolong usefulness.

You might divide people into two grand divisions: those who take pride in their ineptness — “fingers all thumbs,” “can’t drive a nail” — and those who, equally arrogant, are what for lack of a better word I will call “putterers” — meaning those handy folk to whom the use of tools is a knack. I am aware that the word has an invidious meaning in the lexicons — that, like “boondoggling,” it is used as a word of reproach; but also like that word it is authentic colloquial American of ancient and honorable lineage, signifying the doing of odd jobs not a part of one’s gainful employment. “Boondoggling” means riding a hobby, and “puttering” is making a hobby of fixing things.

“Been working today?”

“No; just puttering” — meaning he rehung the gate, painted the henhouse, sewed a rip in the har-

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS is a man who can use his hands as well as his mind. He has never allowed his executive duties in New York to interfere seriously with the carpentering, the wood-carving, or the building of ship models which is his particular hobby. In these days when every householder must do his own repairs, we should like to have Mr. Calkins as our handy man.

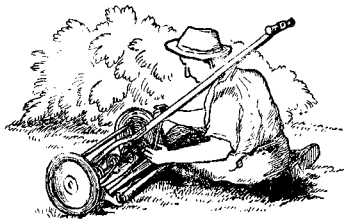
ness, patched a hole in the screen door, put new washers on the mower, and nailed up a shelf in the pantry.

Urged by propaganda and necessity, recruits are joining this social group in increasing numbers, for war has brought some strange reversals. The advertisers, those persuasive fellows who make the delightful gadgets, widgets, and doodads that have cushioned our material civilization, have changed their tune. They are soft-pedaling the old familiar refrain of "Buy! Buy!" The burden of their new song is "Keep it up! Make it last!" And they do more than admonish. They point the way.

2

Hitherto we have been much too ready to phone the repairman when an electric cord ravels and short circuits, or a water pipe springs a leak. We shall learn that half the ills plumbing and electric wiring are heir to can be cured with not much more skill than it takes to darn a sock. Simple repairs in both fields are now being taught to classes of women in various parts of the country, sponsored by the very concerns that once preached the doctrine of consumptionism and obsolescence: the plumbing manufacturers and the power companies. The latter stand to lose some forty-two millions of annual revenue if the electric utilities now in our homes are allowed to get out of whack.

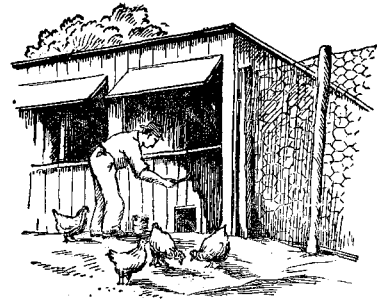
In rural New England, and no doubt elsewhere, the farmers have schools to which they repair two evenings a week, where experts teach first-aid to tractors, harrows, and binders. This movement has a delightful touch, in that the repaired farm machinery is repainted in bright victorious colors to proclaim its part in winning the war, in addition to the practical purpose of keeping farm machinery run-



ning during a famine of servicemen and spare parts.

You, too, — as the ads say, — can become a putterer. You will need a few tools: hammer, saw, screwdriver, bit, awl, Stillson wrench (that ingenious device that grips round things — useful for starting reluctant bottle caps as well as unscrewing water pipes), insulating tape (to bind the wounds of electric cords), electric soldering iron and solder with the flux in the core, Scotch tape, glue (the kind made of

milk — casein glue), plastic wood (you stop up holes the way a dentist fills a cavity), plaster of Paris (good for filling the place in walls where screws have pulled out). Walk up and down the aisles in the five-and-ten. You will be amazed at their eloquent suggestion — pliers, clamps, files, electric fittings, tacks, picture hooks, assortments of screws and nails. Those small spring clothespins that come in a box of two dozen for five cents are invaluable for keeping things from coming unstuck. You ought



to have a knife — not a pocketknife or a penknife, but a whittling knife. The best, if you can find one, is what is known as a sloyd knife, used by woodcarvers.

3

Thus equipped, you can learn to use tools. The entire human race learned it. Man is a tool-inventing, tool-using animal. That is one of the things that distinguish him from the rest of the menagerie. A people that has taught itself to play contract, hole a putt, knit a sweater, or dial a telephone, need not be stumped by the simple skills needed to drive a nail, glue a chair, take down an electric plug and reassemble it, or put a washer in a bathtub outlet.

One takes these little repair jobs as one takes chess problems or crossword puzzles — something to be solved. Here is a perfectly good chair, for instance. Our superheated environment has dried out the glue of a more rugged era, and the rungs have come out of the legs. It is a simple job to recondition it. Mix the white powder that is casein glue in an equal bulk of cold water, let stand thirty minutes, and stir vigorously. Then daub it in the holes and on the ends of the rods and put it together. But how to hold it until the glue has set?

Furniture men use large clamps that you are unlikely to have. So you can resort to one of the oldest mechanical devices and construct a homemade turnbuckle. Tie a strong cord around the two adjoining legs that hold the rungs, insert a short stick between the cords, and wind it up into a tight twist. Catch the stick so that it will not unwind. There you have a simple repair, not without interest if you thought up the turnbuckle yourself, as I did. Each job makes



This man was taught not to drink water

Drinking water is scarce in North Africa. And what there is, is likely to be bad.

So before our soldiers landed here, they were weaned away from water. A dash of iodine in their drinking water served the double purpose of disinfecting it, and making it taste awful. By the time the boys landed in Africa, they'd lost all taste for water except in safe, prepared drinks.

The favorite prepared drink is

lemonade. Field Ration K provides it—along with veal, pork, sausage, coffee, bouillon, malted milk tablets, biscuits, chocolate and chewing gum—all in a 33 ounce pack.

Sounds like somebody was taking pretty good care of our boys, doesn't it? And that's right. American soldiers are the best-fed, best-equipped, best-cared-for in the world.

But keeping them that way

takes money. So much money that Uncle Sam asks us to invest not 10% or 15% or 20%, *but all we can in War Bonds.*

Chances are, you're already in the Payroll Savings Plan—doing your bit. But don't stop there. Raise your sights! Do your *best!* Remember, you get back \$4 for every \$3 you invest, when Bonds are held to maturity. But your money is needed *NOW!*

YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT... NOW DO YOUR BEST!

BUY MORE



WAR BONDS

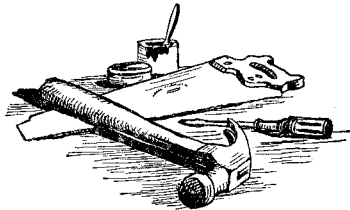
This space is a contribution to America's all-out war effort

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its demands on your ingenuity, and such jobs are going to bob up in your household with increasing frequency as men and materials are withdrawn for the duration.

In the past few weeks I have hammered a dent out of a silver bowl, soldered a candleshade to its wire support, replaced a fixture that pulled out of a bathroom wall, sandpapered a cork to fit the cap of a flask, mended a split umbrella stick, — first with glue, then by winding tightly with a bit of fish line of the same shade as the stick, — and replaced the worn-out cords of a Venetian blind. I actually wangled an A-10 Priority Rating from the War Production Board to replace a small part in my Delta Scroll Saw, on the plea that I used it for keeping in repair things that cannot be replaced.

So we are all becoming putterers in the better sense of the word, or should be, and those of us who long ago learned the joy of doing things with our hands wear a smile of triumph when plumbers, garage mechanics, painters, carpenters, tinsmiths, and upholsterers make appointments weeks ahead like a popular dentist. To dispense with these gentry and do it yourself gives you a delicious sense of mastery, that self-sufficient Selkirk feeling, monarch of all you survey, using such tools as you have and inventing those you lack, in the spirit of the pioneers from whom so many of us are descended. It is really as good fun as some of the more foolish games we play.



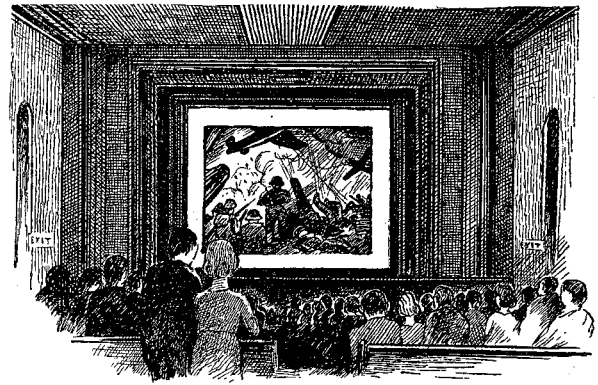
In War's Despite

By CAROLINE T. HOWLAND

How warm the sun! How still the air!
The waves come rippling up the beach,
To leave their lace-like overflow
In curves far down the sandy reach.

No pounding now upon the land,
Only a quiet ebb and flow;
A stir of pebbles on the strand —
And then, a whispering undertow.

No wind disturbs the autumn leaves;
A whirl of wings just breaks the hush,
When, on the dry and sunlit grass,
Lo! at my feet a hermit thrush.



Make-Believe War

By "THE LOOKER"

THIS much you must say for Hollywood: it always runs true to form. Here we are in the most momentous war that man has ever known, — a war which is rocking civilization and altering the face of the world, — and our authors of fictitious movies are generally showing it on the screen, as they have shown all crises in history, as a background for make-believe. Remote in their plush-and-chromium cloisters, they are still twisting grim events to suit the fanciful contours of a plot. Those of us who had hoped that the movies might suddenly grow up, in time of genuine trial, have been in for a cruel shock.

Picture makers have their own point of view and the satisfying conviction that they are doing a superior war job. The fact that millions of customers — more than ever before — are flocking every day to the movies is all the encouragement they need to continue their humdrum duplication of familiar hero-whooping films. In their simple estimation, eighty million people can't be wrong — which is a comforting way of dismissing the nibbling thought that they themselves *can*.

This is not a blanket indictment. There have been a few — a precious few — Hollywood films which have given a fair conception of the sacrifice and misery in this war. *Wake Island* was a credible documentation, in fiction style, of heroic defense, and *Air Force* showed the courage and coöperation required of a Flying Fortress crew. *The Moon Is Down* made us realize the terrible tension inside Norway. But our studios have yet to make a war film to compare with Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve* — a picture which actually succeeds in con-

One of the more tenacious of New York's movie-goers is concealed by the pseudonym, "THE LOOKER." Countless "B" pictures have failed to stifle his hope that the next one, somehow, will be better.

1942



1943

Atlantic Student Contest Winners

The Atlantic Student Contests for 1942-1943 (closing date April 8) were open to all students using the Atlantic Monthly in a course during some part of the classroom year.

\$50 PRIZE ESSAY (College)

Money Crop, by Hannah May Savage,
Meredith College, Raleigh, N. C.,
Julia Hamlet Harris, Instructor.

\$50 PRIZE STORY (College)

The First Question, by Marilyn L.
Herman, Brooklyn College, N. Y.,
Catherine Mifflin Reigart, Instructor.

\$50 PRIZE POEM (College)

Warning (Greece), by Martha Harter,
Indiana State Teachers College,
Mary R. McBeth, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION (College)

ESSAY Between Two Educations, by Francesca L. Vidale,
Wellesley College, Mass., Amy Kelly, Instructor;
Season of Growth, by Margaret Boody, Univer-
sity of New Hampshire, Carroll S. Towle, Instructor;
The Lamp Before the Altar, by Elwyn Pratt, Converse
College, Spartanburg, S. C., Elizabeth S. Bearden,
Instructor.

STORY Glory Be! by Monica Fitzgerald, Mount St.
Mary's College, Los Angeles, Calif., Sister Marie
de Lourdes, Instructor; Where the Heart Is, by Rose-
mary Harris, Mount St. Mary's College, Los Angeles,
Calif., Sister Marie de Lourdes, Instructor; The Big Sing,
by Marvin Cook, Southwestern College, Winfield, Kan-
sas, Margaret Miller, Instructor.

POEM Before a Parting, by Carol Micka, College of St.
Catherine, St. Paul, Minn., Sister Maris Stella,
Instructor; Snowfall During Retreat, by Carol Micka,
College of St. Catherine, St. Paul, Minn., Sister Maris
Stella, Instructor; After the Storm, by Grace Racer,
College of St. Catherine, St. Paul, Minn., Sister Maris
Stella, Instructor.

\$25 PRIZE ESSAY (School)

Scientific Imitation of Life, by
Eleanore Griswold, Bennington High
School, Vt., Eupha Bonham, Instructor.

\$25 PRIZE STORY (School)

No Answering Echo, by Phyllis Dvorak,
Central High School, Minneapolis,
Abigail O'Leary, Instructor.

\$25 PRIZE POEM (School)

Zwei Seelen Wohnen, Ach! in Meiner Brust,
by Bill Grant, Roosevelt High School, Seattle,
Wash., Mildred Firth Crockett, Instructor.

HONORABLE MENTION (School)

ESSAY The Pursuit of a Word, by Louella Higgins,
Washington Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., E. W. Paisley,
Instructor; After This Pattern, by Elizabeth Henson,
Kent Place School, Summit, N. J., Rebecca L. Mixner, In-
structor; Navy Junior, by Joan Campbell, Emma Willard
School, Troy, N. Y., Ellen R. Manchester, Instructor.

STORY Sharkey Was a Horseman, by Janice Tynan,
The Katharine Branson School, Ross, Calif.,
Marthe Howey, Instructor; Die Jungen, by David Cresap
Moore, The Choate School, Wallingford, Conn., Charles
M. Rice, Instructor; Aftermath, by Barbara Morgan,
Bennington High School, Vt., Eupha Bonham, Instructor.

POEM Lines Written in a Submarine, by Lorna
Maney, St. Agnes School, Albany, N. Y., Margaret
Braswell, Instructor; Thoughts of an English Girl, by
Betty McCrary, Northeast High School, Kansas City,
Mo., Frances H. Spencer, Instructor; Sonnet, by Polly
Toland, Shipley School, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania,
Helen H. Young, Instructor; Sonnet Sequence, by Albert
Cook, Utica Free Academy, N. Y., F. W. Treible, In-
structor; The War Generation, by William Alexander
Guthrie, Deerfield Academy, Mass., Bartlett W. Boyden,
Instructor; The Cat, by Virginia Worthington, The
Masters School, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., Katharine Stewart
Worthington, Instructor.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT of BREAD LOAF

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS —Page 33—

veying the selfless duty and devotion of a whole people at war.

It is almost embarrassing to say so, but the heroes in most of our war films have been decidedly disagreeable characters. They have been the sort you wouldn't have around the house — that is, at the beginning of the picture. They all get better as they go along. In the end, of course, they get medals and a smug, toplofty air. For it seems to be an axiom with script writers that there is no such thing as a plain American man: we are all either rebels or misfits — and egoists above all else.



Robert Taylor, for instance, in *Stand By for Action* — a fantastic film — was at the outset a super de luxe social snob, that most affected of movie patricians, a “typical” Harvard man. He was a two-striper naval reservist and an aide to the admiral. But he learned the stern code of duty from the lowborn commander of a destroyer with the Pacific Fleet and, after a series of spirited adventures, was able to manifest that “Harvard teaches a man to stand on his own two feet and accept responsibility for his own mistakes.” Of course, the camera was focused almost entirely on Mr. Taylor's face. That was to keep folks from forgetting that it was he who was fighting the war.

In the picture called *Crash Dive*, Tyrone Power was a similar sort of chap — the scion of a traditional Navy family which had its seat in an old Southern manse in Massachusetts. His youth had been wild and romantic, and his grandmother (Dame May Whitty) proudly proclaimed that “it took all of our influence to keep him from being thrown out of the Academy his first year.” Yet Mr. Power became sufficiently stabilized to join a petty officer and a Negro cook from his submarine, at the big moment, and to knock over a complete, secret Nazi base. To be sure, Mr. Power did most of the knocking. But the red, white, and blue-blood spirit prevailed.

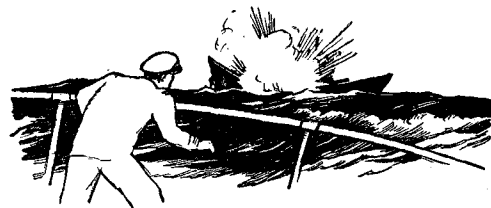
Another elaborate example of a Hollywood egoist in war films was the hero of a Marine Corps picture, *To the Shores of Tripoli*. Here the lad joined the outfit simply to gratify the desire of his old dad, a Marine Corps veteran of the last war, but he was arrogant and rebellious from the start. It was only through the grace of a top sergeant, an old friend

of the dad (Marines please note), that the boy was saved from court-martial. Indeed, he was actually on the way out when the big thing happened — Pearl Harbor! — whereupon the youngster really showed his stuff. He climbed out of civvies and into uniform right in the middle of the street as his regiment was marching off.

That is one sort of war-film hero — the superior, rebellious type. There is another: the cool, contemptuous cynic. He is usually of a lower social class. In a little horror called *Remember Pearl Harbor* (which got no closer to Pearl Harbor than the Philippines), the hero was a former Army deserter who had done a bit of spying for the Japs before he discovered his miscalculation and pitched in on the right and winning side.

Usually this type of hero stems from a gangster background. Hollywood has found the war a timely refuge for its waning toughs and thugs. In a film candidly titled *Hitler, Dead or Alive*, the high-minded heroes were mobsters who tried in vain to “snatch” the Nazi boss. “Two Yanks in Trinidad” were gangsters doing the best they could in uniform.

Likewise the hero of the film *China*, — a current favorite named Alan Ladd, — although not precisely a criminal, was a fellow of a very shady stripe. He was, in fact, a vicious opportunist whose principal business was selling oil to the Japs until the shining, unselfish example of Loretta Young penetrated his commercial mind. Miss Young, guarding a brood of little Chinese schoolgirls, plus the spec-



tacle of a few Jap atrocities, altered his whole outlook. Coolly, he pilfered some dynamite and blew up a Jap division.

So much for the American heroes conceived by Hollywood. The warfare itself, as represented, has been equally spurious. Naturally, commando tactics exert a strong appeal on the makers of fictional films, so commando raids in the movies have become frequent and commonplace. Almost every war film is now climaxed by a stiff commando raid — especially since “inside” pictures have become epidemic on the screen. “Inside” pictures are such fables as have to do with strong resistance in occupied lands,

and obviously a commando raid is the handiest way of getting the patriots out.

One of the most desperate raids yet seen, from a Hollywood point of view, was that which rang down victory on *Commandos Strike at Dawn*. Not only did British raiders barge into a Norwegian fjord with bagpipes skirling and motors roaring, to get the jump on a Nazi air base, but they did so in broad daylight. The title anticipated their arrival by several hours.

In *Edge of Darkness*, another film which had to do with Norwegian resistance, the climax was a slaughter to behold. It was not the commandos this time; most of the fighting was done by the valiant, unflagging Norwegians, led by Errol Flynn. Armed with material dropped to them from the skies by the RAF, the patriots assaulted the Nazis in true raid-the-stockade style. The dead were piled up like cordwood after the shooting was done. Mr. Flynn, who was in the van, escaped without a scratch.

That is warfare according to Hollywood. The implausibilities stand out like "V for Victory" signs. Even in a picture as persuasive and inspiring, up to a point, as *Air Force*, the climax became hyperbolic. Jap warships were blown up like wooden tubs — which, in a manner of speaking, is precisely what they were. And *Wake Island* had its pyrotechnics before the bitter end. Somehow the Hollywood film folks seem to work in a few too many shots.

As reputable a producer as Walter Wanger, head of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, justifies wild exaggeration and improbabilities in



war films on the ground that the guilty pictures carry at least a measure of sober warning. But this is something like saying that a food which is generally harmful for children is thoroughly justifiable because it contains a speck of vitamin A. There is no honest rationalization for the general run of Hollywood war pictures except that they seem to make money — a slim alibi in these times.

Films, in the last analysis, are no stronger than their weakest cliché. Unfortunately, most of our war films have been unable to bear the slightest strain.



The Trouble With Father

By RAE EVERITT

OUR farm began somewhat in the manner of a hobby and has continued as our principal means of eating. What used to be a perfectly good place to live has now become a farm. Productive, they tell me. Too productive for me. In fact it is rapidly gaining the upper hand and will eventually destroy us all. Isn't there an old saying that you can't control nature? Well, even if there isn't, we're all finding out about things in general.

You wonder how anyone can complain of a good crop and a successful farm? If I weren't intimately concerned with one, I might wonder too. Our main troubles are with conflicting temperaments, views, and personal problems. My family is intellectual and basically lazy.

Wearied from a week of school, business, or the care of a large house, our family of six sits down at the dinner table on Friday night. With averted eyes we wait in silence for the inevitable sentence.

My father at the head of the table tries to act as if he didn't know what it was all about. He is a well-built man of forty, with a handsome face, no excess weight, and very positive ideas. We shall call him Ray. He is a hard worker and a demon for perfection.

At his right sits my thirteen-year-old sister, Jan. Opposite him sits my mother, Helen. At his left, I sit. I shall call myself Ann. Next to me is my brother, Chuck, of seven wise years' growth. Upstairs in bed lies the real master of the household, innocent for the moment, my small brother Sam, of three mortal years.

After the exchange of daily occurrences, the dreaded topic looms large. What will our week-end project be? Resignation is plain on every face except Ray's. He is efficiently cheerful.

"Tomorrow we tackle the corn."

RAE EVERITT is the daughter of a Boston editor and publisher. Her father is also an energetic farmer, and this is what it feels like to be enslaved in a Victory Garden.

"And what, kind sir, are we supposed to do with the old dried-up field corn?"

"First we cut it down and —" Here he is interrupted with a polite request to go out and help feed the calf that is just being taken off the milk from the cow and must be forced to eat after her starvation period of three days. Fifteen minutes later he returns to his stone-cold food, much disheveled and slightly subdued.



Saturday morning arrives, and everyone carefully oversleeps. Then Ray starts to read a book. But the hour can be put off no longer. Ray takes off his glasses and brusquely orders his out to the fields.

What goes through his mind must be something like this:—

"Must work every minute to bring that corn in. Where is that machete? Oh, here it is. Wrong place. Must remember to scold someone for not putting it back on the right hook. I shall cut ten rows this morning. Make Helen do five at least.

"Why aren't they here? They're letting me down. Well, I've done almost all the work this summer; I might as well do the rest. Here they come. I must try to be fair. Helen probably had to plan the meals.

"Swing, Blow. Swing, Blow. There really is a lot of pleasure and profit in this work. Swing, Blow. I can't understand why the children's faces are so grim. Ann didn't really have to do her homework this morning. She can easily stay home from wherever that place is that she wants to go. Swing, Blow. Helen is quite helpful, but it will be a fine thing if she doesn't go to the village this morning as she planned to. Save the tires.

"Swing, Blow, Swing, Blow. Jan isn't doing that piling right. Chuck isn't working hard enough. Swing, Blow. Got to get this done. Swing, Blow. Gets a little tiring after a while. Swing, Blow. Swing, Blow. Must keep going. My back is breaking. Swing, can't stop. Blow, work. Swing. These blisters are opening. Wish Helen would work faster with that machete. Swing, Blow."

He scowls at Jan and Chuck, who are throwing cornstalks at each other; at Sam happily playing in the newly plowed ground with the only good trowel. What should he do with them? It isn't only that. They're messing up the ground, and have made it

impossible to have a machine cut the corn because of their continuous games of hide-and-seek. Ray bears all that without complaining.

"But why can't they understand? Understand that you have to do, do, Work. Now. Hard. It has to get done before winter creeps up behind. We must finish it now. Now. Why can't they understand?"

Desperately, he drives himself on, on.

A woman's work is never done, they say. Make that women and children, and it's a fact. During the week, my father takes it easy, just being a publisher. But we? Oh, no. For the scandalously long hours from 10.00 A.M. to 1.00 P.M. (haven't I read somewhere about maximum hours and child labor?) we slave away in the garden. And we can't even *try* to beat the game, because there's a checkup every night.

A pleasant little walk with Ray. "Come into my spider, said the parlor." No, that's not right. Well, how about an E pennant for energy, effort, expletives, and eggs? I must tell you about our chickens someday.



Mill-dam

By DANIEL SARGENT

IT LAYS its ears back, starts to run
Head-down toward its silver fun,
Streaking toward the finish gun
Of its own thunder.

I mean the river, just before
It merges with the mill-dam's roar,
And has a scant two seconds more
Before its blunder.

It preens itself, it smooths its hair,
It would arrive unruffled there.
Its frontlet is a diamond flare.
It looks down under.

And now a strand of it streaks white,
Another, another, left and right,
Till all of it avalanches bright,
One weave of wonder.

The Robe

BY LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

WE see ourselves in our great best sellers. They show us the American mood.

After the last war came THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, symbolic of our sympathy for two faithful allies. Then ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT showed a more catholic preoccupation with mankind's suffering. ANTHONY ADVERSE was an adventurous escape from the disillusionment of the twenties and the depression of the thirties. GONE WITH THE WIND was also an escape but evidence of a new questioning interest in the problems of our history. In GRAPES OF WRATH this interest developed into a broader sense of social responsibility and in KEYS OF THE KINGDOM it was extended on a world-wide scale.

Now THE ROBE represents a climax to this sequence. In this exciting legend of Christ's garment you will find hope without self-deception and a new understanding of the power of sacrifice.

\$2.75

Moscow Dateline

BY HENRY C. CASSIDY

"'Moscow Dateline' is the honest-to-goodness account of two momentous years in Moscow written by a first-class reporter . . . pungent, vivid writing . . . Cassidy makes a real contribution to history in his account of the meetings between Stalin, Winston Churchill and Wendell Willkie. These passages should be required reading for the State Department, and I suspect that Cassidy's friendship with the British Ambassador, Clark Kerr, gave him an inside line on Anglo-American relations with Russia . . . It is not often that newspapermen can intervene in history, as Cassidy did with his two letters to Stalin and Stalin's replies on the subject of a second front."

WALTER DURANTY, N. Y. Times

\$3.00



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY : PUBLISHERS



THE *Atlantic* BOOKSHELF

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by EDWARD WEEKS

IN Chicago I talked with an inventor who was working on a book which would read itself aloud. Simply plug it into the wall socket, sit back, and open your ears. I questioned him on the kind of literature he meant to can. Mysteries and light fiction to begin with, but eventually all kinds. Even the *Atlantic*, he added. Would he get voices like Paul Robeson's and Raymond Massey's to do the reading? No, he thought a monotone would be better. Let people supply their own feeling.

If, in the world to come, books are reduced to a sound track, and if the day's news comes to us by television, how much future is left for the printed word? My guess would be, a big one. The truth is that, after this war, books will no longer be classed as a luxury. Some books, some authors will always be caviar, but no longer need contemporary literature be sold like vintage wine and Paris perfume to about one per cent of our population. For during the past decade and now under the economy of war, publishers have been learning more and more about how to produce — and distribute — books to a mass public. Henry Cassidy told me that the biggest queues in Russia are those in front of bookstores. Russia has never had enough books to go round. And neither have we — neither enough books nor enough bookstores.

How many readers?

The *Retail Bookseller* reports that no other book of which they have any record has traveled half so fast as Wendell Willkie's *One World*. It has been running the hundred-yard dash in two seconds flat. As I write, the sale has passed 1,100,000 copies, of which approximately 900,000 were in the magazine format priced at one dollar. Count two readers for every copy and then guess how many million will have read Mr. Willkie before the year is out!

Another book whose ideas will extend like the ripples in a pond is Walter Lippmann's *U. S. Foreign Policy, Shield of the Republic*. The publisher's edition

and the Book-of-the-Month Club edition (320,000 copies) will go at once to the eager reader. A fortnight later the *Reader's Digest* will distribute its condensed version (23 per cent of the text) to some nine million persons.

The reviewer, the editorial writer, the radio commentator, the Council on Books in Wartime — each has the power to make a new book more imperative. Thus, if the print is compelling enough, its message will be relayed in pictures, through newspaper syndicates and documentary films, until the original word has reached fifteen, twenty, thirty million Americans. This is a new technique in publishing, hastened by the war and not to be relinquished afterwards.

Books are bullets

Today books are bullets on the home front. So they were at the time of the American Revolution. And the man who molded the best bullets for the Continentals was a cast-off Englishman, a renegade Quaker, a corset maker who had grubbed in the squalor of Hogarth's London. Ben Franklin straightened him out of liquor and passed him into Philadelphia, where a Scotch printer encouraged him to write. He wrote the *Crisis* papers; he wrote a little pamphlet called *Common Sense*, which became the fighting credo of the Continental Army (it was the first big best-seller in America but was pirated so often the sale is unknown); he wrote: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country. . . ." Washington called him "Citizen Tom Paine."

In writing his historical novel **Howard Fast** has timed his book perfectly. For *Citizen Tom Paine* (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce \$2.75) was no good in peace; he was at his best only in strife and revolution. When war stirred his blood and when he felt himself in league with mankind, he put away the bottle and on the anvil of injustice he struck sparks and hammered out words men never forgot. He was the born

A Poet's Salute to America . . .

PRIMER FOR AMERICA

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin



What does America mean? What do we have, besides our liberty that is peculiarly American? Tumbling forth in 135 vigorous ballads, comes this noted poet's answer. God's plenty! In verses deep and strong and near to the earth, Mr. Coffin takes stock of our national institutions, myths and legends, regional prides and attitudes.

He sings the simple glories of America's past and present; of city, town and country life, of men and women who have contributed to our national heritage, from the shores of Maine to Puget Sound. Rich in humor and homeliness and music, these ballads will delight the individual reader and will have a rich value for the American record. This book is of and for us all. \$2.00

THE LAST INSPECTION

By Alun Lewis

These short stories, written by one of the finest talents to come from England during the war, express a point of view of the younger generation. Greening, going home to his wife before embarkation; Naffy the aviator and his girl-friend; the soldier and the ballerina; the men in the guard house, and many others—all at war, but all having no enemy. \$2.00

The Permanent Court of International Justice

1920
1942

By Manley O. Hudson

The leading authority in America on the World Court presents a detailed history of its efforts and accomplishments through the twenty-two years of its existence. \$7.00

World Trade in Agricultural Products

By Henry C. & Anne D. Taylor

The recent food conference makes this first comprehensive and concise survey of the facts of world trade in agriculture of vital and immediate importance. \$3.50

HEAVEN IS A SUNSWEEP HILL

By Earl Guy

Peopled with characters 'whose hearts are in the right place,' this fast-paced novel, set in the floodlands of the Lower Mississippi, covers a few tense days in the life of a man, his wife and their two small daughters. You will like and admire these people, so shrewd, so humorous, so self-reliant. Though their lands be inundated by rains, their spirits are flooded with the warmth of family life. \$2.50



"One of the most wildly exciting books the war has produced. It MUST be read."

—The New Yorker

Combined Operations

The Official Story of the COMMANDOS

"The most compelling reading yet to come out of this war . . . an amazing and prophetic book, bringing current history alive."—*Chicago Daily News*

"Should be read by everyone who wishes to understand the background of what is going to happen this summer in Sicily, in Greece, in Norway, and in France."—*New York Times*

32 pages of pictures, 7 detailed maps . . . \$2.00



"The most complete and penetrating general survey of native American art ever published—"

Medieval American Art

By Pal Kelemen

From our own Southwest down through Mexico and Central America, and on into South America—this is the broad field which he covers. The text is wholly reliable and is presented with admirable clarity and order. Architecture, sculpture, pottery, weaving and other subjects are fully treated—and powerfully backed up by the 950-plus superbly magnificent pictures. Indispensable for both lay-students and professional workers."—*New York Times Book Review*

Two Volume Set \$22.50

rebel. Tough-minded, with a leathery body and powerful hands, he was one of our mainstays in the Revolution. "Give me seven years," he said then, "and I'll write a *Common Sense* for every nation in Europe." Later he did try to rouse England; and still later he all but lost his life in the French Revolution. Now is the time to read his fierce and troubled story.

The novel gets off to a shaky start — I suspect because so little is known of Tom Paine's early drudgery. He rebelled against his father, ran off to London, drank hard, was a failure at every trade and twice a failure in marriage. The book does not begin to breathe until Tom gets to Philadelphia. Here Mr. Fast encounters another difficulty common to most historical novelists, for when he draws Washington, Jefferson, and Nathanael Greene as characters secondary to Tom, he produces an effect which is a good deal less than we imagine for ourselves. It takes a Tolstoy to touch great men lightly.

Where this novel is most invigorating is in its picture of Tom with the marching, stumbling men in retreat across the Jerseys or at Valley Forge; its picture of the printshops and of how *Common Sense* swept like wildfire across the land; its picture of Philadelphia citizens rising in their fury against the appeasers and profiteers; its picture of Tom in his prime when his magnificent anger braced the doubting Thomases, and of Tom himself pathetically bewildered when age closed in on him in France. After reading this book I want to read more Tom Paine, applying to our present, as Mr. Fast intends we should, the truths of this fierce, lonely man whose village was the world.

Government printing

Books are bullets on the home front: they penetrate the loose and fearful thinking about the war and its aftermath; they drive home the truth about our men in action. Thus far the best books about Britain's armed forces have been published by His Britannic Majesty's Stationery Office — which is to say, by the British government. This also is a new technique in English Letters, if not in the U.S.S.R.

The government went into publishing after the Battle of Dunkirk when they had a story worth telling to an anxious nation. The English publishers believe to this day that they could have done the job quite as effectively their own way. But the government wanted the books without debate; it had the closest access to those anonymous authors, the survivors, and it knew to a nicety how much could be printed and how much should be left untold. Finally the authorities argued that if the work came out anonymously, as a composite picture, it would carry with it the authenticity of the RAF or whatever service was being written about. So His Majesty's Government went into the publishing business, and to date they have sold upwards of fifteen million copies of their

paper-bound war books at prices ranging from 3d. to 2s. In so doing they have made a profit of £30,000.

[At this point, common sense cocks a weather eye at Washington and asks whether Mr. Elmer Davis sees a parallel here he would like to follow. Do we want our government to go into the book business? I mean on a larger scale than it has already? American publishers are beginning to worry.]

The Stationery Office needed a master hand to interview the fighters and piece their stories together: an Englishman with a keen ear for the telling phrase, the understanding that gains a soldier's confidence, and that capacity for understatement which makes other Englishmen purr. It is an open secret that this master hand is Hilary Aidan St. George Saunders, a ruddy, cheerful man, just my age, who won the Military Cross in the First World War, who has written historical novels and thrillers under at least two pen names, who kept his temper for seventeen years in the secretariat of the League of Nations, and who is now on leave as Assistant Librarian to the House of Commons. Mr. Saunders has one of the best writing jobs in this war, and if you care to see how proficiently — and how anonymously — he composes, read *Combined Operations: The Official Story of the Commandos* (Macmillan \$2.00) or *Coastal Command* (Macmillan \$1.50).

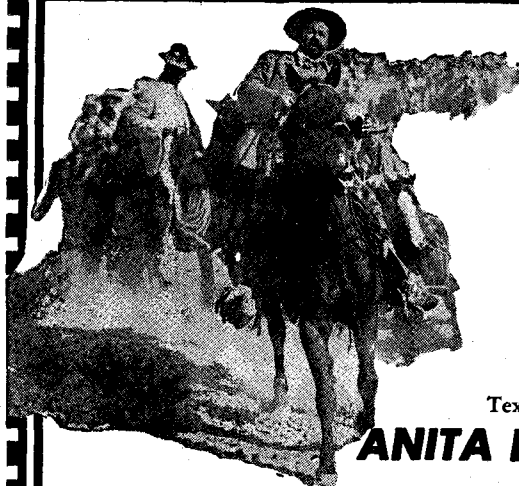
Picked men

Combined Operations is the inside story of those picked men who began to harry Hitler's outposts in the summer of 1940. England was then so short of weapons that the Commandos had not enough with which to train, and only drew their tommy guns when ready to embark; on return the arms went back to a central store.

The Commandos were picked in desperation, and the audacity and surprise with which they struck put fresh heart in the entire army. The raid on Rommel's headquarters, the raid on Vaagsö, on Bruneval, Guernsey, and Saint-Nazaire, are here disclosed in detail. In the telling, the brutality drops out. This is like reading the sporting page about the battle of the century. Watch the timing. H.M.S. *Campbelltown* was supposed to ram the lockgate at Saint-Nazaire at 1.30 A.M., if nothing intervened. She crossed 200 miles of enemy water, came up the harbor with guns and searchlights playing full on her, and hit the lock smack at 1.34. See the teamwork: the photographs taken by the RAF in support. And score the casualties. In the raid on Rommel's headquarters, two out of twenty-six came back. The story of Dieppe shows the price these Commandos set on their own heads — and their willingness to stay, once they have landed. But we do not know what it cost them to wrestle with the unpredictable. For this is the modest, almost too cheerful record of those who came back; how the other half lived will not be told until the prisoners come home from Germany.

For the dog days

In the summer when the evenings get sticky, the accustomed path of reading and thinking is hard to



This story has never before been told.
No story has ever before been told ***this way.***

FOR the first time, the history of the Mexican Revolution is told in its entirety—from personal, first-hand experience. For the first time, historical photographs record the continuous story of the text. "An original and striking book. Rarely have text and pictures been more artfully combined to make a dramatic and unified whole. Clear, concise and beautifully fused together, a book of unusual interest unusually well written. Its effective use of pictures may be a milestone in the writing of history."—*N. Y. Times*. \$3.75

Text by

ANITA BRENNER

184 Historical Photos Assembled by

GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

The Wind That Swept Mexico

Spearhead

JOHN BROPHY

THE author of the unforgettable *Immortal Sergeant* now writes the story of a boy who drained the heady wine of manhood in the cold, tight, urgent darkness of a Commando raid. \$2.50

The Windmill Circle

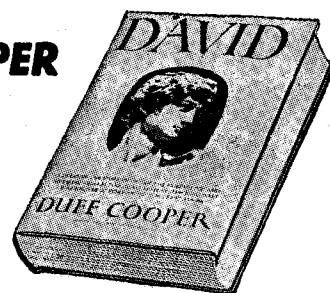
JENNINGS RICE

A SOPHISTICATED novel that centers around the rivalry of those Guilford residents who didn't belong to the exclusive Windmill Circle and those who did. \$2.50

THE stirring story of a life filled with almost unbelievably exciting conflict and adventure... the life of one of the most appealing figures in all history—king, soldier, statesman, poet and great lover. "A brilliant narrative. A fine and forthright blow at the pedantry that kills literature... good reading, repeatedly rising to higher and inescapable altitudes."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. \$3.00

DUFF COOPER

David



A PROBING, penetrating successor to last year's 106½-carat gem, *Inside Benchley*. All the favorite pieces you complained about not finding in that opus are assembled here, including a streamlined version of the famous "Treasurer's Report." Gluyas Williams' illustrations, of course, and in addition photographs of the bard himself in many moods. \$2.50

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Benchley Beside Himself

THE "Provincial Lady's" newest and most dramatic novel. Set in present-day England, it is the story of a mother and daughter, one a romantic, the other an uncompromising realist—and the man they both love... an intricate pattern, developed with quiet skill and distinction... subtle, effective and often mordantly amusing. \$2.50

E. M. DELAFIELD

Late and Soon

follow. With the body relaxed, the mind wants momentarily to be free of war worry, free to explore a path which is different. I know this feeling well and have responded to it in other years by searching out those authors who are known for their power of refreshment. Frequently this means turning back to a writer whom I missed when he first appeared. Frequently I make a mental note of some friend's enthusiasm — and then taste the book for myself. Last summer, it might amuse you to know, I found particular delight in each of these three volumes: *East of the Hudson*, by Brooks Atkinson (this was when I was in one of my Thoreau humors); *Father Malachy's Miracle* by Bruce Marshall; and the Selected Short Stories of Damon Runyon. The point is that you want books which will humor you, and since you can never be sure what the bookman's humor will be, the best I can do is to offer this variety for the dog days ahead: —

GAY, PREPOSTEROUS, AND MOCKING is Evelyn Waugh's satirical novel, *Decline and Fall* (Little, Brown \$2.50), which was originally published in 1928 and which has been reprinted this year for those who ought to know this *enfant terrible*. In the spirit and style of his satire, Mr. Waugh reminds me of Saki, and in this particular novel he has a delightful time taking the sacred cows of England for a ride. The English public school, the traditions of Oxford, British sportsmanship (try reading aloud "The Sports at Llanabba"), the house parties, the titled gentry, the remittance man, are made fun of in a burlesque that never gets too far from the truth.

It will be some time before we have a new book from Mr. Waugh, who is now serving as a captain in the Commandos.

HARD-DRIVEN AND REVEALING IN THEIR ASPIRATION are *Thomas Wolfe's Letters to His Mother* (Scribner \$3.00). The letters begin in 1909 and continue to the time of his death. They reveal his enormous self-absorption, his loneliness, and the help he received from women here and abroad; they reveal his thoughts about Harvard and English 47, his characterization of the books he was writing, and the million-word design for the big family saga he had projected for the future; they reveal his dislike of teaching and his increasing ill-health. And again and again they reveal how much encouragement and wise advice he received from his early editor, Maxwell Perkins.

A serious book for the literary-minded, on the same shelf with Katherine Mansfield's *Journal*.

PEOPLE WHO LOVE THE SEA will read *The Ship* by C. S. Forester (Little, Brown \$2.50). The creator of Captain Hornblower spent weeks on a British warship learning the feel and the source material for this modern story of a light cruiser in action in the

Mediterranean. I suspect the story has its genesis in the daring of Admiral Vian, who fought his convoy to Malta with a seamanship Nelson would have admired. The writing is clean, terse, unimpeachably masculine. Did you enjoy *In Which We Serve*? Then you will enjoy this.

ROWDY, QUICK-CRACKING AMERICAN HUMOR is the essence of *Roughly Speaking*, an autobiography by *Louise Pierson* (Simon & Schuster \$2.50). The book is almost too funny to be true, but give the lady the benefit of the doubt, for few grandmothers of our time have survived so many ups and downs. A Quincy-Boston girl whose family had plenty of money and then lost it, she studied at Simmons, worked at an incredible number of jobs, was twice married, had four children, and lives to tell the tale in grinning prose. The style is brusque, rapid-fire with little feeling but lots of wit.

Western Star

Few writers in our time have been so constant as *Stephen Vincent Benét*, and in his going we have lost one of our best. How much we have lost is more than speculation. For twenty years his writing shone with a steady, luminous flame. He was never blown about by fashion, never tempted to become an expatriate in thought or style. His narrative gift was strengthened by his deep love of our country and made lyrical by the native touches and that spring of poetry which he knew from within. Earlier than most, he recognized the threat coming our way from Europe and in his "Litany for Dictatorships," which the *Atlantic* published back in 1935, he warned us that the halcyon days were over. With the outbreak of war he put aside, for the duration, the epic *Western Star* (Farrar & Rinehart \$2.00), a poem more ambitious in design than *John Brown's Body*, on which he had first begun to work in 1934.

Western Star was to tell of the western migration of peoples, and specifically of the pioneers who first came to America. The design was an enormous one, for the poet followed the settlement of his people at Jamestown and the Bay Colony and then inland as they spread. To tell it all would have required four, probably five Books, but today we can only conjecture the sweep and vitality of what might have been as we read the Invocation, Prelude, and Book One, which were in an almost final form at the poet's death.

One large block of manuscript, some sixty pages, depicting the Columban voyages, the poet had already excluded. Thus *Western Star* becomes an epic having its taproot in London and men like Percy and Captain John Smith, Wingfield, President of the Council, and Robert Hunt, the minister of the Jamestown settlement, for its opening scenes. As the poet says, "few men have crowded more life in a life." They saw the virgin country in the spring of the year and their hopes were high. Then followed the Indian attacks, the sailing away of the ships, the malaria, the fevered heat, the hot-blooded dissension and all that the forest-god could do to torment them before

HERE are the facts...NOW is the time

for the American people to make up their minds...to determine their true self-interest...to prove their capacity for self-government...to achieve, once and for all —

*a foreign policy they can agree on,
believe in, and stick to!*



**U. S. FOREIGN POLICY: SHIELD OF
THE REPUBLIC)**

By Walter Lippmann

Writing at white heat, America's most distinguished political writer calls for immediate action to ensure American security in the future world.

330,000 copies in print, including Book-of-the-Month Club • \$1.50

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

Two men who made history
tell about it.

"WILDCATS" OVER CASABLANCA

By Lt. Malcolm T. Wordell and
Lt. Edwin N. Seiler, as told to
Keith Ayling

Two navy fighter pilots, members of a Grumman "Wildcat" squadron that covered our North African landing operations, give a spectacular account of their battles. **\$2.50**

"H. R. Hays
offers a... psychological chiller."
—CLIFTON FADIMAN, *New Yorker*

STRANGER ON THE HIGHWAY

Mr. Fadiman continues: "... with which Alfred Hitchcock... could probably do great things." "Packs quite a peculiar punch."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* **\$2.50**

LOUIS ADAMIC wires:

"BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN BY CAREY MCWILLIAMS AND SOPHIE HALENCZIK AMERICAN BY ROSE C. FELD ARE TWO BOOKS I WOULD BE WILLING TO SELL FOR YOU ON STREET CORNERS OR HOUSE TO HOUSE. I HAVE NO OTHER WORDS FOR THE ENTHUSIASM AND GRATITUDE I FEEL FOR THESE TWO VOLUMES. BOTH SHOULD BECOME BEST SELLERS AND BE AS WIDELY READ AS WILLKIE'S ONE WORLD. THERE IS A CLOSE CONNECTION BETWEEN HIS BOOK AND THEIRS."

BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN

By Carey McWilliams **\$3.00**

SOPHIE HALENCZIK, AMERICAN

By Rose C. Feld **\$2.00**

Evelyn Waugh DECLINE AND FALL

New edition. **\$2.50**

Max Werner ATTACK CAN WIN IN '43

A convincing prophecy by the man who predicted the results of Munich, the Nazi-Soviet war, the Stalingrad victory. **\$1.75**

**LITTLE, BROWN
& COMPANY
BOSTON**



THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

INDIGO

A Novel of India

by CHRISTINE WESTON

SYNOPSIS: A novel of life in an Indian garrison town, Amritpore, this story tells of the attraction and repulsion among the English, French, and natives who live there in uneasy proximity. Representative of the ruling English are John Macbeth and his attractive cousin, Bertie Wood, old Mrs. Lyttleton, and Aubrey Wall, the Civil Engineer. Wall detests natives and in a fit of violence kicks to death an opium-drugged Moslem servant.

Among the French residents, Madame de St. Remy despises the English, but her dark-haired son Jacques has both English and native friends, particularly the Macbeths and the English-trained Hindu, Hardy. Hardy and his father, Ganpat Rai, are friendly toward the English, but the dour, suspicious Moslem, Abdul Salim, hates them. Salim suspects the truth about the killing of the servant, Jalal — and acts on the suspicion.

25

A FEW days before the opening of Amritpore's Agricultural Fair, Mrs. Lyttleton suddenly commanded her servants to set to and clean up her garden. It was a jungle, no less, but it had been one for more than forty years, and the fact had never weighed very heavily on her spirits.

"Truly, she has lost her mind," declared the old mali to his colleagues in the servants' quarters. "For a month now, one can hardly cross her path without being spat on, hectoring, lectured, cursed."

"It all dates from the death of Jalal," observed the syce. "She grieves for him. That, I believe, is at the bottom of it, for she has a heart of sugar."

"And a tongue steeped in acid," mumbled the gardener.

A platoon of coolies descended on the garden, and with their arrival a stealthy exodus took place from the heart of the wilderness as multitudes of rats, snakes, lizards, and toads debouched into the

road and the adjacent compounds. The crested hoopoes, used to strutting unmolested among the graves under the loquat trees, suddenly fled. Blue-jays, chattering angrily, flew with the parrots and the seven-sisters; and the aromatic breath of the garden dispersed strangely on the winter air as Mrs. Lyttleton, smoking her Egyptian cigarettes, supervised the exhumation from her chair on the veranda.

A bicycle bell chimed in the road and she saw Hardy pedal between the gates, saw him swerve wildly to avoid the rubbish which littered the driveway. He dismounted and propped his machine against the steps, running up, breathless, to greet her.

"Heavens! What *have* you been doing?"

Mrs. Lyttleton replied: "You won't believe me when I tell you that I've been practicing how to be a snob."

He dropped into a chair and once more surveyed the ruins. There was something old in his face at that moment, a look of stone emerging from under the radiant flesh. He said at last: "I feel that I have never been here before."

"I only meant to restore it."

Hardy shook his head. "I loved it. Jacques and I played in it. It seemed like our own, and now it's gone."

"It will come back," she insisted. "Give it one monsoon and it will come back."

But he was inconsolable. "No, it won't come back."

After a brief pause she remarked with a false air

"I was born in a small civil station called Unao, in the United Provinces of India," writes CHRISTINE WESTON. "My father was of French extraction, my mother English. Both families had been in India for several generations — my father's family as indigo planters, my mother's in the Army.

"We were a large family and grew up in a happy state of anarchy. Our winters were spent on the Plains, our summers in the Hills. We got along well with Indians of all castes and creeds because my father's sympathies and his profession of officer in the Imperial Police, and later of barrister, brought us all into unusually close communion. But we lived very simply — riding, hunting, walking in the most beautiful country imaginable, the lower Himalayas. The most important thing was our love for a land which we regarded as home, and for the natives of that land."

of gayety: "You came in time to cheer me, for I was just beginning to feel old and forgotten." Inwardly she thought, bitterly: There I go, talking like Job, making a play for pity! She pulled herself together and waved her cigarette. "You must remind me to give you a box of these for Mirana Bhai."

Hardyal's face cleared. "And that reminds me — Mirana Bhai has sent you a present, also." He reached in a pocket and fished out a little heart-shaped box of brass and enamel, intricately chased.

Mrs. Lyttleton took it, exclaiming: "But I know this box! It is one in which Mirana keeps her betelnut. Surely she cannot intend it for me?"

He nodded, smiling. "Mirana Bhai thinks that you have neglected her lately."

"It was unintentional. I've not been very well. Will you tell her that I shall see her soon, and that I reserve my gratitude until I can thank her myself?"

"Father, too, has missed you. You know he has a conspiracy in mind. He believes that if we can only persuade enough English ladies to visit our house they will fire his sisters and aunts with ambition to come out from purdah. Already they ask Father to buy them stockings like Bertie's, and a piano like mine. But while Father plots from outside, Mirana Bhai plots from within!"

Mrs. Lyttleton laughed. "Which do you think will win?"

"I don't know. Abdul Salim insists that persuasion is a waste of time. He believes that such matters should not be left to individuals but should be decided politically." The last word was brought out with a hesitant, conscious pride, and Mrs. Lyttleton looked at him keenly.

"Abdul Salim said that? He is a friend of yours, then?"

"Salim has always been our friend."

"Yet I know that Ganpat Rai has not always approved of him."

"Oh, Father does not share many of Salim's views, but he admires him, as I do also."

She glanced away from his serious young face. "Well, I know him only slightly. Was there not some talk of a police raid on his house a few months ago?"

Hardyal rose eagerly to his friend's defense. And while he talked Mrs. Lyttleton watched his face and reflected on all that she knew about him, on all that she had thought and felt about him, remembering him when Ganpat Rai had brought him to her as a baby, a brown seraph with silver *kurras* on his wrists.

"Salim is a very honest man. He knows that, like others, he is bound by silly customs and prejudices against which he can do little. That is why he

insists that great changes must be enforced by law rather than by personal whims."

Mrs. Lyttleton laughed with an air of infinite amusement. "Oh, he does, does he? And he'd enforce his own idea of change by disemboweling his enemies or casting them to the elephants. Now come, Hardyal!"

The boy smiled unwillingly. "That is just Salim's way of talking. Father says his bark is much worse than his bite."

"Well, personally, I can't say that I fancy either."

Hardyal was filled with a desire to have everything straight between his friends. He repeated, gently, the thought that was biggest in his mind: "You would like Abdul Salim, and he would like you. I know."

"I will take your word for Salim, my dear boy. Perhaps you will bring him to call on me one of these days?"

"Oh, I say! Do you mean that, honestly?"

"Of course I mean it. And now, since we are on the subject of your friends, tell me what you have heard from Aubrey Wall."

Hardyal's radiance faded somewhat.

"I've had only one letter from Miss Bella, nothing at all from him."

She rose, clinking her jewels. "I've heard from him, and there is one letter, particularly, that I should like to read you."

When she had disappeared into the house, Hardyal turned with a deliberate exercise of will to confront the desolate garden. All through the conversation he had kept his back towards it, but now it emerged under his gaze as an unhappy dream recurs in one's memory. He experienced a revival of horror at sight of the raw soil, for whatever was creative in him sprang from submerged religious sources, from an almost superstitious dread of destruction. So it was with a sigh of relief that he greeted Mrs. Lyttleton when she reappeared carrying a bundle of letters. She paused, staring at him in surprise.

"Hardyal, what is it?"

"Just that I'm glad to see you!" He laughed, turning away his head. "I was afraid that there might be bhuts in the garden."

She laughed, too. "You're too old, now, to see bhuts. Sit down, and let me read you Aubrey's letter."

He sat a little distance from her, gazing eagerly at the bundle of letters which she untied and spread before her on the wicker table. She skimmed through one and then another. "Ah," she said at last. "Here it is."

She did not, however, begin to read it aloud at once. Instead, she read the first page to herself.

When she was halfway down the second she glanced up and said with a smile, "Here it is." And she began to read in a clear, almost a ringing voice: "When you see Hardyal give him my love and tell him I think of him often, and look forward to the day when we shall meet again. I've heard nothing but good reports of him from my sisters, who miss him badly. And by the way, he seems to have a genius for making friends. Everyone has been charmed by his manners and his spirit. I've always believed that he was one of our best, like his father. We need more like them."

She read a few more sentences, picking them out from the body of the page, then folded the letter and replaced it in its envelope, which she laid on the table among the others. "I thought you would like to hear that."

He was glad to have heard it; affection and remembrance flooded him, all the details of an existence which had become part of his expanding experience. He was too shy and perhaps too modest to suggest that Mrs. Lyttleton read it again, yet while he hesitated he became obsessed by a longing to possess the letter, to make a talisman of it.

The request trembled on his lips, but with every second the words became more difficult to utter. He rose suddenly. "I must go now. I shall tell Mirana Bhai that you will come soon to see her."

Mrs. Lyttleton rose too, and put her hand on his shoulder. He felt her slight weight lean on him, felt her strange tiredness when she said: "Yes, soon, very soon."

He went down the steps and picked up his bicycle, and as he threaded his way down the littered driveway he kept thinking of Wall's letter. At the gates he swung the handle bars around and once more faced the garden and the tall, dark arches of the veranda. He would go back, he would ask Mrs. Lyttleton for the letter, and she would give it to him — of this he had no doubt. She would understand. He dismounted by the steps, but the veranda was empty.

He hesitated, while from their places on the wall the stuffed nilgai and the cheetah, the panther, and the black buck brooded on the garden, where rain had ended in a final burst of saffron light. Then Hardyal turned to the wicker table where the bundle of letters still lay; he had no difficulty in picking out the one which she had read to him, and he trembled slightly, not from doubt or fear, but from the peculiar excitement of doing something he had never done in his life.

Hardyal tucked the letter into his breast pocket and went down the steps to his bicycle. No one had seen him come back; no one, now, saw him go.

Hardyal did not read the letter at once; he did not, in fact, read it for several days. He could not have explained the instinct — for it was obscure enough to be called instinct — which prevented his reading the letter and satisfying himself of its contents once and for all. Perhaps, under this curious ratiocination, he realized that to do so would be to disrupt the charm and break the spell, and he was still of an age and of a kind which more than half believe in spells.

26

JACQUES DE ST. REMY sat in his mother's white-washed office at the indigo factory, laboriously copying columns of figures from one ledger to another. He was not deceived; he realized that the hours spent in this cool, high-ceilinged dufter were wholly unnecessary, for the accounts dated back almost ten years: they had long since been audited and put away for future reference. He was not permitted to examine the later accounts, which were kept under lock and key in Madame's safe.

Madame had explained that when he mastered the intricacies of bookkeeping and management, it would be his privilege to preside over the destiny of the indigo factory, but that time was not yet, for he had not, up till now, displayed a notable talent for such responsibility. He had not, in fact, displayed a talent for much of anything in the factory. The truth was that coming home to Amritpore and going to work at the factory under the dingy aegis of the Eurasian foreman, Boodrie, was only a few degrees more interesting than life at St. Matthew's.

Jacques became aware of small, dark eyes watching him from across the room, where Boodrie sat at his own desk, beside a large tin clock which was ticking away like some ferocious immobile insect.

"I have been observing," said Boodrie, severely. "I would bet that you have not performed one stroke of work for the past five minutes."

"I finished what you gave me to do, twenty minutes ago."

"That is so? You will have to learn initiative. There is always something more to do, in this life."

"How too true," murmured Jacques, yawning.

Boodrie ignored Jacques's little sarcasm. "It will shortly be time up, and you may proceed to join your friends. Where, exactly, do you propose to conduct your amusements, if I might presume to ask?"

"Ask and be done with it," retorted Jacques. He leaned back in his chair, staring at the ledger which lay open before him, its ruled pages covered with his own neat handwriting.

Boodrie lighted a cigar which Father Sebastien had given him that morning; the first puff filled the little office with a fragrance that had been familiar to Jacques all his life.

"You are occasionally bad-tempered. And that reminds me, we have not had the honor of your assistance at Mass or at Benediction for I don't know how long."

Jacques was drawing a caricature of the foreman's profile on a corner of the ledger. He replied, idly: "I have decided to become a freethinker."

"That is purest heresy. What if Father Sebastien should hear you, or Madame?"

"Why don't you tell them? It's part of your job, isn't it?"

"That is most unkind of you, Jacques."

Jacques whirled angrily on his office chair, glaring at the floor, secretly ashamed of himself.

Boodrie said in a muffled voice: "I do only my duty, as I am bound to do. Madame has told me that I must make you attend to your work." He drove off into murmurs, and Jacques rose, slamming the ledgers. Words crowded to his lips, but he did not utter them. I am on trial, he thought. I am being watched, tested. And for a price, no doubt. "Eleven o'clock." He rose and found his hat. And as he passed the Eurasian's chair, he paused and said in Hindustani: "Brother, your cigar has gone out."

Outside, the air was clear, with a sparkle of dust and a noise of crows rising from the trees that bordered the factory compound. A water carrier sprinkled the ground near-by, and his waterskin made a pleasant gurgling as he hitched it on his shoulder; tendrils of water sprayed from the pale arc of his hand.

The big Sikh policemen who squatted in the shade, smoking and throwing dice, rose lazily as Jacques emerged from the doorway. They greeted him with half-jocular salutes and he read the liking in their eyes. "Thy friend waits," said one, and nodded towards the gate where Hardy al sat on his bay mare, holding Jacques's horse by its bridle.

As Jacques strolled across the yard towards his friend, Hardy al walked the two horses to meet him. "I brought Robin because I thought it would save time. Bertie and Macbeth are to meet us at the Fort."

"Oh, thanks," said Jacques. He took the bridle, wondering whether he could mount without help, for Robin, overfed and underexercised, seemed more than half inclined to be bobbery. Hardy al glanced away, knowing how Jacques hated to muffle something, knowing how he felt about that useless left

hand — his bridle hand. But Jacques thrust his foot into the stirrup, gritting his teeth as Robin, ears set flat and pink nostril glowing like a coal, jibbed and shivered. A second's hesitation; then he sprang firmly into the saddle.

They trotted through the gates, the horses sidling and prancing as the white road opened before them. Jacques rode with his left hand concealed in his breeches pocket. Hardy al, in high spirits, talked of plans for tomorrow when they would all attend the opening of the Fair. Afterwards they would return to his father's house for a great repast. "All manner of people have been invited, Hindus and Moslems, and the Collector and his wife have promised to come, and Mr. Crichton and his guests. My aunts have been cooking, cooking, cooking for days."

Jacques thought of those mounds of food — of platters of rice cooked with raisins and saffron, of vegetable curries, of chutneys and sauces, sweets, pastries, syrups, spices; of all the gorging, the belching, the happy surfeit.

"Do you think Bertie will enjoy it?" asked Hardy al anxiously.

"Of course — why not?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Don't be silly."

Parrots flew down the white channel of road, and an old crone shepherding her flock of goats rushed wildly about, trying to drive them from the horses' path. "Never fear, mother!" cried Hardy al. "We shall not trample thy little ones."

The boys rode among the bleating, frisking creatures, and a buck the size of a small pony, with daemonic eyes and a smell like nothing else on earth, suddenly lowered its head and charged Jacques's horse.

"*Aiel*!" squealed the old woman as Hardy al brought his quirt down on the goat's head. "*Aiel! Aiel!*"

But Robin was off, streaking down the road like a bullet. Their path was empty and the stretch as level as a board. Both horses settled into a desperate gallop. At last Hardy al caught up with his friend and they exchanged a glance fired by excitement.

The Fort lay in a medium of light which here possessed the patina of antiquity. Even the birds which flew from the stunted acacias flew without sound, like ghosts. A few stones lying in the courtyard gave back the light in long glances which lessened only when their shadows moved imperceptibly towards the west.

The boys rode into the great courtyard and dismounted, hitching their beasts to a gnarled acacia. Bertie and Macbeth were nowhere to be seen. There was hardly a sound save the distant plaintive

crying of doves. Then Jacques caught sight of their wicker lunch basket perched on a rampart beside a sentry box. Beside it, like a flag, waved Bertie's long blue veil which she had unpinned from her hat, as a signal.

"They've gone down to the river," said Jacques.

"There they are!" Hardy al exclaimed, pointing. Jacques saw the riders, small and active in the distance, Bertie's white helmet bright as a diamond between the pale sky and the green plain.

"Let's ride out and meet them," he suggested, but Hardy al shook his head. "You go. I'll wait for you here."

He watched Jacques ride under the portcullis and disappear, and as the silence rose about him once more he was half tempted to follow. Instead he seated himself resolutely beside the sentry box to wait Jacques's appearance beyond the farther reaches of the moat. Macbeth and Bertie had vanished in some unseen fold of the land. The sun, signaling the river, drew a single answering flash, and a multitude of crows clamored over a dead something half a mile away; above the crows wheeled the kites, their shrill whistles falling like splinters through the void. Jacques appeared, galloping, but it seemed no more than a second before he, too, became a minuscule detail in the intricate pattern of the plain.

27

AN UNACCOUNTABLE, unbearable loneliness descended on Hardy al. The scene, as familiar to him as a room at home, stretched now in an alien light. He turned from it to the courtyard below, where his mare stood quietly in the shade of the acacia, but beyond her rose a series of broken doorways and the arches of what used once to be officers' quarters and shelters for horses and men. In the piercing light these dim interiors grew shadows, and as he gazed other shadows seemed to stir and to move beyond the penumbra, to press against it like figures that pass in secret behind a heavy curtain.

Hardy al's nerves trembled in a sudden arterial protest against the developing magic. He rose, crossing his arms on his breast in the unconsciously pathetic attitude of a man about to be shot, and felt under his fingers the firm edges of Aubrey Wall's letter in his pocket. A swift and responsive current restored, in a flash, the known and ordinary world.

He sat down and took out the letter, surprised by its thickness until he remembered that when Mrs. Lyttleton read it she had skipped much. Now he could read it all. The letter was a month old, postmarked from Bognor in Sussex. It began: —

"MY DEAR LAURA. Your letter had reached me, and if I did not answer at once it is because I wanted to give myself a little time to understand, to reconstruct, to grasp the situation which you — so unequivocally — have put before me. But perhaps you yourself have not waited, perhaps you've already taken the course which indignation would prompt you to take, in which case this letter is totally irrelevant. But I have a feeling that you will wait for my answer, for — shall I call it my confession? — which is likewise my defense — if, in accord with your rather incoherently expressed opinion, I am still entitled to a defense.

"How fantastic all this sounds in these surroundings where, although doubt and horror exist, they wear a recognizable face and promise a mercy which one does not look for elsewhere. Perhaps I am mistaken, but can you blame me for putting my own fate on a level somewhat higher than Jalal's? And if I choose — as I do choose — to put that fate in your hands, I do so with a conscious pride in enhancing its value, for I believe that your judgment is as valid as any. Of your mercy I know nothing, as yet."

Hardy al came to the end of the page and looked up. Far across the plain he could see his friends converging upon each other; in a few minutes they would meet and turn to ride back towards the Fort.

He returned with a growing heaviness to Wall's letter. "I have been trying to remember. You tell me that your servant Jalal is dead and that I killed him. You make the picture very clear, for you write with such bitterness and anger that I wonder you kept your knowledge to yourself, that you did not immediately carry it to the authorities."

Hardy al stopped. "No!" he gasped. A butterfly hovering near him was not alarmed; it settled on a stone and spread wings the color of buttercups.

"No, oh no, no!" cried Hardy al wildly. But it was impossible, now, to leave it at that; he felt compelled towards a final, frightful discovery.

The letter continued: "Has it occurred to you to question your own reasons for such delay? You must know that you have not strengthened your position, for by hesitation, by waiting, you — in a sense — condone, if you do not connive at, the whole predicament. I know you are a fearless woman. I know that once you have made up your mind you will act, heedless of consequences.

"You have asked for an explanation of what you describe as my unspeakable action on that last evening with you. You remind me that when I returned to the veranda, after having gone in search of Jalal, I callously remarked that I had twice kicked him while he slept. Well, my answer, if not

my explanation, is that what I did was neither cowardly nor brutal; and with no desire to extenuate the act, I must make it *clear* to you as it is, at this moment, clear to me.

"If you remember, it was raining that afternoon. I had come from Father Sebastien's, and you greeted me, as usual, on your veranda. Bit by bit, I have recaptured the whole strange and dreamlike event. Much of what happened to me in India has this character of a dream, a state in which I moved and acted in spite of myself, with moments of realization — of wakening, rather, into the knowledge that I was not wholly myself. I was contained in a dream; that is the extent of my feeling towards it, the total of — what shall I call it? — my *committedness*.

"I remember that I drank a good deal of brandy. I was unhappy. Brandy helped me as it has helped many men. It helped to make exile a bit more bearable. Well, on that evening you called for your servant and he did not come. I went in search of him and found him asleep in the darkness of the back veranda. As a matter of fact I stumbled over him, and in stumbling struck the point of my elbow on the sharp corner of some object — a cupboard I think.

"The pain released an electric shock, a violence of revolt against — what? I lashed out with the instinct to destroy whatever it was I thought I'd discovered — something unclean, subhuman, parasitical. I know how others would laugh at this explanation — but I know that you will not laugh.

"You see, there is in me something which makes it impossible to 'believe' in Indians. You assure me fiercely that they are human beings — but I have known horses and dogs almost as human, and I have loved them better.

"You will resent this, but let me say it, for I must. I do not believe in Indians, I do not believe in the sentimentality of treating dark people as one treats even the lowest, the humblest white.

"In the end, they will turn against us. Yes, even our charming Hardyals, our enlightened Ganpat Rais — all of them will turn against us. They will use our ideas, our ideals, our experience, our justice, our logic — if we let them. When one lives among them one makes the best of them. But between ourselves and the dark people there can be only one relationship — our mastery over them."

There were a few additional sentences, but Hardyall did not read them. Before him the plain reeled in a glare devoid of boundary or shade, a flat abyss of light. From it rose three figures which cantered towards him, waving, but he made no move to respond. He rose, staggering a little, and stumbled

down the steps to his horse, clambering into the saddle like a wounded man. The mare bore him under the portcullis and her hoofs struck a hollow note from the bridge above the moat, where the little doves were crying ceaselessly. When, a few minutes later, Jacques and Macbeth with Bertie rode into the Fort, there was no sign of him.

28

A CLOUD of dust hung in the air above Amritpore. For two days people had been streaming towards the Fairgrounds which lay outside the cantonment. They came in ekkas, in bullock carts, in ramshackle carriages, in fine, fast dogcarts. A few rode bicycles, but most of them trudged on foot. They carried bundles on their heads and babies on their hips, and led tottering infants by the hand. They brought their dogs and their grandmothers, even their great-grandmothers, and invalids who refused point-blank to be left behind. All were dressed in their best, all wore the smiles of incorrigible celebrants in this land of festival, for there was not one who did not intend to buy something, there was not one who did not come with a wholehearted intention of enjoying himself to the utmost.

The women's kirtles swayed above heavy-ankleted feet, and a touch of gold or silver on a humble sari added its pennyworth to the tinkle and glitter. Bare feet trod the white dust as their owners carried new shoes strung on sticks over their shoulders to save wood or leather for the proper moment of ceremony.

The purse-proud swept by amid a flurry of bells and swaying embroidered curtains, drawn by ponies with beads round their necks, driven by conceited servants. Ramdatta the Marwari rode in his own ekka, a new one glittering with paint and with a black and gold canopy, under which the money-lender sat in splendor, his stout legs gleaming with oil, his passage leaving a powerful aura of attar of roses and uncurried horse. Many saw him pass and many bowed; others walked on doggedly in the dust, their happy eyes narrowing for a moment.

It was afternoon, the dust, noise, heat, and smell at their peak when Jacques drove to the Fairgrounds with Bertie and Macbeth, Hanif riding on the box beside the driver. Madame de St. Remy had said that she might join them later when the air cooled a little. Crowds troubled her, and noise always gave her a headache.

Hanif, resplendent in brand-new finery, from the crown of a velvet cap to the fantastically curled toes of his new shoes, twisted in his seat. "Does my

appearance reflect credit upon Your Highnesses?"

"You are divine," Jacques assured him solemnly. "Simply divine!"

They drove smartly along the road towards the Fairgrounds, passing small companies of late-comers, when Hanif exchanged taunts with the men and brilliant glances with the girls. He produced a large pink rose from somewhere in the folds of his clothing and tucked it behind one ear.

They drove between the tall plaster gateposts that marked the main entrance to the grounds, and were immediately engulfed in the crowd. The driver applied his whip slyly and expertly and the crowd made way for the handsome carriage with its freight of white folk and supercilious servants.

Jacques looked everywhere for Hardy. Ever since yesterday when he had ridden into the Fort and not found him, Jacques had been troubled. There seemed no explanation for that disappearance, for it was not in Hardy's nature to indulge in moods or in silly jokes.

Jacques had ridden over to Ganpat Rai's house to see his friend, but he was not at home, nor was Ganpat Rai. A servant assured him that Hardy was well and that there was nothing amiss in the household. Jacques left a message and rode away, more puzzled now than anxious. He must wait for an explanation. Hardy would be at the Fair, surely — for had they not talked of it and looked forward to it, together?

Inside the Fairgrounds they dismissed their carriage and, accompanied by Hanif, plunged into the crowd. Bertie clung to Jacques's arm; once, finding her crushed against him in an amalgam of hot and happy strangers, he turned his face and kissed her. Macbeth was beside them, but if he saw the caress he made no sign. It was always difficult to know just what he was thinking. Not once, even in jest, had he alluded to the relationship between his cousin and Jacques — a relationship which was apparent to almost everyone, including Jacques's mother. But she read a calf love into it — the first perishable effervescence of youth, which would pass of itself.

Presently they were beside the gayest and richest stalls, surrounded by eager people who pushed and shoved in their desire to see everything, including their white lordships. The box-wallah who squatted among his wares waved invitingly. "What will Your Magnificence have? Name it. Name your wish! Behold, ten yards of gold tissue with birds of paradise flying upon it. Two rupees per yard. For others, three rupees — but because you are young I make it two! Nay, reflect: two rupees only, for thread which is pure gold, and birds —"

"Which are not birds of paradise," Macbeth in-

terrupted in the chill accents of the naturalist. "Who ever saw a bird of paradise with a short tail?"

The merchant glanced at Bertie and smiled.

"How much?" she asked, breathless.

He stared at the material draped on his arm as a man might stare at his beloved, and for a moment he did not answer; when he did, it was softly, almost indifferently: "How much? How should I say? This is not for ordinary folk. It is for those who never need to ask how much." He let the silk fall from his hand and it showered round his feet like fragments of sunset.

"Cheek!" exclaimed Macbeth. "We don't want your old cloth. Besides, I don't believe that is real gold and silver, any more than that those birds are birds of paradise. Come on, Bertie."

They strolled away, Hanif following them.

Jacques was looking everywhere for Hardy. "Where on earth can he be? We were to meet at the gate."

"He'll turn up," said Macbeth. "Perhaps he's here now and we just haven't seen him."

Bertie felt for the first time the cramping pain of jealousy. "Why worry about him? Perhaps he doesn't want to come, after all. Perhaps he's gone off somewhere with that Mohammedan — what's his name?"

"Rot!"

"Well, I do think it was jolly rude of Hardy to run away yesterday."

"He didn't mean to be rude."

"How do you know? He's only a native, after all."

Jacques stopped dead and stared at her. "What did you say?"

"Oh, Jacques! I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to say it."

Hanif and Macbeth had fallen behind, but now they came up and Macbeth said: "I just saw that barrister chap, Salim. He's over there with his friends."

"Is Hardy with them?"

"I didn't see Hardy." Then he added impatiently: "Look here, I'm not going to hang about waiting for Hardy. Let him hunt for us. I want to see the side shows."

Hanif attempted to make a firm stand. "No side shows! I was given express orders by the Mem-sahib."

They ignored him, and with a sigh that was one part despair and three parts relief he followed them down a noisome alley where drums rattled and barkers chanted inducements through their noses. Hanif managed to steer them past the Two-headed Baby, the Siamese Twins, a group of hermaph-

rodites, and several five-legged sheep. They finally selected a tent devoted to the antics of trained animals. The owner of the monkey circus greeted them with a burst of nasal chanting while his assistant beat a feverish tattoo on the drum. Hanif spoke swiftly in Urdu to the master of ceremonies: "These are exalted persons. No indecencies, please."

They stood near the entrance, where the air was somewhat less fetid, and stared in fascination at the little group of monkeys dressed in kirtles and trousers and little quilted jackets. There was also a parrot. The master of ceremonies addressed the parrot in loud, encouraging tones and gave it a poke with his wand. There was something inexpressibly lewd in the bird's round eye as it tilted its head and sidled forth. It walked up to a tiny cannon, seized the lanyard in its beak, braced its little gray feet, and pulled. The cannon went off with quite a sizable pop and a stink of gunpowder, while the crowd clapped and exclaimed: "*Wah, wahl!*"

"The monkeys!" cried Macbeth. "Let's have the monkeys."

Hanif gazed in some anxiety at the monkeys, but their owner seemed to have them under control. He dismissed the parrot and picked up the leading-strings of his monkey troupe. The drum rattled and an indescribable little dog dashed into the arena. One of the monkeys sprang onto his back, another clambered up behind his fellow, and they raced in circles while the others looked on, their depraved little faces and listless gestures reminiscent, for all the world, of a troupe of *passée* prima donnas. The dog act came to an end and was followed by a dance, by handsprings and tumblings, amid the plaudits of the crowd. In a little while it was the parrot's turn again, and the monkeys retired to their corner, to misbehave in a bored fashion among themselves.

"Come," said Hanif in a sudden access of authority. "It is finished. Let us go." They flung a few coins to the master of ceremonies and made their way out into the wider, if not fresher, air of the alley.

In the crowd Macbeth slipped away from his friends and singled out a jeweler from Agra — a little pale man with a cast in one eye and the still, sweet smile of a child. He sat alone behind his showcases of jewels, necklaces, bracelets, nose rings, earrings, anklets, brooches, and heaven knows what. Catching sight of the English boy, he saluted him with a respectful air.

"I don't want anything," said Macbeth, flushing. "That is, I don't know if I do. What've you got?"

The man's good eye appraised his client in a glance of extraordinary sophistication. "What does the Sahib desire? What I have not I can get, no matter the price, no matter the object."

He leaned forward and unlatched a flat case, felt among the contents, and picked out a single fat, uncut stone. "Take this in your hand. No, don't be shy — take it."

Macbeth took the strange stone which in his unaccustomed fingers felt like a piece of butter; but it did not melt under the warmth of his flesh; instead it seemed to thicken and increase.

"That's funny stuff. What is it?"

"White jade. Now try this."

It was an amber necklace smooth and slippery as a serpent, but the weight and color did not appeal to Macbeth. He shook his head. "No. Something small — something bright." He glanced restlessly at the assortment under his eyes, helplessly aware that they were for the most part quite beyond his resources.

"Something for thy sister, perhaps?"

Macbeth shook his head. He was intent on a little amethyst brooch shaped like a butterfly.

"Let me see that one, that purple thing."

The jeweler handed it over. "Seventy-five rupees. It has seed pearls for its eyes, and it is cunningly mounted in gold, as you can see."

"Seventy-five rupees!" He handed it back almost precipitately and stared with increasing indecision at the glittering wealth before him. He had no idea of the value of precious stones, no idea what he should pay for the smallest piece of silver or the smallest garnet.

He met the jeweler's single eye fixed upon him, and asked slowly: "Have you any emeralds?"

The man's expression did not alter. "Emeralds? Assuredly, I have emeralds." He plunged his hand among the confusion of treasures and found one — a ring with a square-cut stone set in silver.

Macbeth was not aware that he was under the steady scrutiny of one besides the jeweler. A little distance off at the next booth, Ramdatta the Marwari waited for one of his relatives to conclude some transaction. He had seen Macbeth approach the jeweler, and he had not missed a word or a movement in the little scene. Nor did he, now, miss the finish.

Macbeth, drawing his breath sharply, held up the ring. "How much will you take for this?"

The man stared at him with a sort of tenderness. "You like that?"

"How much do you want for it?"

"You are young to be buying emeralds, and that fact makes me hesitate."

"I'll give you fifty rupees," said Macbeth at once. He had been saving his pocket money for months in anticipation of his mother's birthday.

The man leaned back with an air of profound deliberation. "Fifty rupees — fifty —"

Macbeth turned the ring in his hand, making it catch the light. Then a shadow fell across the emerald and he looked up to find Ramdatta standing beside him. The moneylender smiled. "You remember me, Sahib?"

Macbeth remembered him. Gently, with an exquisite gesture of respect, Ramdatta took the ring from him and held it up to the light, turning it in his plump fingers in a way which even Macbeth realized must be the way of a true connoisseur. Ramdatta's hand was full of knowledge; one felt that his flesh, like a tuning fork, rang truth from the precious thing it touched. The jeweler sat motionless; his smile vanished behind the pale mask of his face.

"Fifty rupees for an emerald, an emerald the size of this, an emerald of the first water!"

Macbeth looked at Ramdatta eagerly. "What do you think it is worth?"

"That is difficult to say, at first glance," returned Ramdatta. He had not so much as glanced at the jeweler, who might have been nonexistent. Suddenly Ramdatta fumbled at his breast, and from a silver chain round his neck he disentangled a tiny silver toothpick. So swiftly that Macbeth hardly followed the process, he had bent back the little silver claws which held the stone, picked the emerald out with his nail, and scratched away the square of green paper which was pasted on it. The "emerald," a piece of ordinary glass, lay wanly on his palm.

The jeweler burst into violent explanations, but Ramdatta smiled, stilling him with a look. "Do you wish to attract the attention of the police?"

The man relapsed into a growling mutter, his one good eye burning like a spent match. The moneylender turned to Macbeth. "Let us select a stone for you. What do you say to a pearl?"

The owner of the pearl craned forward with an anguished gesture, but Ramdatta waved him aside. "Or, failing pearls, here are some rubies. Like little drops of blood pricked from a woman's finger! Do you like rubies?"

Macbeth peered into the nearest case and his glance fell on the little amethyst butterfly. "There, that. I like that. Are they real stones?"

Ramdatta signaled the jeweler. "The amethyst butterfly," he commanded, sonorously. "That with the seed pearls. What is the matter with thee? Hast thou a stroke?"

"I will not sell," returned the other sullenly. "I

am not obliged to sell. Go elsewhere for thy jewels."

"And send the police for thine?"

The man turned putty color. Speechless, he lifted the cover of the jewel case and extracted the amethyst butterfly. Macbeth took it with sudden, intense amusement. "Yes, I like this. Is it real?"

"It is real," said Ramdatta, who had not given the thing more than a cursory glance. "Men do not waste such workmanship on an unreal stone. But amethyst! Is there not something else you would prefer? What of that sapphire there in the corner, next the gold earrings?"

"Nay!" wailed the jeweler. "That is a true sapphire! I have but three!"

The moneylender smiled. "What, only three? But these others —" He shrugged and turned to Macbeth. "Take the amethyst if it pleases you. Pay this blackguard five rupees."

Another cry burst from the owner of the amethyst. "Five rupees! My God! Five! It is worth ten times five."

"Since when have amethysts and emeralds been the same price?" Ramdatta's big face glistened with a gentle sweat. "Before the city magistrate your fine would be ten times ten, with ten years in jail. Come, be sensible. The amethyst goes to the Sahib for five rupees, cash. Give him the money, Sahib, and take your jewel."

29

DUSK was falling when Ganpat Rai's guests assembled in his garden. The light had not entirely faded; it lingered in the sky and on the river, surrendering the brilliance of sunset to a pale citron above the blue winter haze. Great cranes were flying homeward two by two, their twin voices falling harshly towards the submerging plain, and regiments of flying foxes sped noiselessly away to feed.

The Collector and his wife had already arrived, and it was in honor of this official presence that Ganpat Rai wore European clothes, a jasmine in his buttonhole. It surprised him when, at the last minute, his son appeared in native dress.

"I feel more comfortable in these," explained Hardyal.

"You are not ill, my son?"

"Ill?" He stood gazing at his sandaled feet.

"All yesterday you hardly spoke, and today you did not want to go to the Fair. Naturally, I wondered."

Neither was given to prying, and when Hardyal replied, "It is nothing," his father let him go, deciding to postpone inquiries until later.

Hardyal went down the steps, making his way between groups of friends towards the St. Remy phaeton which had just swung between the gates.

Jacques exclaimed, "We missed you at the Fair, Hardyal!"

"I am sorry, I was detained."

"What on earth! Detained!"

Macbeth commented: "First you run away from the Fort, then you don't turn up at the Fair!"

For a moment Hardyal said nothing, his expression that of a deaf man to whom meaning comes one beat after the sound of words; then he repeated, in a detached voice, "I was detained."

He stood before them, tall, slender, white-clad, and it was Jacques who felt the difference in him. It was more than a difference of dress and manner — those had never troubled him before. He felt now a creeping sense of apprehension. When at last Hardyal lifted his black gaze and their eyes met, Jacques knew that something had happened.

Hardyal lifted his hand in a restraining gesture and said softly in Hindustani: "Do not let us talk now. Perhaps — later."

More guests were arriving; and hearing his name called, Hardyal went away to join Abdul Salim and a group of young Mohammedans. Jacques did not move. He felt vaguely sick, as he used to when he was a child and something frightened him in the night. The sensation was cumulative and he realized that it had been gathering weight ever since yesterday, when the morning's pleasure had been marred by Hardyal's disappearance from the Fort.

Jacques kicked the gravel and felt a hand on his arm. He turned to find Mrs. Lyttleton standing beside him.

"More than ever, you remind me of your father!"

He stood rooted. It was a long time since they had spoken, and the years had crowded out his old affection and cast it into a half-shamed memory. He gave her a troubled smile. "Do I?"

"I won't keep you. I know your mother is here and that she would object to my speaking with you — that is, beyond the bounds of common politeness. Or would she object even to so much?"

Her irony had a stab to it, and he winced. She released him with a harsh little laugh. "I am glad you look like your father. I hope you have a sterner spirit than he, poor dear. I am convinced that you will have need of it."

Jacques felt completely miserable. He had never thought of her as being old. Now he saw that her head trembled in the pathetic vertigo of age, her eyes had lost their humor, her movements had the groping hesitancy of blind people. He was shocked.

They stood together, the boy and the old woman,

watching a crowd of figures move singly, in pairs, or in groups, listening to civilized accents under the Chinese lanterns which glowed with a fervor one lost when one looked up into the deepening sky.

Mrs. Lyttleton said querulously, "I must see Hardyal."

Her voice cracked, and Jacques winced; then he forced himself to look at her directly. Was he seeing her for the first time, this wrinkled, yellow, trembling old woman who was perhaps slightly mad?

He asked gently: "Shall I find Hardyal for you?"

"Oh, don't put yourself out."

Jacques felt a thrill of aversion. "Please! Take my arm. Let me fetch you a chair, or some ginger beer."

She gave a cackle of laughter. "Ginger beer! Yes, do. Find me some ginger beer! It is exactly what I need, exactly!"

Horried, he slipped away in search of a servant. Everywhere people were sitting at tables, eating and drinking and conversing. Individual had gravitated to individual, group to group; propinquity, sympathy drew them together. Macbeth and Bertie were laughing with a young Englishman, the guest of one of Amritpore's officials. Madame de St. Remy sipped tea with Father Sebastien and the English doctor and his wife. The Collector had removed his white helmet and his tinsel *har* and was smoking a cigarette, surrounded by barristers and lesser fry.

Many of the ladies had already disappeared into the arbor; from its discreetly drawn curtains there escaped tiny peals of laughter and an abrupt, clear English voice. Jacques watched Ganpat Rai move urbanely from one group to another; he had the look of a proud, wise, and happy man. Everyone seems happy, Jacques reflected — everyone except Mrs. Lyttleton and Hardyal and me. Once or twice as he passed Bertie he had a feeling that she deliberately averted her glance. He had a glimpse of Hardyal in the distance — always in the distance!

Passing Abdul Salim, Jacques could not help overhearing the Mohammedan's emphatic speech: "Crichton Sahib — the policeman? I doubt whether we see him this evening. There was some sort of row at the Fairgrounds. I didn't see it, but Feroze told me. I met Feroze on his way to the hospital. It seems there has been a beating or something. Our dear friend Ramdatta was involved. The story is, Ramdatta tried to do some poor devil of a jeweler out of a stone. There was an argument, and as Ramdatta was leaving the grounds sticks and kun-kur flew, and several were hurt. Oh, no, Ramdatta wasn't hurt. He never is, you know. Of course Crichton couldn't very well leave in the middle of a riot!"

A group of musicians appeared and spread their mats a little distance from the guests. The ripple of a sitar and the soft growl of rice-bowl drums brushed against his troubled spirit. A young man sitting cross-legged between the sitar player and the drums sang in a high minor key and his voice, soaring above all the other voices, had a special wistful sweetness like an awakened bird's.

A man standing near Jacques spoke to another in a low tone: —

"You heard Salim? It's true. I was near the south gate and I saw it happen. Ramdatta drove past in his ekka and a man tried to jump on the wheel and drag him out. Others closed in, and I saw one — a Mohammedan — throw a large stone. It was the signal — you know how these things happen. I removed myself. It seemed unwise to linger."

Afraid that they might think he was listening, Jacques moved away. Now he noticed that a sort of segregation was slowly taking place. Hindus had gathered in a loosely knit group under the trees, while the red fezzes and astrakhan caps of the Mohammedan contingent gravitated towards a summerhouse beyond the tennis courts. Between these recognizable islands flowed the other guests, a few whites and Eurasians, servants preoccupied with their duties, and those perennially unattached characters who seem always to be deciding where they belong, if they belong anywhere.

Hardyal had seen Mrs. Lyttleton — he had, as a matter of fact, waited intently for her arrival. He saw her approach Jacques, and watched them as they talked together; then Jacques went away and for several minutes she stood there alone, staring at the crowd. A servant brought her something on a tray, but she waved him away and walked slowly across the lawn towards the tables, and he lost sight of her.

"Down by the river
When at night on the pyre of sleep
You burn with decreasing fire
And the very sky melts towards you
With longing, with longing,
Love with His hand shall part the sacred water
And revive you with showers from His hair!"

Hardyal listened to the song thread its nasal syllables between drum and sitar. He did not remain more than a few minutes with any group or friend, but moved quietly among them, keeping a little space round himself. The weight he carried set him consciously apart from all these people, even from his father. His mind ached from a recurring, feverish dream in which the sentences from Wall's letter alternately blazed and faded.

"Love with His hand shall part the sacred water
And revive you with showers from His hair!"

promised the singer, with impassioned hope. From far away across the further stretches of silence a volley of sound rose, then fell on a few attentive ears. The Collector cocked his head. "What was that?"

"Fireworks," said Ganpat Rai.

The succession of sounds came again, a dry rattle muted by the distance.

"Sounds like blank cartridges to me, sir," observed the young Englishman who had been talking to Bertie and Macbeth.

"I thought so too," murmured the Collector. He rose unhurriedly.

"We are dining out. Do you think you will ever get my mem-sahib away from your ladies, Ganpat Rai, my friend?"

Hardyal saw Mrs. Lyttleton coming towards him, where he stood apart under the trees. He waited till he was sure that she had seen him, then stepped forward to meet her.

"Ah, Hardyal! I have looked everywhere for you."

"I have been here."

She stood in the frail light of a paper lantern, peering intently at him. "If I did not know you so well, I should suspect that you were being rude."

"Why should I be rude?"

She shuddered. "Don't talk like that! I can't bear it!"

He waited, trying to calm his racing blood. She went on in a harsh voice: "You've been avoiding me and now you are being rude. Why? That is what I should like to know — why?"

Hardyal turned aside and found a chair, which he carried forward and set down for her. She sank rather than sat, and he saw her hands move tremblingly over the knob of her old silk parasol. "Why, Hardyal — why?"

They were alone except for the musicians who sat a few yards away; the song had ended but the sitar sent an occasional note quivering into the darkness as the drummer's pliant hands murmured above his drums.

"Do you hear me, Hardyal? Why don't you answer?"

"I do not yet know what it is you wish me to say."

She cried brokenly: "Tell me the truth!"

He bowed his head slightly, his brown hands clasped before him.

"I have lost Aubrey Wall's letter. Hardyal, did you take it?"

"Yes."

The sigh which escaped her was half a groan and

she lifted one hand shakily to her eyes. "You took it — you dared — You, of all people!"

"You read it to me, do you remember? You read me things from it, things about myself, about my father. Do you remember?" He had himself in hand now, and the words came readily, though his heart still beat in long, painful strokes. "It pleased me to hear them. It made me feel proud — happy."

She dropped her hand from her eyes and her frail old body seemed to gather itself together in a frenzy of protest. "But the letter, the letter! Don't you know you should never read people's letters? It's most dishonorable. You didn't read it — did you?"

"Yes, I read it. I read it all."

"No, no!"

"All."

Silence fell heavily and at that instant it touched, or seemed to touch, the entire garden and all the pre-occupied people in it. Hardyval heard the moths whispering round the nearest Chinese lantern and he saw their eyes glow like tiny rubies in the dark.

When Mrs. Lyttleton spoke at last, her voice had recaptured something of its old acerbity. "I might have believed it of anyone else, Hardyval, but not of you."

"I — meant only to keep the letter for a little while because of the things that were in it. Like a — like a tikka."

"A tikka? What do you mean?"

"A charm, a talisman. And I wanted to read it for myself. I was quite sure that he would want me to, and that you would not mind."

"So you read it. How many people have you told?"

He was silent, listening to his father's voice in the distance, near the house. Ganpat Rai was bidding the Collector and his lady good night.

"I suppose you told your father and all your friends and that aggressive Salim. I suppose that by this time it is all over the bazaar."

He put his hand inside his shirt and brought out the letter, which he laid in her lap. "I have told no one. I have said nothing. There is the letter."

Her fingers closed over it. "What good is it to me now? What good was it anyhow, to anyone? You know what happened, and by now everyone else must know."

"I have told you no one knows anything, except you and me. No one has seen the letter — no one, not even Father."

A carriage bell twanged, a pair of yellow lamps disappeared between the gateposts, and another pair appeared.

"I can't understand why you wanted to read it!"

"You read it to me yourself. But the things you

read were not there when I read it. I did not find them anywhere in the letter."

She made a small, frantic gesture. "Oh, never mind, never mind! How am I to believe anything, ever, again!"

"When you read those things to me — those things which made me feel proud and happy — Tell me, where were they? Did you make them up?"

"Yes," she replied cruelly. "I made them up. I was a fool."

"But why did you?" His voice was suddenly exploring, and the sound of it went to her heart.

She lifted her hand and took his, drawing him down on the grass beside her. "Hardyal, Hardyval, what have we done, between us! I was a fool. I — I was worried about you, I forget just why. I wanted to persuade you, to impress you. I wanted you to feel — that our eyes were on you. That we had hope and pride in you. So I pretended to read that pride and that hope in Aubrey's letter. I wanted to kill the things in that letter. Oh, what a fool —"

She broke off, and laid her hand on his rich, dark hair. "Because I hated Aubrey I wanted to do something especially good for — for you. I was confused. I felt lost."

She leaned towards him, the old woman towards the young boy. "What am I to do?"

"I don't know," he said.

"What would you do, Hardyval?"

"He didn't like me. He said I was — not to be trusted."

She began to tremble violently, clenching and unclenching her hands.

"Oh, that letter, that letter! I could kill him."

"He did not believe in Indians, he said. He said that we would turn against him in the end. He liked horses and dogs better. They were almost as human, he said."

"Oh, don't, don't!"

"I wish I understood. You see, I really don't understand at all."

"Hardyal, you must not think of it. There are others who are not like Aubrey Wall. There is Jacques, and Macbeth, and Bertie — these are your friends. We love you. Yes, yes, don't turn away from me! I love you as I should my son. Now I shall destroy this letter and that will end it. Hardyval —" She broke off, racked by apprehension. "It could do no good to make this thing public. It could bring only harm, more injury, more confusion."

"You need not fear that I shall ever speak of it. Do you think that I should dream of hurting my father, and others, by revealing such a thing to them?"

Her shame was complete, and for a moment she

said nothing, feeling age sweep upon her in a deafening wave. Then Abdul Salim's voice boomed through the darkness:—

"Hardyal, where are you, my child? Do we deserve nothing at your hands?"

"Help me," murmured Mrs. Lyttleton, and put out her hand in a blind gesture. He rose, drawing her gently to her feet. She felt light and dry, like last year's leaf, as he led her back to the other guests.

30

A CANOPY of firelit dusk hung above the Fairgrounds as night brought an accentuation of gayety and excitement. Booths twinkled in the glow of their own charags and lanterns; a throbbing of drums and shrilling of pipes filled every pause in the undulations of sound. Color melted into color or flared in a stroke of crimson or a splash of gold as the darkness beat towards the edges of light, spilled upon it, then thinned and receded once more.

A file of red-turbaned police arrived to relieve their fellows; their heavy shoes clumped noisily and the brass knobs on their laths gleamed like wands of ceremony. The afternoon's disturbance had hardly affected the pervading turmoil of gayety and good nature. Fewer than fifty people had seen the scuffle, the volley of stones, the broken head and bleeding mouth of one of the participants. Crichton congratulated himself and his men on averting a row of far greater proportions; after posting extra guards at the gates and augmenting his normal contingent, he went home to bathe and dine.

The cause of that minor outbreak this afternoon was still more or less a mystery. Crichton had listened to conflicting accounts: one had it that Ramdatta the Marwari used his whip on a group which tried to bar his passage through the south gate. A one-eyed vender of jewels was seen egging on the stone-throwers. The police arrived in time to break up the party. But the man with the cracked skull would probably die—Feroze, the assistant surgeon, held out little hope. Should he die, the news must somehow be kept quiet until the Fair was over and the visiting crowds safely dispersed. Crichton had no intention of permitting communal violence to mar the success of Amritpore's annual fair.

Hanif had missed the fight, but as he moved among the crowd news of it filtered through to him—a word here, a whisper there. He decked his ear with a fresher rose and made his way past the booths and the food stalls, past the humid byways and the strong-smelling purlieus given over to prize goats. The young man's expensive elegance excited an oc-

casional smile or a suggestive quip, and he retaliated in kind. The night was his—he breathed its exhilaration and felt its invitation in his warm and gentle blood. The pearls in his new cap and the intricate pattern of his new shoes filled him with content. His own beauty, his own youth, went to his head: he lifted his face to the smoky sky and flung his song towards the invisible stars.

"Wah!" exclaimed a fellow Muslim at his elbow. "Congratulations—but must you tell the world?"

They laughed together; then Hanif glided unobtrusively down an alley which branched away from the main body of the grounds. Here were the sellers of birds, the little arena where gray partridge fought gray partridge, and a hundred caged canaries added their voices to the general din.

Hanif headed towards a chhatri at the end of the lane, pushed aside the heavy plaited screen, and went in.

"You are late," came the inevitable tender reproach, and he felt the cold caress of all her glass bracelets against his neck.

"I had duties, but they are finished."

Inside the chhatri the floor was freshly leaped and immaculate; there were no windows, and charags burned at the corners, little earthen saucers with a cotton wick, from which spirals of oily smoke rose taut into the motionless air. Noises beat against the frail walls of this impermanent abode which housed everything that is permanent in human life. She was a girl of perhaps thirteen, still fresh and firm, her hair threaded with jasmine, her round arms laden with glass. Hanif carried her to a heap of colored quilts in a corner of the room, then came back, and, stooping, blew out the charags. He was quite sure that he was in love, and the knowledge made his knees tremble slightly. He was always quite sure that he was in love, and the knowledge always made his knees tremble.

More than an hour later he stepped forth into the pulsing air, and the tireless voices of the birds rose about him. He bought a cigarette made with black, sticky native tobacco, set his cap straight on his head, and sauntered towards the nearest gate and a short cut across the plain towards the road. Once or twice he stopped to smile and to lift his left wrist, upon which he had managed to squeeze a single glass bangle. Remembering her little hands, he laughed huskily, his brain and blood filled with drowsy sweetness. Well, there was tomorrow. He must invent a sick friend.

As Hanif reached the road he met the little orchestra which had played for Ganpat Rai's guests. The singer strolled happily in the dust and his song caught Hanif's ear as they passed each other:—

"The very sky melts toward you
With longing, with longing . . ."

The voice dimmed and died, but Hanif hummed the verse as he walked, smoking his cigarette, alone now on the white road. It was half an hour's walk from here to the cantonment and the gates and gardens of Madame's neighbors. He was in no hurry, for the night smelled delicious in his nostrils and the cigarette had a special savor.

A tiny eye of light flickered in the darkness ahead and as he approached he saw that it was a cart drawn by two bullocks. From behind this stepped a little group of men. They hailed him. "Where goest thou?" He answered them gayly, but as he prepared to pass they strung out across the road, barring his path. He saw now that they were Hindus; he saw also that something was amiss, and his mind moved fast.

"Do you spend the night beside the road, my brothers?" he inquired in friendly tones. No one replied, and for a moment they confronted him in a silence whose menace was unmistakable. He loosened his feet in his shoes, preparing to kick them off at a second's notice and to make a run for it.

"What business is it of yours where we spend the night?" demanded one of the men at last. "Who are you, a police spy?"

Hanif glanced round him out of the corners of his eyes. On either side of the road were a few trees and beyond them the open fields. Once in the fields the darkness might hide him. Silently, he cursed the glittering whiteness of his new pantaloons.

A voice burst out of the gloom: "I would swear that this one was among them!"

"You are mistaken. I know nothing. I have been at the Fair, with my friends and masters."

"Know thou that my brother is dead? He died an hour ago at the dispensary. That dog of a Moham-medan doctor let him die!"

"You threw the stone!"

"I know nothing, I tell you. I have never seen your brother, nor you. Now let me pass."

But they were keyed up, half frantic with passion, and they had waited some time for a victim. What did it matter whether this lad had been present at the beating, or whether he had not? A Mohammedan had thrown the stone — and here was a Moham-

medan defying them, alone! They moved nearer and Hanif began to back, but he kept his head, sure that if he could get a good start he would outwit them.

"You're mad," he cried. "I have never set eyes on you, your brother or your uncles or your aunts! Lay a hand on me and you'll regret it."

His firm voice stayed them for a moment. Then one spoke on a changed note. "Perhaps he is right. We don't punish innocent men." There was a slight, enigmatic pause; then the same voice addressed Hanif: "Go then. Go your way — and hurry, before we change our minds."

Hanif threw away his cigarette and stepped forward. His heart was beating faster than he liked, but he was no coward. The company of men parted as he strode forward, and he saw that they all carried sticks, and one of them a heavy brass lota, bought, no doubt, that very day at the Fair. He walked past them with a resolute, unhurried tread.

Then they closed in behind him, and he who carried the lota whirled it suddenly and sent it flying through the air. It caught Hanif between the shoulders, making him stumble. Then a short, heavy stick flew between his legs and he fell face down in the road. They were upon him in a minute, and he gathered himself together with his head in his arms and his knees drawn against his stomach, bracing his muscles against the rain of kicks and blows. They tore his shirt from him, and his trousers, and beat him until his breath sagged in his chest and his head lolled helplessly in the dust of the road. They threw stones — every sort and weight of stone which they could lay hands on — and while they worked they made short grunting sounds, spittle running from their mouths.

No one spoke — the only noise was the grunting and the soft thud of stones striking flesh. Then one man, the tallest, moved away to the edge of the road and returned with a boulder. He straddled Hanif's body, lifted the boulder, and let it fall squarely on the glossy head. An hour passed before they were finished with him, and when at last they moved away, staggering a little from their orgy, all that was visible of Hanif under his coverlet of stones and rubble was one hand, darkly outlined against the white dust.

(To be concluded)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR